The Outlook

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"The warm, or hot, bath is the only cleansing one; and, for my part, I do not see how anybody can be physically clean who does not take at least one such bath, *with soap*, every day."

Frederic M. Lawrence, M. D., in Hampton's Magazine.

Please note the words "with soap."

Please note, too, that they are italicized in Dr. Lawrence's article.

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The Outlook

FEBRUARY 25, 1911

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
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Contributing Editor

CONGRESSIONAL SILLINESS

Foreign nations do not understand certain kinds of American humor; it is so intensely local that some Americans find it difficult to understand. There were several exhibitions of this kind of humor in Congress last week. Mr. Champ Clark, who has been in public life long enough to have some sense of the responsibilities of a public man, amused himself, and seems to have amused the House of Representatives, by expressing himself as favoring "taking Canada into the Union to become a part of the United States," and, as a means to that end, favoring the adoption of the Reciprocity Agreement. These remarks appear to have entertained the House; they certainly have not entertained the country. Foreign nations are accustomed to grave discussion of international matters. They do not expect responsible public men to joke about such matters; and Mr. Clark has had the satisfaction of furnishing effective material for the opponents of reciprocity both in England and in Canada. Of course Canadians and Englishmen who understand the various aspects of American public life know that such remarks mean nothing, as expressions either of public policy or of public opinion. They understand that they are only individual attempts at a very infantile kind of humor. They know that Americans understand that it is as absurd to talk about the United States annexing Canada as it would be to talk about Canada annexing the United States, to recall Earl Grey's New York speech. Then comes Mr. Bennet, an estimable gentleman of many attractive qualities, but very deficient in the sense of humor, and introduces a resolution requesting the President to inaugurate such negotiations as he may deem expedient for the annexation of the Dominion of Canada. At a time when the State of New York is rejoicing that it is at last represented by a Senator who can speak with the authority and dignity of a statesman on great public questions, this little play of petty politics touching a great international question, to say nothing of a great principle of public welfare, is extremely distasteful; and Mr. Bennet ought to have noticed that the State of New York is in no mood to stand such silliness on the part of its representatives. And it ought to be added in all frankness that a man who is capable of using such language in the House of Representatives as Mr. Macon, of Arkansas, used in discussing the Congressional recognition of Commander Peary's achievements in discovering the North Pole ought to be sent home to be educated. He evidently needs instruction in the habits of gentlemen and in the use of the English language in responsible public bodies.

THE PROPOSED INCREASE IN POSTAGE ON MAGAZINES

Legislation is under consideration in Congress to increase the rate of postage on second-class mail matter—that is, on periodicals mailed by publishers to their subscribers. The provision to increase the rate is made, not in a bill by itself, but in a "rider" attached to the Post-Office Appropriation Bill. The "rider" was attached while the appropriation bill was in the Senate Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads, without notice to the publishers or opportunity for a hearing. The "rider" provides that the rate of postage on the reading pages of periodicals shall continue to be one cent a pound, while in the case of any periodical, *except newspapers*, the rate on "sheets . . . containing, in whole

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or part, any advertisement with a display descriptive or textual," shall be four cents a pound. A further exception is made in the case of publications mailing less than four thousand pounds of each issue, which shall not be liable to the increased rate. Postage is paid by publishers on copies of their magazines mailed to subscribers, not one by one, as is done by individuals mailing a magazine, who put a stamp on each one to pay the postage, but in bulk, as the phrase is. The wrapped and addressed magazines are delivered by the publishers to the Post-Office in sacks. The sacks with their contents are weighed and postage is paid by the publishers on the total weight at a regular rate of one cent a pound. At the present time this rate is paid by all periodicals except local newspapers mailed to points within the county of publication. If the proposed legislation is enacted, there will be three classes of periodicals, each paying a different rate of postage:

I. Local newspapers mailed to points within the county of publication, on which no postage whatever is paid.

II. Newspapers mailed otherwise and periodicals which mail less than four thousand pounds of each issue, on which the rate will be one cent a pound.

III. Other periodical publications, on which the rate will be one cent a pound on that portion of the periodical containing reading matter, and four cents a pound on that portion of the periodical containing advertising matter.

Just what the limits of this third class will be and just what publications will be included within it is not perfectly clear. Apparently the determination of these points will lie in the discretion of the Postmaster-General. But it is evident that this class, which is discriminated against, will include practically all of the great periodicals of National circulation. The effect which the proposed change would have upon the finances of the magazines, and hence upon their possibilities of service and usefulness to their readers, may be illustrated by figures prepared by the Postal Committee of the Periodical Publishers' Association. One large publisher would be compelled to pay nearly $1,000,000 in increased postage each year; one small Western farm paper, making $10,000 a year, would be taxed $15,000 a year in increased postage. The postage bills of five leading monthly magazines during the year 1909 would, if this legislation had been in effect, have been increased by an amount equal to 81.8 per cent of their entire net income. The periodical publishers are naturally concerned about an increase in their expenses which would amount to so large a proportion of their net profits; but they are more aroused over the injustice of the proposed increase. In an editorial on another page we discuss the principles involved.

CANADIAN RECIPROCITY WOULD HELP OUR FARMERS

Canadian reciprocity was commended last week in notable speeches from both President Taft and ex-President Roosevelt. The House of Representatives passed the Reciprocity Bill a few days later. This event is doubly remarkable. First, under the new rules of the House, this is the only notable example of the passage of a measure to which the Speaker has been not only opposed but the very consideration of which he has publicly deprecated. Secondly, the bill's passage registers some change in public sentiment towards fairer trade relations, and this means the substitution of National for local interests. Though some fifty cowards took to the cloak-room rather than openly favor the bill, it was passed by a vote of about two to one. Nearly every Democrat voted for it, and thus saved the day for President Taft, who was not even supported by a majority of his own party in the House. More Republicans actually voted against the measure than for it, and those voting against were in the proportion of two Regulars to one Insurgent. The Insurgents from Wisconsin and Minnesota divided about equally, but those of Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas voted solidly against the bill. As a slight offset, we note with satisfaction that Representative Poindexter, perhaps the most radical of all the Insurgents, cast his vote for the bill. That most of the Progressive Republicans should find their places with the "stand-patters" seems disconcerting. It is due, however, to a misconception on the part of many farmers of the Middle States and their representatives in Congress as to the

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present protection afforded them. The proposed reciprocity would remove that protection. Hence the farmers declare that they are being discriminated against. Are they? Take the effect on corn. As President Taft has pointed out, our production last year exceeded three billion bushels; we exported forty-four million, and used the rest in domestic consumption, chiefly in raising cattle; in consequence, of live cattle and packing-house products we exported no less than a hundred and thirty-five million dollars' worth. On the other hand, the Canadian production was only six-tenths of one per cent of ours. Moreover, we exported six million bushels of corn to Canada. So far as corn is concerned, therefore, the American farmer will remain king, reciprocity or no reciprocity. Second, how would the agreement affect wheat? The price of our wheat, as the President says, like that of Canada, Russia, Argentina, and every other wheat-exporting country, is fixed at Liverpool, the greatest wheat emporium, and is a result of competition there of all the exporting countries. Hence our tariff duty makes no difference in the price of wheat in the United States, and the sending of any part of Canada's surplus through our country instead of through Canada, to be milled or exported, would not affect the price of wheat for our farmers. But what would favorably affect them would be the result of giving to Canadian wheat transportation, warehousing, and milling facilities at a less cost, for any increased trade for our elevators, mills, and railways must inevitably react favorably on the farmers themselves. Third, how does the agreement affect barley? By the mutual withdrawal of duties more barley would doubtless come into New York from Ontario, but at least as much of ours would cross the line at Wisconsin and Minnesota, thus preventing the useless hauling of Ontario barley to western Canada, and of our Western barley to New York. On farm products in general, we would add, the tariff cannot be compared to the tariff on manufactures. The first does not protect; the second does. The prices of our manufactures are not fixed in free competition with all the world, as are the prices of our farm products. As a net result, our farmers have not only got no increase of price by the tariff on agricultural products; they have actually had to pay more for what they buy of manufactured products because of the protection on those products.

CATTLE AND LUMBER

Concerning grains in general, Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, declares that the United States with profit could take all the grains Canada has to sell, and devote its own lands to less exhaustive crops. Whether we realize it or not, growing wheat for sale from our farms can be only temporary. After a few years the land refuses to yield profitable crops. Recuperative farming must be resorted to in order to build up a soil robbed by grain-growing. For this reason the older prairie State farmers turned to grass, corn, and domestic animals as soon as they could bring about the change. They buy their flour, and thereby keep up the fertility of the soil. The new departure has been so profitable that lands have risen in value from $100 to $200 an acre. But how, then, by admitting cattle free, does the agreement help our farmers? In this way: Canada cannot turn to the production of beef and pork as we can, because the more northerly climate prevents a large corn crop from being grown there. But, with cattle entering the United States duty free, the American farmer will be able to fatten them on his corn and sell them at a profit. At present, owing to the tendency to split the ranches into homesteads, there is a dearth of such cattle in this country. The rumor that our Meat Trust has had anything to do with the framing of the Canadian tariff may be dismissed. The very thing it wishes would be the reciprocal admission of free fresh and cured meat. This, with its resultant domination of the Canadian market by our packing interests, the Dominion Government would not permit. The agreement further affects the farmer favorably by securing, as the President points out, the free-listing of such important agricultural products as cottonseed oil, all kinds of fruits and vegetables, seeds, eggs, butter, and numerous other items, in which the movement to Canada from

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the United States is much greater than from Canada to the United States. Finally, as to lumber, the agreement is also in the interest of the farmer—that is to say, the remission of $1,300,000 in duties on rough lumber imported into the United States by free-listing it along with pickets and palings, and a heavy reduction on dressed lumber, laths, and shingles. Briefly stated, the economic advantages proposed by the agreement are: (1) a regulation of the prices of very many necessary articles generally consumed by our people; (2) in times of scarcity, a tendency to keep prices down on particular articles: (3) by augmenting prosperity, an increase of purchasing power, and hence an increase of trade.

AT LAST AN APPALACHIAN NATIONAL FOREST

After years of waiting the White Mountain Appalachian National Forest is apparently at last secured. That the Weeks Bill has passed Congress seems almost too good to be true. Last June the workers for a decade towards that end felt the end measurably near when the House passed the bill; but filibustering prevented its passage in the Senate. However, that body agreed to a date—February 15—for voting on the measure, and on that date the bill was called up, debated for five hours, and passed by a vote of 57 to 9. This result rewards those who have long labored for the legislation, believing that it would be one of the most important enactments to be placed on our statute-books. Its advocates include Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, all the States concerned, and scientific, engineering, economic, and commercial organizations throughout the country. The bill's primary purpose is protection of forested watersheds on navigable streams. It authorizes each of the States to enter into agreements with other States to conserve water and forest supplies within their own borders in two ways. First, the forests and watersheds are to be protected from fire. An appropriation will enable the Secretary of Agriculture to co-operate with any State or group of States to afford such protection, the States to contribute equally with the Federal Government to maintain fire control. Secondly, for conservation purposes lands may be acquired, and the bill appropriates a million dollars for the next fiscal year, and provides that for each succeeding fiscal year until 1915 a sum not in excess of two million dollars may be appropriated to examine and acquire lands located on the head-waters of navigable streams. The Secretary of Agriculture is authorized to recommend such lands to a commission to be created and known as the National Forest Reservation Commission, its members to be the Secretaries of Agriculture, the Interior, and War, two Senators to be named either by the President or the Senate, and two Representatives to be named by the Speaker of the House. Authority is conferrred upon this Commission to pass upon lands recommended; indeed, no lands may be bought unless approved by the Commission. Lands are to be purchased by the Secretary of Agriculture after he has secured the consent of the State in which such lands are located, and, when once acquired, the lands are to be permanently reserved and administered as National forest lands. Out of the revenue from any forest created under the Act, five per cent shall be turned over to the State in which the forest is located for public schools and public roads. Thus the bill does not saddle the whole undertaking upon the United States, but leaves the bulk with the States themselves, giving them nevertheless the needed authority for effective co-operation and providing for Federal participation to the extent made necessary by the inter-State nature of the work. Though the bill does not mention the White Mountain or Appalachian regions specifically, it provides authority for the acquisition of the land necessary to create National forests in those regions, and in passing the bill this specific object was in mind. Most of our watersheds in the West have already been otherwise provided for, and of those in the East none are more important to the people than are those formed by the mountains of New Hampshire and the Appalachian country.

ART IN THE NORTHWEST

The æsthetic development of the Northwest is increasingly evident; it is not of such recent growth, however, as is generally supposed. A generation ago a group

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of pioneers of Minneapolis, Minnesota, organized under a State charter the Minneapolis Society of Fine Arts. Soon afterwards some generous people arranged a guaranty fund so that the Minneapolitans could secure Mr. Douglas Volk as Director of their proposed art school. Ever since that time the Society has maintained a school of fine arts, and its work has frequently received hearty praise from leading art schools in the East. From time to time it has also arranged exhibitions and lecture courses. As years have gone by, however, the need of a permanent art museum has been more and more evident. The prospect for its realization suddenly brightened when public-spirited citizens of Minneapolis organized a symphony society and subscribed a guaranty fund of no less than fifty-five thousand dollars a year! One of the leading spirits in this work was Mr. Elbert Carpenter. His brother, Mr. Eugene Carpenter, is Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Society of Fine Arts. During the past month Mr. Eugene Carpenter has had a leading part in developing a special interest in the movement to erect a museum. This movement came to a head when Mr. Clinton Morrison, a well-known citizen, offered to give his own residence as a site, the property being well situated for the purpose. Following this munificent gift came one of a hundred thousand dollars from Mr. Dunwoody. One after another the wealthy men of Minneapolis joined in the subscription, until a total of nearly half a million dollars has now been raised, and already architectural plans have been elaborated for the proposed building.

A TRUE BUILDER

Fortunately, at the right moment, an architect of exceptional ability began the practice of his profession in Minneapolis. Mr. Edwin H. Hewitt, a native of Minnesota, spent two years at Hobart College, a delightful college in central New York, was graduated from the University of Minnesota, studied architecture in the Massachusetts School of Technology, and spent four or five years at the Beaux-Arts in Paris, where he added to a thorough knowledge of the technicalities of his profession a training of the artistic sense with which he is endowed. When he returned to this country, he was in serious doubt whether to settle on the Atlantic seaboard or to return to Minneapolis; fortunately, he decided to take the fresher field. For five years he has been associated with the Board of Directors of the Society of Fine Arts, and has been most influential in forwarding the plan for building a museum. Last year, during his absence in Europe, he was elected President of the Society; and if local feeling is consulted and general capability, the working of the plan of the museum will be put in his hands. Mr. Hewitt has already given striking evidence of his possession, not only of technical skill of a high order as an architect, but of that artistic sense which is so often lacking. St. Mark's Church, recently dedicated in Minneapolis, has taken its place as one of the most beautiful Gothic edifices in the country, and, like Calvary Church in Pittsburgh, deserves careful study by all those who are planning church buildings. Mr. Hewitt was the architect of this beautiful structure. He has a still greater task on his hands as the architectural adviser of the Regents of the University of Minnesota, who are planning to rebuild that institution entirely and to house it as a university which represents a great State and has command of unprecedentedly large resources.

THE RECALL IN SEATTLE

In an election which, though the most exciting the city has known for many years, was quiet and orderly, the people of Seattle, on February 7, displaced Mayor Hiram C. Gill and put in his place Mr. George W. Dilling. The issues of the election were stated at some length in The Outlook for February 11. In brief, they centered about charges of corruption, particularly in the police department, and of mismanagement of the lighting department. This was what is known as a recall election. In accordance with the law of the State, a petition was filed requiring the voters of the city to decide whether they were dissatisfied with Mayor Gill, and, if so, whom they should put in his place. The result was a victory for decency and good government. This is the second time that the recall has been put into operation in a

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large American city. In the other case, that of Los Angeles, the Mayor withdrew before the ballots were cast, and even fled from the city. In this case the Mayor made great exertions to prevent the recall election from taking place. Like Los Angeles, Seattle indicates that it requires great provocation to render the recall efficacious, and tends to disprove the statement that it provides an easy way for temporary passion to work injustice. It took a great deal of patient effort to bring this result about. What effect the votes of women, who cast their ballots for the first time by virtue of the recently adopted suffrage amendment to the State Constitution, had upon the election is the subject of much surmise. Without their votes the election would have been very close. With them, the victory for good government was a certainty. The vote for Mr. Dilling was nearly 32,000, as against less than 26,000 for Mr. Gill. The Socialists swelled the vote against Mr. Gill, but not for Mr. Dilling. The total majority for a change in the city government exceeded ten thousand. The new Mayor, who at once took office, is regarded as a man of strong and upright character. His reputation is confirmed by a good record in business. He is not without public experience, as he has been a member of the State Legislature.

THE CHICAGO GARMENT WORKERS' STRIKE

The strike of the Chicago garment workers has come to an end. Approximately thirty-five thousand wage-earners, with one hundred thousand people dependent upon their earnings, have remained idle for nineteen weeks in the hope of forcing their employers to remedy certain conditions in the workshops which seemed to them intolerable. The situation was investigated by a Citizens' Committee early in the controversy, and a public statement was formulated by Professor George H. Mead and Miss S. P. Breckinridge of the University of Chicago, and Miss Annie Nicholes of the Neighborhood House. The grievances were summed up under the headings overwork, underpay, and unfair exactions, and it was pointed out that these grievances, popularly supposed to be confined to the sweat-shop, were prevalent in the highly organized factories maintained by the merchant tailors. The foreman is under compulsion to make a good showing in quantity and quality of output—is, indeed, paid a bonus for every hundred garments produced in excess of the prescribed stint—and rivals the boss contractor in the pressure he brings to bear upon his operatives. Since the industry is still in the main carried on by hand work, this means the speeding up of muscles and nerves to the limit of human endurance. The girls were the first to strike, but they were soon joined by the only organized branch of the force, the cutters and trimmers, who are, without exception, men. Among so large a number of strikers, divided into more or less antagonistic groups by differences of language, race, and religion, some confusion as to means to be used and aims to be attained was inevitable; but the Chicago Federation of Labor, the Woman's Trade Union League, and the United Garment Workers put their best organizers into the field, and the people were welded into a harmonious body, conscious of common interests and common aims, with astonishing success. At the outset there was much talk of the closed shop, but to the wiser leaders this seemed unattainable, and the rank and file were gradually educated to arbitration as a just and practicable method of settling industrial disputes. Hart, Schaffner & Marx, the firm in whose shops the strike originated, agreed in the early weeks of the strike to arbitrate the grievances complained of by their employees; but they expressly ruled out of consideration the recognition of a labor union or even of a shop committee. This proposition the workers rejected unanimously, saying that without such a guarantee of future adjustment the same desperate battle would have to be fought over again in the near future. A month later a Council Committee, appointed at the instance of Alderman Merriam, requested the employers concerned to meet in conference the representatives of the garment workers. Hart, Schaffner & Marx alone complied, and under this influence they again agreed to arbitrate the questions in dispute; but this time they stipulated that any employee accused of violence should be cleared to

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the satisfaction of the arbitration committee before being reinstated. This proposal was indorsed by the strike committee, the Chicago Federation of Labor, and the Woman's Trade Union League, but it was impossible to secure its adoption in the halls where the strikers were assembled. Finally, on the 14th of January, this leading firm agreed with the strikers upon the arbitration of all questions in dispute without any reservations, and the open shop. Meantime, the two employers' organizations, the Wholesale Clothiers' Association and the National Tailors' Association, refused to treat with their employees except as individuals. Even when the committee appointed by the State Senate to investigate the causes of the strike and devise some means of bringing it to a close secured evidence of the maintenance of a blacklist by the employment bureau patronized by the Association houses, and made clear that the primary object of their organization was to control the labor supply, these organized employers insisted that nothing would induce them to have any dealings with organized labor. Then the courage of the strikers broke. They were at the end of their resources, and could endure hunger and privation no longer. They went back to work, but with the full determination to renew the fight when their union has accumulated sufficient funds. It is to be hoped that the results of the arbitration compact entered into by Hart, Schaffner & Marx for the settlement of present and future grievances may prove so satisfactory to both parties that the associated houses will be forced to accept this solution of labor disputes before such action, in order to avoid involving the trade and the city of Chicago in another disastrous strike. Far more drastic remedies are being discussed—compulsory arbitration, the minimum wage, and the revision of the law against boycott and blacklist so as to make verbal evidence adequate to conviction.

THE BLACK DEATH IN THE FAR EAST

The bubonic plague, which first made its appearance in northern Manchuria in the closing months of last year, has spread with great rapidity along the principal lines of transportation and travel, and is now becoming a serious menace not only to China but to Russia, Japan, and all the countries of the Far East. In the expropriation zone of the North Manchurian Railway, which is controlled partly by the Russians and partly by the Chinese, there are said to have been six thousand deaths, and the area of infection now extends from the valley of the Amur to the coast of the Yellow Sea. The disease has also invaded Mongolia and southern Siberia, and has appeared in the territory of the Japanese at Dairen (Dalny), as well as at many stations along the South Manchurian Railway between Dairen and Mukden. The malady everywhere seems to be of an exceptionally virulent type. Of 856 cases recorded by the Russians at Harbin, 845, or nearly ninety-nine per cent, terminated fatally. The period of sickness was generally short—often only a few hours—and in one case death came in ninety minutes after the appearance of the first recognizable symptoms. The center of the greatest mortality thus far is the Russo-Chinese city of Harbin, where, up to February 1, there had been 4,378 deaths, most of them in the Chinese quarter known as Futsiadian. Twenty-five thousand Chinese had fled from the city in a panic, carrying the germs of the disease to many parts of Manchuria not previously infected. The difficulty of combating an epidemic of this kind is greatly increased by the habits of the Chinese, and by their attitude toward European—and especially Russian—physicians. A report is in circulation among the lower-class Chinese that the Russians deliberately and intentionally introduced the plague into Manchuria, with a view to depopulating the country so that they could more easily invade and occupy it. This story is generally believed by the ignorant and suspicious coolies, and naturally they conceal their sick from the Russian doctors and resist as far as possible the carrying out of sanitary measures. They are very reluctant also to bury or burn the bodies of their dead, and make a practice of depositing them in out-of-the-way fields or leaving them on the ice of the rivers to be eaten by half-famished dogs. Mr. N. S. Arevief, who was commissioned by the City Council of Harbin to make a study

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of plague conditions along the river Sungari, has written a letter of warning to the Russian people, which is published in the St. Petersburg "Reitch," and which is in part as follows:

To you, gentlemen, who are living in tranquil security in the far distance, I feel impelled to cry out, "Be on your guard!" The black death is at your door as well as at ours. Give attention to the things that are happening in Manchuria, even though they are beyond the limits of your actual vision. The streets, the fields, and the ice of the rivers here are strewn with plague-infected corpses. The ignorant Chinese, who are incapable of understanding the nature of the disease or the danger attending it, conceal their sick, and either hide the bodies of their dead or throw them out to be eaten by dogs in the fields or on the ice of the rivers. In the spring these dead bodies will be carried down to the Amur and thence to the ocean. The whole civilized world has commercial relations with Manchuria, and it is in duty bound to join in the fight against this terrible epidemic. With the beans or the wheat that foreigners import from here they may receive death. There should be international action now, in winter, before the rivers open and spread the disease by carrying down-stream the infected bodies of the dead.

THE DANGER TO EUROPE

Dr. Burnet, of the medical faculty of the University of Paris, who has made a special study of the bubonic plague, says that "Europe can become infected only through criminal carelessness;" but administrative inefficiency is as much to be apprehended, perhaps, as criminal carelessness. The Russian Government has never shown ability to cope successfully with infectious or contagious diseases. Cholera has been endemic in the Empire for a period of four years, and the numbers of cases and deaths have steadily increased from 12,717 and 6,428 in 1907 to 216,091 and 101,002 in 1910. Typhus, too, has long been endemic, and in the three years from 1907 to 1909, inclusive, there were 11,629 cases in St. Petersburg alone. Bubonic plague has existed for a year or more in various parts of the Empire, including the cities of Odessa, Batum, and Baku, the Kirghis steppes, the government of Astrakhan, the territory of Semiretchinsk, the territory of the Transbaikal, and the expropriation zone of the Eastern Chinese Railway. In most of these places it has been kept under control, but in none of them has it been permanently and certainly stamped out. In northern Manchuria the progress of the disease has not even been checked. The Russians have concentrated there a force of three hundred and seventy-five medical officers, hospital stewards, nurses, and sanitarians, and have erected at Harbin plague barracks and isolation stations where they keep from fifteen hundred to two thousand suspects constantly under observation; but, in the opinion of the Vladivostok Medical Society, the resources and methods of the railway administration, which is directing the anti-plague campaign, are, as yet, wholly inadequate. The energetic measures of the Japanese, on the other hand, show full appreciation of the danger and great practical sagacity in dealing with it. Up to the 20th of January the Russians had spent only $42,000 in fighting the plague, while the Japanese had made a first appropriation of $500,000. The Russians, with mistaken judgment, tried to prevent the spread of the plague by refusing to carry third and fourth class Chinese passengers on their railway trains. The Japanese, foreseeing that the Chinese coolies would walk if they could not ride, and that as pedestrians they would be wholly out of control, continued to carry them in their trains, but erected along the line of the road huge barracks, where they temporarily detained such passengers, disinfected their baggage, and kept them under medical observation long enough to make sure that they were in a state of health. The Russians allowed themselves to be hampered and obstructed by agreements and treaties with the Chinese Government which prevented them from enforcing sanitary regulations, even in Futsiadian—the Chinese quarter of Harbin. The Japanese promptly notified the Chinese Government that if certain administrative measures required by the emergency were not immediately and energetically carried into effect, they (the Japanese) would regard themselves as justified in acting independently and with full freedom. The Japanese have had a great deal of experience in fighting the plague, and if they were in the place of the Russians Europe would have nothing to fear. It is impossible, however, to

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rely implicitly upon the preventive measures of a Government which has allowed cholera to increase from an annual total of 12,000 cases to an annual total of 216,000 cases in four years, and which has permitted its territory to become—as Representative Shingaref recently said in the Duma, "a nursery of infectious diseases for western Europe."

THE CONSUMERS' LEAGUE

The large attendance at the recent annual meeting of the Consumers' League of the city of New York indicated the influence which this body has with the shopping public. That this influence has made itself widely felt in the betterment of mercantile conditions was shown by two specific statements in the annual report of the President, Mrs. Frederick Nathan. First, that a careful investigation of the New York department stores during the last Christmas season revealed the fact that the ten years' campaign for early Christmas shopping had taken effect to such an extent that there was a marked decrease in the number of shoppers in the evenings of the week before Christmas. Secondly, that the principle of the consumer's responsibility for, and interest in, the conditions under which merchandise is made and sold has become so firmly established that during the past year New York firms, in order to draw shoppers to their stores, have been advertising in one case that no sweatshop-made goods or products of child labor were sold in the store; and in another, that the firm's interest in the welfare of its employees was so great that, when obliged to keep open evenings before Christmas, two shifts of workers were employed. In view of the fact that investigators have found inadequate arrangements for fire-escapes in many department stores, the League in New York is interesting itself in this phase of the protection of working-women. The President's report pointed out forcefully the necessity for legislation providing for a limited working week of six days for women in mercantile establishments. The common occurrence of Sunday work during the Christmas season, during stock-taking and bargain seasons, and in the auditing department at all seasons, has led the League to a realization of the need of securing one day of rest and leisure to department store women. An incident of the meeting was Mrs. Nathan's frank announcement that actual violations of the labor law were common in many of the best-known department stores, and that the Department of Labor had found it necessary to bring prosecutions against one-half of the members of so respectable a body as the New York Retail Dry Goods Association. The prejudiced treatment often received by such cases in the magistrates' courts was roundly condemned by Mrs. Nathan, who gave publicity to a remark recently made by the chief magistrate of Kings County, advising an inspector of the Department of Labor that he "might have closed one eye only two days before Christmas." But the League reports that, in spite of violations of the law in many stores, there are a number of New York firms who not only obey the law but who conduct their business in accordance with the principles of the Consumers' League. Dr. Stephen S. Wise and Miss Jane Addams both laid emphasis on the part which the Consumers' League should play in the solution of labor problems and disputes in the future.

A MORE SELF-RESPECTING DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

Recently, after repeated failures at former sessions to obtain legislation authorizing the acquirement of buildings for our diplomatic and consular establishments abroad, the House of Representatives passed the bill by a vote of more than four to one. The bill authorizes the Secretary of State, during the next ten years, to purchase or erect buildings for the use of our diplomatic and consular representatives, not more than half a million dollars to be spent in any one year for such purpose, and limiting the cost for any one residence, including site, construction, and furnishing, to $150,000. In the Senate the bill will probably be opposed by Senators whose attitude was expressed in the House by an able Democratic statesman, Judge Underwood, of Georgia. He would abolish the entire diplomatic service! Nor is he alone in the assumption that the quickened means of communication make it possible for all ordinary

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business between any two countries to be transacted by mail or by telegraph as well as by personal representatives. He was careful to add that, if extraordinary necessity arose, special envoys could be sent. Hence the opposition of some to the proposed expenditure on the ground that it is pure extravagance. They may be reminded, however, that the bill has the indorsement of popular leaders like Mr. Bryan and Mr. Gompers, who have always shown themselves sensitive to any expenditure which does not benefit the people, and yet are convinced, as is The Outlook, that we must maintain a diplomatic service in addition to mail and telegraph facilities, for there are daily services to be rendered only by personal contact and by creating an atmosphere. But our Ambassadors' and Ministers' inevitable expenses are far greater than the salaries they receive. In hundreds of instances the Government has considered the nomination of men of ability for foreign posts, but has had to drop them because they were not rich enough to accept appointment. As Congress has been unwilling to increase salaries, we are glad that there is now some prospect of making an Ambassador's expenses less by relieving him of the large item of rent. The dignity of the country and the importance of interpreting its ideals and principles to other peoples make this measure one of prime importance, and the Senate will show its grasp of the world-wide relations of the United States by promptly passing it.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN

When Archbishop P. J. Ryan, of Philadelphia, whose death took place in his eightieth year, February 11, came to his see in 1884, he was fifty-three. He had been priest for thirty years and coadjutor bishop for twelve years in St. Louis. His probable career and influence seemed decided by the pulpit reputation he had won, which made him in demand on the stately occasions of his Church all over the country. Born in Ireland, early a professor of English literature, always interested in style as such, and widely read, no less in Latin letters—as is often the case with a Roman ecclesiastic—than in English, he had the gift of his race for diction, for emotional appeal, and for elevated and effective utterance; none met him personally without carrying away some neat phrase, as when he said of the present Pope, on the eve of his election, that a man high in the Church was "often spoken of as a religious; the Patriarch of Venice is religious—two different things." Archbishop Ryan had not been in Philadelphia a fortnight before the town was talking of apt replies which showed him a ready-witted, agreeable Irishman, who was equal to any challenge of the dinner-table or public meeting, and was not a man to be suddenly waked up by those who, with ill taste, bait the clergy. No man did it twice with him. But his post trained him. The Archbishop of Philadelphia—in a State which has no such statute as New York, requiring ecclesiastical corporations to include laymen—owns in fee and leaves by will to his successor $200,000,000 of real property. Every responsibility is directly forced on the head of this great diocese, as nowhere else. Its Archbishop supervises colleges, high schools, and elementary schools, the last with 60,000 attending, and a seat for every pupil. He has the whole circle of Church charities to watch. With Uniate Catholics, having married priests, he had this thorny problem, which he touched with Irish humor. He was benignant to all, and no holder of a Roman see had wider social relation with those outside of his communion. Many a man and woman not in his fold found their faith and practice strengthened by his deep spiritual life and utterance. He spoke at meetings of charities which had none of his people on their boards, and blessed their work. He noiselessly and efficiently settled labor disputes before the public had heard of them. He was in a very real sense the Archbishop of a great city, not only ruling his diocese with a firm, wise hand, but leading all men to know better his Master.

A VETERAN EDUCATOR

The oldest member of the faculty of Amherst College, Dr. Edward Hitchcock, professor of hygiene and physical education for fifty years, died at his home in Amherst last week. Dr. Hitchcock was eighty-two years of age. He was the

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founder of the system of physical education which has been adopted in the colleges and universities of America. He has thus rendered a service to American education and to American college men all over the country. But to a generation and a half of Amherst men the service he has given has been a more intimate and personal one. In an article in The Outlook for April 27, 1907, one of his "boys" wrote as follows:

Forty-nine successive classes of Amherst students have "sat under" Dr. Hitchcock—nearly five thousand of his "boys," graduate and non-graduate, of whom forty-one hundred are living to-day in every part of the world. Every one of them he has known by name; more than that, he has known each man's chest expansion, and his "pull-up," and some other forty listed and intimate physical details, and has rejoiced with him over every least showing of gain; but, more than that, through all these years he has believed that he held retainer as personal counsel for every troubled student before the high court of college government. Many cases has he pleaded there, while many seemingly hopeless ones never got to court as a result of a shrewd, searching, kindly talk in that little office in the "gym." . . . Physician of soul as well as of body he has been, yet any measure here of the value of his stated work can never take into full account that other side. Dr. Edward Hitchcock, of the college catalogue, may be appreciated to some extent; "Old Doc," who heads the faculty list in the hearts of thousands of living, working citizens, is beyond any possible appraisal.

This tribute The Outlook is glad to repeat now in memory of one of the best-known and most valued educators of his day and generation.

NIAGARA FALLS AGAIN

Niagara is once more in danger. At present the diversion of water from the Niagara River is limited by the provisions of the Burton Act, which restricts the diversion to 15,600 cubic feet per second, and also restricts the importation from Canada of electric power generated by water diverted from the river. The Burton Act, however, expires by limitation on June 29 of the present year. In 1909 the Chief of Engineers of the United States army, as a result of long-continued and exhaustive gaugings and study by the Lake Survey engineers, reported that "the combined lowering tends to uncover shallow portions of the crest line of the American Falls. It is further accompanied by . . . harmful effects both in the American rapids and at the easterly or Terrapin Point end of the Horseshoe Fall. . . . As a whole, the falls have unquestionably been seriously injured by the diversions already made. Additional diversions, now under way, will add to the damage." A bill has been introduced into the House, known as the Alexander Bill, authorizing the immediate diversion of a much larger amount of water than is permitted by the Burton Act and placing no restriction on importation into the United States of power generated in Canada. At a hearing last month on this bill the American Civic Association and the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society made a strong protest against the passage of the bill. Senator Burton has offered in the Senate a joint resolution (Senate Resolution 143) continuing the limits of the Burton Act during the life of the treaty with Great Britain (known as the Canadian Waterways Treaty) in which the two countries agree to limit the diversion of waters from the Falls. In view of the opinion of the Chief of Engineers that any further diversion will seriously injure the Falls, and in view of the fact that the maintenance of the *status quo* works no injury whatever to existing enterprises, we regard it as of the greatest importance that this resolution should be passed and the provisions of the Burton Act extended. We urge the friends of Niagara to use their influence with Senators and Representatives to that end, and to use it promptly. If action is not taken at this session, the Burton Act will have expired and the limitations which it imposes will have been removed before Congress meets again.

AN OPERA OF CHILDHOOD

The number of dramas and operas now on the stage in which children play a great part is significant. Managers have been giving us the Superman, the woman of "The Easiest Way," and dramatic careers worked out in the region "beyond good and evil," on the ground that these forms of human experience are the only forms in which people are interested. The crowds which throng the opera-house

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when Humperdinck's operas are presented, the delight caused by Mrs. Riggs's "Rebecca" and Mrs. Marks's "The Piper," refute the idea that "Salome" and "Thais" typify the women in whom the emancipated theater and opera goer is exclusively interested. Humperdinck's new opera, "Königskinder," is an illustration also of that beautiful childlike quality deep in the German nature which has made Germany the mother of the folk and fairy story, of the kindergarten, of organized recreation for children; for "Königskinder" is a beautiful and pathetic fairy tale in which two unworldly children—the disguised king's son who has given up his heritage in order to be free of the world, and the goose-girl, who personifies the innocence and beauty of unspoiled girlhood with no other tutor than nature and the instincts of her own heart—lose their way in the world and perish in the purity of awakening love. The play appeals to the primal instincts of the human heart; and when the curtain falls, the hush with which the audience leaves the opera-house is noticeable. The music has throughout a moving quality, expressing both innocence and experience, the joy of childhood and the tragedy of unworldliness. The jaded victim of sophistication, facing ethical and personal problems which he does not understand, presented by playwrights who have neither solution nor seriousness of mood in dealing with them, still finds that there is a bit of the old humanity left in him, and a touch of the old human feeling for childhood and purity and the healthful life, when he listens to "Königskinder" or sees "Rebecca" and "The Piper" on the stage.

THE TEN "DEAREST" HYMNS

The judgment of a single congregation in the matter of hymns is to be taken with many qualifications, so great are the differences between congregations in the matter of familiarity with the best hymnology, training, and general education. The Rev. Frank B. Upham submitted to a Methodist congregation the question of the ten "dearest" hymns, and he reports in the New York "Christian Advocate" the result of a canvass, putting the reader on guard by stating that he had presented to each member of the congregation a list of "the fifty in our hymnal that he would retain most heartily if compelled to part with the others." Each member was asked to select from this list the ten which were "dearest" to him. It will be seen, therefore, that the field from which the selection was made was a restricted one, and that the aim of Mr. Upham was not to select a list of the best, but of the "dearest," which is obviously a very different matter. The result of the voting, however, is interesting. One is not surprised to learn that the most popular hymn was "Nearer, My God, to Thee," which is both intensely personal and intensely devotional. Out of a total vote of 185 this hymn received 112 votes. "Abide with Me" took the second place, and "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," third, choices easily explicable considering the basis on which the selection was made. Then came "I Love to Tell the Story," which is a curious descent, but was immediately followed by a great ascent, "Lead, Kindly Light." Following closely after, "Rescue the Perishing," which in the judgment of most students of hymnology would hardly find consideration, was preferred to "Rock of Ages" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers." It is intimated that the preference for "Rescue the Perishing" was due to the personal interest aroused by a captivating young singer who had recently interpreted this song, among others; for it is a song rather than a hymn. It is noted that the ten hymns selected contain the first personal pronoun in the first line; and this reminds Mr. Upham that Dr. Holmes said that the author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" showed his genius by beginning with "My" and not "Our." Another interesting point brought out in this selection is the preference of Henry Francis Lyte to Charles Wesley, and of Miss Hankey to Cardinal Newman. A Methodist church, in other words, selects as its "dearest" hymn one written by a Unitarian, and puts among the foremost of its selections a hymn written by a Roman Catholic. There ought to be neither theology nor ecclesiasticism in hymns; their place ought to be taken by a depth and beauty of religious feeling which rises into the region of poetry.

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NATIONALISM AND THE JUDICIARY

This is the sixth of the series of editorials by Mr. Roosevelt on "Nationalism and Progress." This discussion of "Nationalism and the Judiciary" will be continued in following articles in the series. —THE EDITORS.

An even more appropriate heading for this article would be "Nationalism; and Law, Order, and Justice." The first requisite for the welfare of any community is justice; not merely legal justice, but ethical justice, moral justice, the kind of justice meant by the ordinary man when he says that he wishes fair play or a square deal. In order to get this justice it is absolutely necessary that there should be order; and there can be no order unless there is law, and unless the law is rigidly and honestly enforced. Crimes of greed and violence and crimes of greed and cunning must alike be repressed, for it makes no difference what form wrong-doing takes so long as it is wrong-doing; and important though it is to have good legislative and executive officers, it is even more important to have an upright, fearless, and independent judiciary, bent with whole-hearted and intelligent zeal upon serving the interests of all the people.

Justice is based upon law and order, and without law and order there can be no justice. The triumph of disorder and lawlessness is certain in the end to mean not only the undoing of the reputable rich but the undoing of the reputable poor; and indeed the undoing of everybody, reputable or disreputable, for not even scoundrels can permanently flourish in a society in which the conditions have passed a certain degree of anarchy. But it must never be forgotten that law and order are not in themselves ends, but means toward obtaining justice. When order reigned in Warsaw, it meant not justice but the negation of justice. The terrible atrocities of Kishenev were due, primarily, not to lawlessness, but to the fact that those who had the power used it for the destruction of the helpless. The Jew in Russia and the Armenian in Turkey have had to dread cruel oppression at the hands of the exponents of the law quite as much as from violent lawbreakers. Without law and order there can be no permanent justice; but law and order are good only when used to bring about such justice.

Now, the above is an elementary proposition. It is so elementary that it is difficult to controvert. Nevertheless, in practice here in our own country there are multitudes of men who wholly ignore it, and who persist in making a fetish of the instrumentalities for obtaining justice through law and order, instead of treating them on their merits as instruments of greater or less worth. For instance, when a big corporation gets involved in a strike with a big labor union, the corporation at once demands that order be maintained, while the union is apt to protest against any practical steps to maintain order. As a matter of fact, the duty of the Government is clear. It should first restore order. So far, the corporation is heartily in favor of Government interference, of the use of the collective power of the people. But as soon as order has been restored—that is, as soon as the collective power of the people has been exerted to suppress violence directed against the property or persons of certain members of the community—the heads of the corporation are apt to insist (as in the 1902 coal strike, for instance) that the whole duty of the Government is at an end, and that any inquiry into the rights and wrongs of the controversy is an outrage on private initiative, private right and judgment. As a matter of fact, in many such cases the duty of the Government has only begun. It should not refrain from restoring and enforcing order because of any protest of the labor people, but neither should it refrain from full inquiry into the facts, and from acting so as to bring about justice, because of any protest on the part of the capitalists. In every such conflict of labor and capital there is a third party in interest, the public; and when the public, through the Governmental authorities, has to use the collective power of the people to restore order, that fact is of itself full and complete proof that, even if only for preventing recurrence of disorder, it is its further duty to use the collective power of the people for the purpose of finding out the facts and enforcing justice. Yet the very

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men who, when the general proposition is enunciated as above, say that it is a mere truism, a mere platitude, violently oppose its application in concrete instances, such as that of the coal strike in 1902.

So it is with the judiciary. In the abstract, very few people will deny that the judge should be the servant of the people, and that in order to be a good servant of the people he must be wise, upright, and independent. But in practice, and when concrete instances are involved, the proposition is apt to be indignantly repudiated, now by people actuated by one set of reasons, now by people actuated by a directly opposite set of reasons; and, moreover, the same men sometimes on successive occasions take both of these two diametrically opposed positions. A judge cannot be a good judge, and therefore he cannot be a good public servant, if he is required to render every decision in accordance with what popular opinion at the moment, with or without reason, may desire. Too often the very men who most loudly praise a judge for being independent so far as pressure by the great special interests is concerned are furious in their denunciation of him when he shows the slightest independence in the face of a gust of mob feeling, or of popular feeling which, though it does not take the mob form, is equally unwise and unjust. And the converse is no less true. That portion of the daily press which is controlled by the special interests, and particularly that portion of the New York City daily press which is responsive to Wall Street sentiment, has come to regard the judiciary as in a special sense the bulwark of property; and inasmuch as the special interests naturally put property rights above popular rights, their representatives in the press make it their particular concern to extol those judges who take the same view. They are therefore very severe in their denunciations of any man who has anything to say in criticism of a judicial decision which favors property rights and is against popular rights. But if the decision is the other way, the same papers and individuals immediately reverse their former attitude and themselves become the most violent and bitter critics of the judge. The very New York papers, for instance, which on most occasions when they treat of this subject insist that any criticism of a judicial decision is subversive of the foundations of law and order and destructive of republican institutions, were the most violent critics of Judge Landis when he inflicted what they regarded as an excessive fine on the Standard Oil Company, and of Judge (now Mayor) Gaynor when they disapproved of his attitude on the five-cent fare bill. Criticism, entirely temperate, of a decision which deprived the United States Government of its Constitutional right to control and regulate inter-State commerce, or which deprived the people of the State of New York of the right to regulate the hours of workingmen engaged in unhygienic occupations, was treated as an assault on the foundations of the Republic by the same men who exhausted the resources of vituperation in assailing Judges Landis and Gaynor.

These same men and papers are always prompt to speak with horror of the utterances of labor leaders against the courts. As to certain tirades of labor leaders against the courts, I most cordially agree with them. But the worth of their protests from the standpoint of principle may be gauged by the fact that they pass over in silence utterances such as that of a great railway president, one of the half-dozen biggest financial men in this country, when, a few years ago, in speaking of a court decision, he said: "Decision or no decision, the men who own this stock will do with it as they please. The courts decide a great many things about which they know nothing. This is one of them. No court can run our property." Now capitalist and labor leader alike should be held to the same course of conduct. Both must obey the law; and, on the other hand, each has the right temperately and truthfully to point out where a given interpretation of the law by a given man works injustice.

Of course the trouble in these cases is not in securing theoretical acquiescence in statements of general principles of morality, but in securing practical acquiescence in the attempt to apply these principles to concrete cases. Very few politicians or business men, very few newspaper or magazine editors, would publicly announce their disbelief in the Decalogue; and yet,

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while it is undoubtedly true that there are plenty of politicians, business men, and newspaper and magazine editors who try their honest best to live up to the Decalogue, it is equally true that there are plenty of all classes who treat either the Eighth or the Ninth Commandments, or both of them, as having no practical application to the facts of daily life. So it is when we come to deal with law, order, and justice. So it is when we come to deal with our judicial system and with the judges themselves. On the one hand, the very men who by their actions seek to degrade the judiciary into the position of a servile register of the popular whim of the moment will cheerfully render lip loyalty to the theory that a judge should be upright and independent. On the other hand, the very men who strive hardest to prevent the judge from being a real popular servant, and who wish, on the contrary, to make him an instrument for defeating the popular will in the interests of a special class, are always loudest in their assertion that they are really championing the cause of popular rights. The men whose patriotism is really rational and sincere, the men who really believe in the just rule of the people, and neither in the selfish rule of a plutocracy nor the selfish rule of a mob, stand as equally opposed to the extremists of both classes. Here, again, the wise men to-day are those who on this question stood as Lincoln stood toward the questions of his day. It is simple and easy to take a place among extreme fanatics, either of radical reaction or of radical advance, just as it was easy enough in Lincoln's day to be either a Copperhead who demanded that slavery should not be disturbed and declared the war a failure, or an Abolitionist who took the view that John Brown was morally justified in endeavoring to start a slave insurrection and that Lincoln was a time-server whose timidity and indecision were ruining the cause of freedom. But it was an immensely difficult thing actually to work as Lincoln worked, as Oliver P. Morton worked, as the Union men in Kentucky worked, so as ultimately to bring about both the preservation of the Union and the abolition of slavery. We who believe in popular rule, who hold that this Government has no justification for its existence unless the well-considered and deliberate purpose of the people is ultimately to prevail, are no less bound to insist that unless the people themselves in the long run desire justice and act with wisdom and self-restraint and self-mastery they will bring themselves to ruin; and therefore we feel that, so far as the wisdom of man can avail, the system should be such as to make the judge ever keep in mind his duty to the public, his duty to act as a representative of the permanent popular will; while it is even more important that the public in its turn should realize that it cannot in the long run receive the highest service unless its servants are independent and fearless and deeply conscientious, no less than possessed of understanding of and sympathy with popular needs and desires.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE POST-OFFICE AND THE PERIODICALS

On another page we give the history and the facts of the controversy between the publishers of the weekly periodicals and monthly magazines on the one hand, and President Taft and Postmaster-General Hitchcock on the other, with regard to the proposed radical change in the second-class postage rate. The Outlook has said before, and now takes occasion to say again, that if the common welfare of the country demands an increased rate of second-class postage, so far as it is concerned, it will cheerfully pay the increase and try to adapt its business to the additional cost thus imposed. But in order that the common welfare of all the citizens shall be preserved, no such increase should be made without a careful observance of three fundamental principles:

First, no radical change of postage should be made unless it is based upon a thoroughgoing, businesslike, and untrammeled investigation of the entire business of the Post-Office.

Second, if such an investigation demonstrates the need of increasing the rate of second-class postage, the increase should be applied to all newspapers and periodi-

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cals alike, without exemptions and discriminations.

Third, radical and far-reaching legislation affecting a great industry of the country should be enacted by the regular procedure of introducing a bill in the House and the Senate, where it can be fairly and publicly discussed and where an open vote can be taken upon its merits.

The proposed amendment to the Postal Appropriation Bill increasing the rate of second-class postage is directly antagonistic to these three principles.

The charge that the Government is carrying second-class matter at a great loss is based chiefly upon the assertion of the Postmaster-General, and not at all upon a scientific examination of the facts. Such an examination ought to be provided by some such measure as the Carter Bill, the intent of which is "to systematize and to modernize the entire postal system." No radical change of postal rates can be made properly or efficiently without such a reorganization of the postal system. It is clear that the postal legislation now before Congress violates the first principle.

The proposed legislation specifically exempts all daily and weekly newspapers, and it is credibly reported that the Postmaster-General has expressed his intention to bring about the exemption of certain other large classes of weekly periodicals. The sponsors of the amendment not only do not deny, but definitely affirm, that the legislation is intended for a certain distinct class of periodicals, and they frankly claim that this is one of the desirable features of the amendment. We claim that it is undesirable because it violates the second principle.

Again, there is one phase of the proposed amendment which seems to us especially vicious because it endangers the welfare of every citizen and not merely of those who edit, publish, print, read, and advertise in the periodicals. We regret to say that the President and the Postmaster-General have adopted the method of forcing the amendment to increase second-class postage through Congress by attaching it as a "rider" to a general appropriation bill. This is generally regarded as the last subterfuge of those who wish to get special legislation through Congress without debate or discussion. It has been found to be so obnoxious a form of legislative procedure that a large number of the individual States have by Constitutional provision forbidden its employment in State legislation. By definite rule or legislative act the House and the Senate should forbid its use in Federal legislation. Mr. Taft is widely and deservedly known as a just judge, and as a lawyer especially punctilious with regard to the observance of the high etiquette of his profession. We regret that as President of the United States he has lent the great weight of his approval to this "rider"—a kind of legal procedure which as a private lawyer or as a judge we are sure he would condemn. The amendment in question is clearly a violation of the third principle we have stated.

Finally, the President is reported as being indignant because it is openly said in Washington that the amendment proposing an increase of postage on the magazines and periodicals has a retaliatory political animus. The discriminatory features of the amendment are so inequitable that Mr. Taft and Mr. Hitchcock ought to be made aware that in pressing them by the methods which have been adopted they inevitably lay themselves open to the accusation, however conscious they may be of the rectitude of their own motives, that a certain class of periodicals have been purposely selected to bear the brunt of the increase, while the daily and weekly newspapers of the country have been definitely exempted with the hope that they will support the measure.

HAS CONSCIENCE A PLACE IN POLITICS?

Senator Bailey, of Texas, eloquently exhorts his fellow-Senators to disregard public sentiment and show their courage by seating Mr. Lorimer; and Assemblyman Levy, of New York City, not less vehemently urges his fellow-Assemblymen to show their courage by disregarding the moral sentiment of the city of New York and voting for the so-called "ripper" bill. These gentlemen have made a mistake. It is not the possession of courage which leads men to disregard the moral sentiment of the community; it is lack of con-

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science. Some men have conscience to see the right and to pursue it; some men have only conscience enough to respond to the appeals of their better-equipped fellows; and there are a few men who have not conscience enough even to recognize it when they see it. This is not courage; it is obtuseness, and the superlative obtuseness is that of a man who cannot hear the message of conscience when a whole community is shouting it in his ear. Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr, and Judas Iscariot are not heroes to be emulated.

It is not doubted, certainly it is not doubtful, that Mr. Lorimer was elected by corrupt votes. The only question is, were the purchased votes necessary to his election or would he have been elected without them? that is, was it necessary corruption or superfluous corruption? Whether it was necessary or superfluous we do not pretend to know. What we do know is that no man of the moral caliber appropriate for Senator would be willing to take a seat if any of the votes which elected him were purchased votes. The people would like their Senators to be above suspicion. If that is impossible, the least that will content them is that under accusation the would-be Senator should be able to get something better than the Scotch verdict of "not proven." Moses's father-in-law advised him to select for rulers of the people men "hating covetousness." After three thousand years of development America ought not to fall below that standard. And it would be hard to persuade the people that either Mr. Lorimer or his backers *hate* covetousness. The Senators ought to lead the moral sentiment of the Nation. Senator Bailey asks his fellow-Senators to defy it, and calls the defiance courage. It is not courage; it is lack of conscience.

The "ripper" bill might properly be termed "A bill to enable the vicious classes and their political allies to appoint the police justices in the city of New York." The police justices are now appointed by the Mayor. The city knows who appoints them and can hold him responsible for the appointment. Under this system there has already been a great improvement in the personnel of the police justices. Under the "ripper" bill the political organization in the district would select the police justice and the people of the district would pass on the selection. There may be some good men in favor of this bill; we do not know. But it is certain that every saloon-keeper, and gambling-house keeper, and brothel-house keeper, and crook, and dealer in the white slave traffic is in favor of it. It is equally certain that an overwhelming majority of the good and true men and women in the city who know anything about the matter at all are opposed to it. And it is not less certain that it can have but one effect—to destroy the independence of the local judiciary, to make them dependent on political leaders who, in turn, are often dependent on the promoters and traffickers in vice, and so to make vice more easy and virtue more difficult in the wards where virtue is always too difficult and vice always too easy. The moral sense of a too somnolent city is aroused against this bill, and Assemblyman Levy calls on his fellow-Assemblymen not to be "afraid," but to enact it. The Outlook hopes that the citizens of New York will pour in such a flood of protests against this iniquitous measure as will strengthen the hands of legislators who are fighting it, awaken the conscience of those who are indifferent to it, and even arouse the political fears of those from whose equipment conscience has been unhappily omitted.

SCIENCE AND FAITH

Not many men writing to-day could with the pen paint such a picture as Mr. Burroughs has spread on a great canvas in other pages of this issue. For a few moments he snatches his reader from off the earth and holds him where he can behold this little planet as a lonely atom in space, a mere cloud-wraith dissolving in the ceaseless gale of time. And as he brings his reader closer to the earth he depicts for him the history of life on the planet as a procession of which the van is in the foreground but the rear is lost beyond the distant horizon. Even at this near view man has but little place; he is only one in a long multitude of countless figures.

It sometimes has been said that science, inflexible, penetrating, pitiless, will in the

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end be destructive of the imagination. Mr. Burroughs suggests something of this sort when he tells how it has made incredible many legends of the past. And yet Mr. Burroughs's own work is a disproof of that supposition. It is only because Mr. Burroughs draws both upon science and upon his own imagination that he can create such a picture as that which he has entitled "Scientific Faith." Indeed, so far from dethroning the imagination, science has given the imagination a new and greater domain than ever.

So it has been said that science is a rival to religious faith, and as its field enlarges that of religious faith dwindles. Quite the contrary is true. Never in the experience of men has the scope of religious faith been so extensive as it is to-day. It is because Mr. Burroughs brings to his use the resources of science that what he has written gives a new significance to the words of the Psalmist:

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained,
What is man that thou art mindful of him?
And the son of the earth-born, that thou visitest him?

Indeed, the fact that the scientist can take us up, as it were, into the heavens, and lay before us as a scroll the kingdoms of the universe, opens to us a meaning to the words of the Psalmist which he never dreamed of:

For thou hast made him scarce lower than the gods,
And hast crowned him with glory and honor.
Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands.

Religion is not believing something; religion is an attitude toward life—a sense of universal value. The acceptance of a church dogma is not faith. Faith is not receiving something "only at arm's length, as it were." To say that you receive a scientific fact at arm's length is not an avowal of faith, scientific or otherwise. Faith is a relation that you establish with that which you deem of the highest worth. Science renders this great service to faith—that it immeasurably increases our sense of what is the highest worth. The reverence that leads the savage to bow before his idol is incomparably less than that which makes the Mohammedan soldier court death in doing the will of Allah. Why? Because the savage has no such wide view of life as has the Mohammedan. So as the knowledge of life and of nature expands, reverence, which is the essence of religion, also may, and ought to, expand.

When men regarded their own fortunes the sole concern of God, and their traits and powers an exceptional and distinct act of divine creation, they were not exhibiting a highly religious sense; they were using to the best of their powers a religious sense that was very deficient.

They made ancestry a criterion of worth as truly as any man who measures his friends by their family connections. The faith that is destroyed by the discovery that animals are created in the same way that we are has simply left room that can be occupied by a more genuine religion. Happily, the mere acquaintance with some of the facts of science makes it necessary for one to base his belief in the divine in man on something besides a physical pedigree.

The view of man's past history as an ascent from the protoplasm through the plane of the beast is not a horrible vista. It is rather a thrilling sight. What is horrible is the thought of the reversal of this. If what we actually see as we turn our eyes backward were a prediction of our future, or if as we looked backward we saw only a descent from a loftier level, we might well shudder. But what we see is that which to a healthy mind brings exultation—ever-renewing struggle and victory.

That all this brings anew to our minds the sense of unchanging law is not to be deplored; it is to be welcomed. We should be happier, better, and stronger for this new revelation of divine law in the world. This knowledge of law in the world of nature has done, and will continue to do, much to banish paralyzing fear. When men knew not from what had past what might come, fear of danger was a weakness. To-day fear of danger is a warning of the law posted in our sight and pointing us the way of safety. What still makes us feel weak and fearful is not our knowledge but our ignorance. When calamity comes now to us who have in ignorance transgressed this law, there is at least this consolation—that,

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however intolerable the pain and horror we may bear, our experience is not the whim of an unstable deity, but the expression of a will which, by the mercy of its unchangeableness, other men and other generations, through our experience, will understand and obey better than we. The sense of being surrounded by law is a sense, not of weakness, but of strength and security. We may take hold on the power of the universe as our fathers could not, for of science we have been pupils.

Science does not banish personality. The god called Evolution is no god at all. Evolution never made anything. Science has nothing to say about the personality of God—either for or against. We do not need to adjust ourselves to any notion of personality on science's account; for science deals only with processes.

God is no less credible, no more credible, than he ever was; but never before did his manifestations render it so intelligent an act for man to fall upon his knees. Is not the God of our illimitable universe more worthy of worship than the tribal deity of a band of roving Semites?

And surely God has made himself nearer to men through science than he ever did before. Once creation seemed to be in the distant past. Now, men through telescopes watch the creation of worlds, and with the microscope follow the creation of living creatures. Indeed, it is as if God wished to make his ways known when he traced his creation of the race in the natal process of every individual. Science has not only enabled faith to reach a new conception of the might of the Almighty, but has actually enabled faith to give men a new sense of the Almighty as Companion.

How We Elect Senators

From a Special Correspondent

CHARLES F. MURPHY, boss of Tammany Hall, traveled up to Albany on December 31. He has been there ever since. For the most part he has been there in person; in spirit and influence he has been at the capital every working day of the new Administration. His most pressing business has been to force the election of William F. Sheehan, his candidate for United States Senator, on the Legislature. Up to the middle of February his efforts have met with scant success, but, whether or not he succeeds in forcing Mr. Sheehan on the Legislature, the lesson of Mr. Murphy's activities at Albany has been sufficiently plain to be read by every citizen of this and every other State in the Union.

It would be difficult to imagine an argument for the direct popular election of United States Senators more convincing than the political events and the political atmosphere of the last six weeks at Albany. The expediency of the direct election of Senators is possibly a debatable question. There would seem room for an honest difference of opinion both in regard to the entire issue and as to the best provisions for direct election, conceding the wisdom of that method of choosing our Senators. But let any honest believer in popular government watch day by day such an example of intrigue and backstairs politics as has been recently in evidence at Albany and say if he dare that the people themselves could choose their representatives in the Senate under more demoralizing influences.

A horde of hungry politicians and jobhunters encamped in lobbies of Capitol and hotels, legislators voting blindly as they are bidden by bosses, almost open offers to barter jobs for votes, the business of the State's lawmakers held up by a deadlocked Legislature, the daily casting of ballots in the joint session a farce, the real center of the fight in a hotel where the lobbies reek with rumor and intrigue, where the boss of a political organization notoriously corrupt in its past history

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issues orders to his henchmen, while his lightest word is hung upon as having far more importance than any utterance of legislators whose duty, the Constitution says, is to elect the representatives of the people in the United States Senate—all this, and more, is the atmosphere in which our Senators are chosen.

This scene was set daily at Albany for six weeks or more. And why? Not because the legislators, if left to themselves, could not have elected a Senator. Before the deadlock was ten days old they were heartily sick of the whole affair, some because they really wanted to elect a decent man to represent them in the Senate and get down to their duty of making laws, some because they grew weary of the daily enforced attendance, some disgusted at the sheer monotony of the business. The deadlock continued day after day because Mr. Murphy absolutely controlled a large number of votes, and he and certain financial interests behind him desired, for reasons best known to themselves, that Mr. Sheehan should go to the United States Senate. Mr. Murphy did not have enough votes to elect his man. He thought he had, by using that piece of political machinery known as a party caucus, by which a minority may be induced to vote against its convictions. But Mr. Murphy made a little error in judgment. It was a very little slip, but a bad one for as astute a politician as he is. As the Senatorial campaign approached the day for the legislators to vote, Mr. Murphy sought to "eliminate" a candidate.

The candidacy of only two men had assumed serious proportions. They were Mr. Sheehan and Mr. Edward M. Shepard, the Brooklyn lawyer. Mr. Sheehan's political record has been sufficiently discussed by this time. There is no need to go into it at any great length here. His political star had risen swiftly in his youth. He was a product of ward politics in Buffalo. The election methods of the political machine which he led in that city many years ago are still remembered there. Some of them are a matter of court record, and the memory of certain election scandals has not yet died. At twenty-five Mr. Sheehan was Speaker of the Assembly. Later he was Lieutenant-Governor and David B. Hill's henchman. His training was in the Hill school of politics. Later still he retired from politics, came to New York City, and took up the practice of law. He was a brilliant politician in a practical sense, and he was a brilliant and successful lawyer. Suddenly, after a lapse of many years, Mr. Sheehan's political ambitions were revived, following a Democratic victory which resulted in a Democratic majority in the Legislature. Not a whisper was heard of the prospect of Mr. Sheehan becoming a candidate for the Senatorship during the campaign last fall. Neither was Mr. Murphy in the center of the stage at that time.

This, then, was the Senatorial candidate of Mr. Murphy. The only other candidate who gave the slightest indication of having any serious support was Mr. Shepard, a Democrat with independent tendencies and a clean political record. Governor Dix had frequently declared that he would keep out of the Senatorial contest, that the Federal and State Constitutions provided that the State legislators should elect United States Senators, and neither he nor any one else had any right to interfere with the legislators in the performance of their duty. The Governor has expressed his views on this subject in the following formal statement:

> The position I took immediately after my election I believed then and believe now to be in strict accordance both with regard to the Constitution and with a fundamental Democratic principle. The position was that the Legislature shall elect the United States Senator. The Constitution declares that the Legislature shall openly, by a *viva voce* vote of each member present, name one person for Senator in Congress. I want every member of the Legislature to vote according to his conscience and express the wish of his constituents. This he must do untrammeled by coercion from any quarter.

After election Mr. Murphy frequently stated that he agreed with the Governor's views on the Senatorship, and that the election of a Senator was entirely the business of the legislators.

On January 11, just as he was about to step aboard a train for Albany at the Grand Central Station, Mr. Murphy suddenly and without warning "eliminated" Mr. Shepard. A group of newspaper reporters were gathered about the Tammany leader on the station platform.

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"How about the Senatorship, Mr. Murphy?" they asked him.

Mr. Murphy said nothing about the duty of the legislators this time. Quick as a flash the reply came back:

"The organization is against Shepard."

"Does that mean Sheehan?" he was asked.

"I am not saying that," he replied. "The leaders of the organization are against Shepard and I have to be."

Mr. Murphy did not specify just who were the Tammany leaders sufficiently powerful to compel him, the chief of all, to be against any Senatorial candidate. Immediately upon arriving at Albany Mr. Murphy proceeded still more thoroughly to eliminate Mr. Shepard.

"There is no sentiment in the organization for Shepard," he said. "The organization is against Shepard."

Mr. Murphy was specifically asked if his position meant the elimination of Mr. Shepard as a possible candidate for the United States Senatorship.

"I don't think it means anything else," he replied, promptly and emphatically.

Once the mask was laid off, Mr. Murphy talked no more of the duty of the legislators. Not in public at least. He summoned many of them to his apartment in his hotel, and possibly talked to them about their duty as he saw it. He was busy at the Capitol discussing committee assignments with the Democratic legislative leaders. He was a frequent visitor at the executive chambers, and had many long conferences with Governor Dix. He visited most of the department heads in their offices at the Capitol, and kept a fatherly eye on the distribution of all patronage. His open activity was amusing to some Democrats who remembered how modestly he stood on the lawn before Governor Dix's house at Thomson during the notification ceremonies last autumn. Many prominent Democrats that day were gathered on the veranda about Mr. Dix and the other candidates as they made their speeches accepting their nominations, but Mr. Murphy stood modestly in the background on the lawn among the Thomson townsfolk and the workmen from the Dix paper mills who assembled to see the man Mr. Murphy nominated receive formal notification of that nomination.

But Mr. Murphy's sudden unmasking and elimination of a Senatorial candidate had an effect which he did not expect. The first note of warning came from the friends of Mr. Shepard, who issued the following statement on January 13:

"The experienced men here recognize that the powers of the State are not in the hands of any county organization, and, while the members of the Legislature do not express their opinions plainly in public, they are refusing to commit themselves, and they are not in a mood to be 'delivered' in caucus or on the balloting."

Action followed words. On the night of the Democratic caucus, January 16, twenty-six Democratic legislators—five Senators and twenty-one Assemblymen—remained away, "bolted the caucus," as the organization men expressed it. Mr. Sheehan's nomination went through without a hitch, but the action of the absentees, or Insurgents, as they began to be called, left Sheehan without enough votes pledged to him to give him a majority in the joint session of the Legislature. Mr. Murphy's well-laid plans were blocked, largely by his error in "eliminating" Mr. Shepard and giving the Insurgents the warning which induced them to remain out of the caucus.

Under the leadership of young Senator Franklin D. Roosevelt, a relative of Theodore Roosevelt, twenty-one of the Insurgents met in conference and signed what constituted in effect a pledge to vote against Sheehan.

The Republicans nominated Chauncey M. Depew in their caucus, and the first vote of the Legislature on the Senatorship stood as follows: Sheehan, 91; Shepard, 14; Alton B. Parker, 6; James W. Gerard, 2; D. Cady Herrick, 2; Martin W. Littleton, 2; Depew, 79. Subsequently four legislators who had attended the Democratic caucus stopped voting for Sheehan, bringing the total number of Insurgents up to thirty. Then the deadlock began in earnest. The Insurgents made no attempt to unite upon any one candidate, but scattered their votes so that a large number of names were introduced into the situation without having any real significance.

Mr. Murphy now began to try to put the screws on the Insurgents and bring

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them into line. He found that the political methods to which he was accustomed were of little avail. Most of the Insurgents were from normally Republican districts, and few had much expectation of returning again to the Legislature. Mr. Murphy was accustomed to dealing with professional politicians, with their political lives in a large measure in his power. He did not quite know how to treat with these men; he could not get their point of view, and they did not get his. They took a rather boyish delight in their successful defiance of Tammany. They were unmoved by offers of patronage and threats to withhold patronage. They met frequently, and many of them had little dinner parties together. Sheehan personally pleaded his cause with most of them in vain. Murphy brought every kind of pressure he could to bear on them. Personal friends were brought up to argue with them. Then Mr. Murphy sat down and tried to tire them out. They didn't tire.

As the deadlock continued, the rest of the legislative business for a long time was practically at a standstill. Both factions tried to win Governor Dix over to their side, but he maintained an attitude of hesitating non-interference. The Governor has made a very weak showing in the Senatorial contest. While Mr. Murphy, in furious anger at the successful defiance of the Insurgents, was fighting day and night to bring them back into line, Governor Dix was talking monotonously about the duty of the legislators to elect a Senator and saying that no coercion must be used. He gave indications of always agreeing with the last person to talk with him, and at a number of different times appeared to have been on the point of taking a hand in the contest. No one doubted his good intentions and his sincere desire to follow a just and upright course, but his indecision gave him all the appearance of a weak man in a difficult position. He did not seem to be made of the stuff that makes a good executive. He gave a characteristic reply when asked whether he would be willing to act as a peacemaker if asked by both of the contending factions.

"Under no circumstances," he said, "would I offer to do so unless I was asked by the managers of both sides who are not legislators. If I were asked to act under such circumstances, I would not feel that I was barred from doing so."

Just how Governor Dix reconciled his statement about the "managers of both sides" and his views on the necessity of the legislators being untrammeled and uncoerced was not plain.

Day after day the deadlock continued, and a conference of all the Democratic legislators was called on February 7 for discussion of plans for peace. The Insurgents had been all along willing to attend such a conference. The organization leaders called it because they thought they had won over a couple of the Insurgents and that more might be induced to follow at the first signs of a break. The organization men counted their chickens before they were hatched. No Insurgents deserted, and the conference proved vain.

And so the weary struggle went. The legislators daily marched up to the Capitol and went through the form of voting. In the hotel lobbies and bars, in the rooms of Sheehan, Murphy, and other Tammany leaders, in rumor and intrigue, the real contest was carried on. The "untrammeled and uncoerced" legislators frankly admitted their total ignorance of the real situation. Some political leader would come down from a conference of the chieftains upstairs, and the legislators themselves were just as anxious as any one else to know what the newest developments were. Until late at night the hotel lobbies were crowded and blue with tobacco smoke. Usually in the evening Mr. Murphy and some of his Tammany intimates would come down to the café and sit about a big table, the cynosure of all eyes. It was very plain that the Senatorial contest revolved about this taciturn political boss, who would sit without a word, gazing, apparently in a blue study, at the ceiling while his friends chatted about him. Deft waiters hurried from table to table, the babel of voices in the crowded café rose and fell, some celebrating politicians were singing in the bar-room, and Mr. Murphy gazed contemplatively at the ceiling.

And that is how we elect our Senators.

Albany, New York.

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The City Practical

A City Plan to Relieve and Prevent Congestion and to Regulate the Cost of Living

By Harold J. Howland

THE people of Pittsburgh are a practical folk. Steel-making—and money-making—are essentially practical occupations, and a community which is absorbed in them can hardly be expected to look upon other activities of life from a different point of view. Your Pittsburgher makes steel or glass or what not—and money—and when he has made enough of the former to give him enough of the latter, he goes to New York to spend it. But meanwhile he has small use for theaters and restaurants and such embellishments of existence. He is a practical man, who refers every proposal to practical standards, tests every proposition by a practical rule of three.

Such an atmosphere is hardly one for the quick germination or the rapid growth of a living civic spirit; and to too great an extent in the past Pittsburgh's civic activities have taken the form of "practical" politics. The boss, the corruptionist, and the special interest have flourished to the sore detriment of the city and its citizens. But they are changing all that, down in Pittsburgh. A real civic spirit has sprouted and in a few years has made a rapid and healthy growth. The visitor to Pittsburgh who is interested in such things will find a substantial group of citizens working with public spirit and self-sacrificing industry for the good of the community. The Pittsburgh Civic Commission is a body of one hundred men, composing fourteen committees. Its purpose is "to plan and promote improvements in civic and industrial conditions which affect the health, convenience, education, and general welfare of the Pittsburgh industrial district; to create public opinion in favor of such improvements." The organization includes, among others, committees on rapid transit, charitable institutions, housing, industrial accidents, public hygiene, legislation, and city planning. Each of these committees is alive, active, and aggressive, and each is leading an advance along its own line of attack against the enemies of civic decency, comfort, convenience, and efficiency. But it is with only one branch of the work of the Commission as divided among these committees that we are here to deal.

The Civic Commission has just issued an elaborate report by Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, presenting a city plan for Pittsburgh. Mr. Olmsted's report addresses itself to the main problems, few in number, but great in importance, which are presented by Pittsburgh's unusual topography, by the haphazard way, characteristic of American cities, in which it has developed physically, and by the exigencies of its economic and business conditions. The problems are few, but Mr. Olmstead's treatment of them is comprehensive and searching. He has been true to the Pittsburgh tradition by emphasizing the practical point of view. "City planning," says the Civic Commission in one of its publications, "in American cities has been identified almost exclusively with city beautifying. City plan ning should be the forecasting and pro vision for securing such physical facilities, equipment, and development of a city as are necessary to promote and accommodate the business communication, transportation, health, comfort, and pleasure of its citizens. City planning, as undertaken by the Pittsburgh Civic Commission, means the city useful, convenient, economical. and healthful, as well as the city beautiful."

The City Beautiful ("an ill phrase, a vile phrase"), if we used words in their

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full meaning, ought to express the true ideal of every city. For what city could be really beautiful where were to be found foul slums with their evil living conditions, or tortuous, ill-paved streets, or mobs fighting their way savagely night and morning into inadequate transportation facilities, or a typhoid-laden water supply, or a government by the bosses for the special interests? A city beautiful in the absence of all these things every man would desire. But the city beautiful, as the phrase passes current, meaning the city adorned, decorative, pleasing to the eye, is a conception making little appeal to your hard-headed Pittsburgher. His ideal would be the City Practical. And in the Olmsted report such an ideal is put before him, with beauty not neglected, but considered as a by-product of the quest for convenience, economy, comfort, practicality.

Pittsburgh in the peculiar conformation of its site has more difficult obstacles to overcome than even New York with its long, narrow Manhattan Island. Pittsburgh is thrust down like a wedge between the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers where they unite to give birth to the Ohio. The city's business district is packed into the apex of the wedge, extending back perhaps a mile from the point where the rivers meet. There it is fenced in by the hills which are the characteristic features of the Pittsburgh and Allegheny County landscape. They rise on grades too steep for practicable transportation, forming a barrier between the Point District, where the city transacts its business, and the regions to the eastward, in the base of the wedge, logically suited for residence purposes. The lower quarter, again, of the business triangle is, under present conditions, unavailable for large development, for at irregular intervals floods in the two rivers rise and submerge it.

The only outlet from the business district, which is already well built up with skyscrapers and rapidly developing toward the point of congestion, is by bridges across the two rivers, and through gaps in the hills to the eastward. Of these gaps there are three, one along the bank of each river and the third roughly midway, where Fifth Avenue and Forbes Street form east-bound thoroughfares. The Point District is the heart of the city, and the first practical problem in the improvement of the city's plan is the enlargement of the eastward arteries, which lead to the regions where the most active growth has been taking place and is bound to continue. Closely allied to this problem and indeed an integral part of it is that of the thoroughfares within the Point District itself. When you have got your traffic in from the outlying regions, and before you can get it out to those regions, it must be able to circulate freely within the business district itself. Now in this heart of the city the thoroughfares are on a niggardly scale. There is only one street passing through it, in Mr. Olmsted's phrase, "with more than village dimensions," Liberty Avenue, which is eighty feet wide—and it should be noted that when this avenue leaves the district, through the "throat" along the Alleghany River, it "chokes down" to a fifty-foot street.

This problem of thoroughfares within the business section and of arteries leading out of it is an eminently practical one, of importance not only to business interests, but to that elusive but interesting personage, the ultimate consumer. "Every delay in traffic," says the preface to the report, ". . . adds to the expense of manufacturers, the costs borne by wholesale merchants, and the prices charged consumers by retail dealers; in short, inadequate traffic facilities . . . add to the cost of doing business and of living."

The problem has been attacked by Mr. Olmsted boldly but conservatively. He has not essayed to lay out an ideal system of thoroughfares regardless of existing conditions, of property values, and of the cost of carrying out his scheme. He has selected for widening and improvement streets which will supply the needed channels of communication, but he is careful to select only those where the bordering property is not yet expensively developed, and where the proposed changes can be made at a minimum cost.

The plan proposes to widen Forbes Street to make an adequate thoroughfare to the east end on the south side of the hills that confine the business section in the Point District, and Penn Avenue to give a similar outlet on the north side of the hills along the Alleghany River. The

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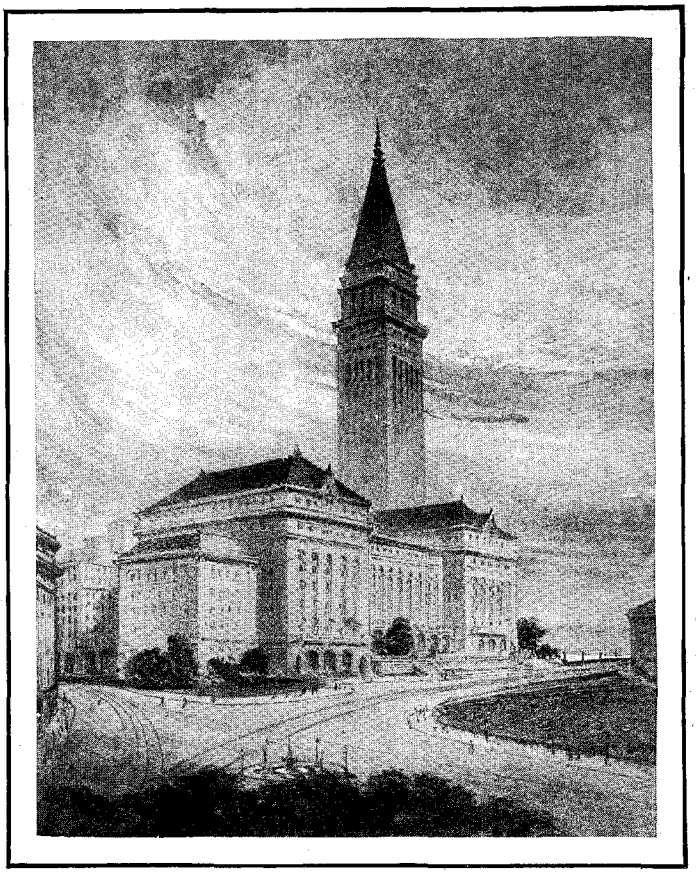

A SUGGESTION FOR THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING IN THE PROPOSED CIVIC CENTER

Forbes Street artery is to be continued through the Point District by widening Diamond Street, and the Penn Avenue artery by a suitable connection with Liberty Avenue, Pittsburgh's only business thoroughfare of grown-up city dimensions. These alterations, with some less extensive improvements of cross streets, traffic centers, and connections between main channels, will go far to relieve the congestion of traffic which is a not inconsiderable item in the cost of living in Pittsburgh.

If you know Pittsburgh, even this brief description will give some idea of what relief Mr. Olmsted proposes for well-nigh intolerable conditions. If you are not familiar with the city, imagine, if you can, the business section of your own city hemmed in by barriers impassable except by bridges and by gaps in the hill barriers so narrow as to be to all intents and purposes bridges themselves. Imagine, too, that all the business streets are narrow, ill paved, and crowded. Think, then, what a service would be rendered to the community by a plan which should open up broad thoroughfares both within the business district and leading out of it through the bridge-like gaps, following the logical lines of travel, and, withal, planned so as to use not the most expensive but the least costly land. Such a service, on the communication side, Mr. Olmsted has done for Pittsburgh. And he has done it, not by rule of thumb, but scientifically. Traffic conditions have been studied painstakingly and thoroughly, and improvements laid out to meet, not imagined or guessed at, but actual conditions. One or two of the illustrations which accompany this article offer examples of the thoroughgoing way in which these studies were made and their results compared.

Closely connected with the improve-

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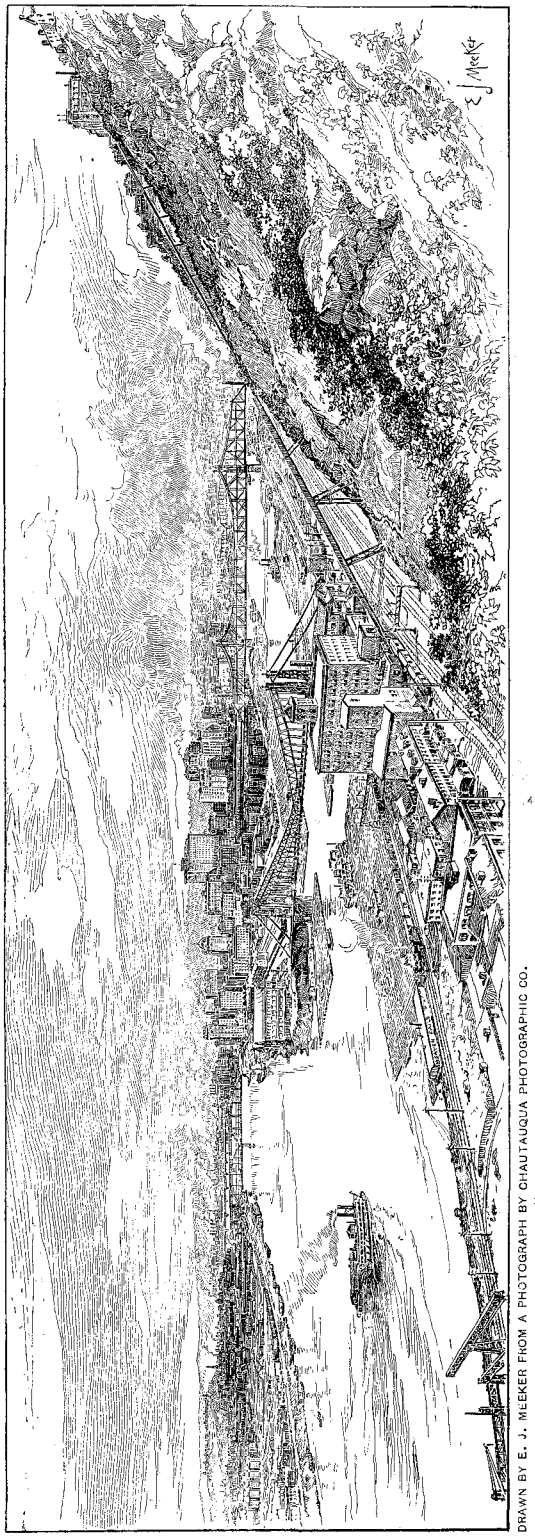

"PITTSBURGH IS THRUST DOWN LIKE A WEDGE BETWEEN THE ALLEGHANY AND MONONGAHELA RIVERS WHERE THEY UNITE TO GIVE BIRTH TO THE OHIO"
DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHAUTAUQUA PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

ment of the business thoroughfares is the projected "Hump cut." This is not a new suggestion, but one which has been under consideration for a good many years, but without getting any "forrarder." The Hump is a famous feature of the city's business district—a gently swelling elevation, at a guess a quarter of a mile in diameter, on which stand several of Pittsburgh's most important buildings. The Hump offers a serious obstacle by its steep grades to the general street traffic of the city and to the expansion of the shopping and office districts. It is proposed to cut down to easy grades the streets which pass over the Hump, thus eliminating it as a barrier to traffic and throwing it open to business development. Many of the modern buildings on the Hump have been constructed with their real ground floors considerably below the sidewalk, in anticipation of the cut, so that the improvement can be made with a minimum of loss and inconvenience.

In the midst of the Point District, in a square at the intersection of two streets, Diamond and Market, which ought to be important thoroughfares, stands a public market house. Contrary to the experience of most cities of the Northeastern United States, Pittsburgh's city market seems to be in a flourishing condition. But its present location has three drawbacks. It blocks two through routes of travel, one entirely, the other partially. There is no available space for farmers' wagons, where produce may be sold direct from grower to user without rehandling. There is no railway connection; produce which comes to the city by rail, as a large proportion of it does, must be hauled a mile or more from the freight yards, through the

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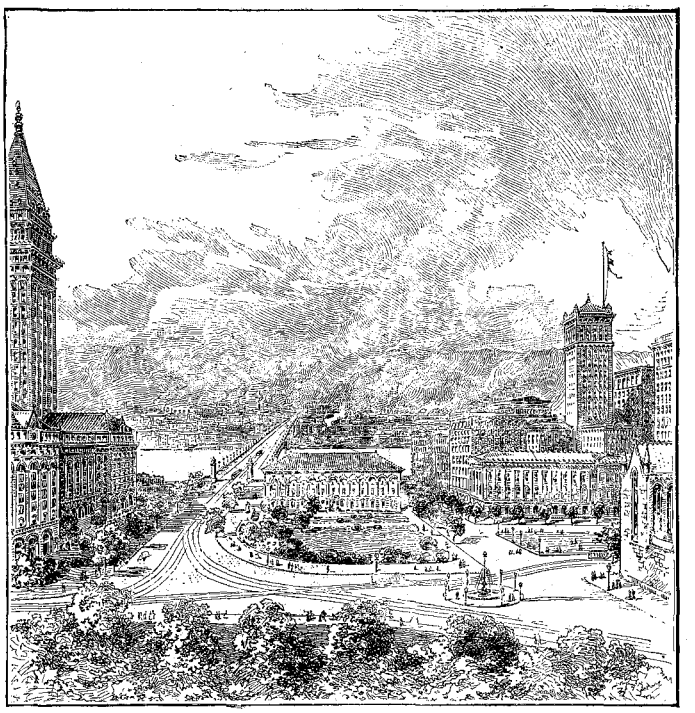
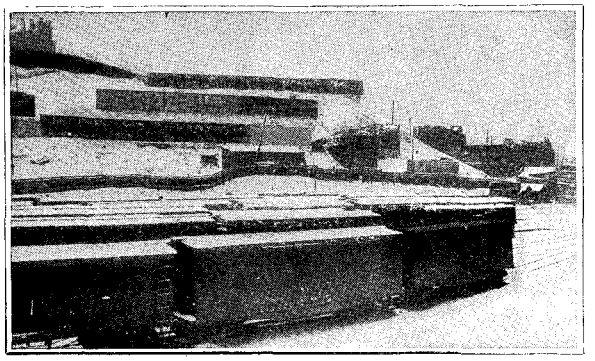
congested streets of the business section.

Mr. Olmsted proposes to move the market a few blocks to the westward. The new site would have direct connection with two railways and would provide ample space where farmers might sell direct from their wagons. The removal of the market from its present situation would enable both Market and Diamond Streets to be made of dimensions suited to their traffic possibilities. An open square, affording a breathing space in a crowded region, would replace the market. This is another "practical" suggestion, with its own bearing, however indirect and slight, upon the cost of living.

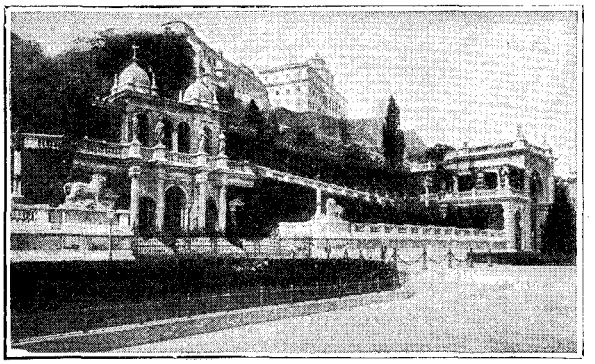


DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER

THE PROPOSED CIVIC CENTER AND THE SOUTH HILLS BRIDGE



THE SITE FOR THE PROPOSED CIVIC CENTER



A HILLSIDE IN BUDAPEST UTILIZED AND BEAUTIFIED

A third feature of the plan is also practical, though in a different way. Every city needs adequate public buildings, and every self-respecting city in this day of the world ought to have a Civic Center, where the municipal buildings may be grouped about an open space. Pittsburgh has no sufficient City Hall, and nothing approaching a Civic Center. The difficulty with securing a site lies in the comparatively small area of the Point District and the consequent high value of any land available and extensive enough for such a center. Mr. Olmsted has evolved a site, so to say, out of his inner consciousness. Or, to vary the figure, he has plucked it out of the air. On the edge of the Point District, where the new

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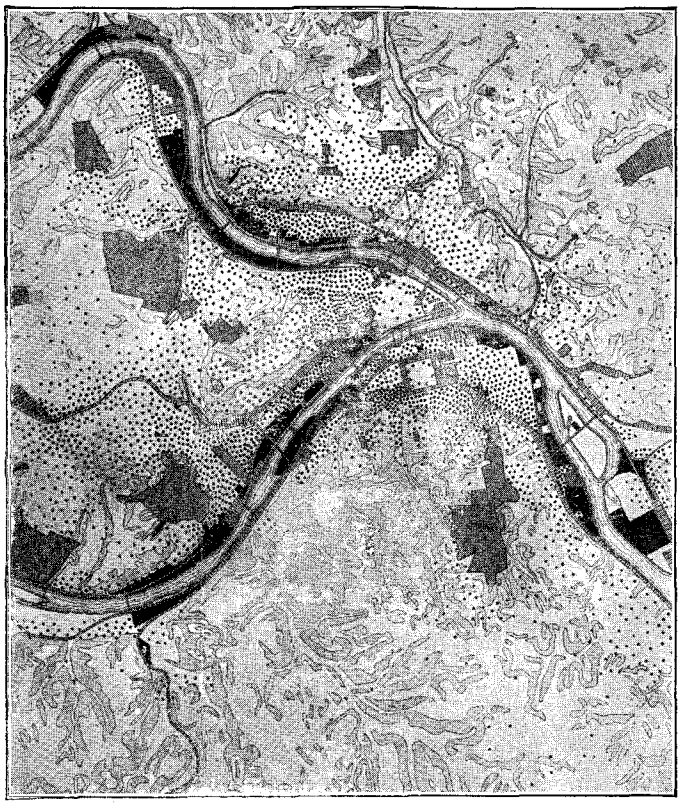

MAP SHOWING TWO ASPECTS OF PITTSBURGH'S PROBLEM

Each dot represents 200 people; their grouping shows where the congestion is and where land is available. The South Hills, with their unused territory, is in the lower left-hand corner of the map. The wriggling shaded spots show land too steep for building or other uses

artery of Forbes Avenue will run into the enlarged Diamond Street, stand the county jail and the county court-house. South of the jail, below the level of the abutting streets, lie the little station and the freight yards of the Panhandle system. Beyond the yards rises the ragged and scarred end, adorned with flaring sign-boards, of the commanding ridge that dominates all this part of the city. This locality, surrounded, except for the county structures, by vacant lands and cheap buildings, is, as Mr. Olmsted says, "now so unpromising and unattractive that it is hard not to feel an unfair prejudice against it."

Mr. Olmsted, with rare imagination, proposes to make a site out of a hole in the ground by putting a roof on it, and a site for a City Hall out of a rugged and unsightly hillside by making the building climb the height. The plan is "that the central area of low ground occupied by the railroad be decked over at about the level of Fifth Avenue, and that a great public square with gardens be laid out thereon somewhat after the manner of the celebrated public gardens built over the railroad at Princes Street, Edinburgh. Below the structure would simply be a first-class station and freight sheds of permanent construction with skylights and ventilators at suitable locations piercing a flat roof of adequate strength. . . . Along the east side of this square or garden, in the form of a gradually rising terrace, would run the approach of the new South Hills Bridge [I shall refer to this bridge presently], ascending gently from Forbes Street; and on the east side of this again, as though terraced on the hillside, would be the principal municipal building, culminating in a tower which would spring from the highest level at Bluff Street, where the playground of the Holy Ghost College could be utilized as a park. The group enclosing the square would be completed by another building at the north . . . and by a low building on the south, serving to screen the factories and freight yards south of Second Avenue, but leaving open the view of the opposite hills."

"The pronounced and unsymmetrical differences in elevation," he continues, "the slanting grade of the approach to the great South Hills Bridge, the irregular and picturesque form of the site and of the existing county buildings, all seem to demand a certain informality and picturesqueness of design. These peculiarities of the site ought to be welcomed because they are eminently characteristic of the city and of

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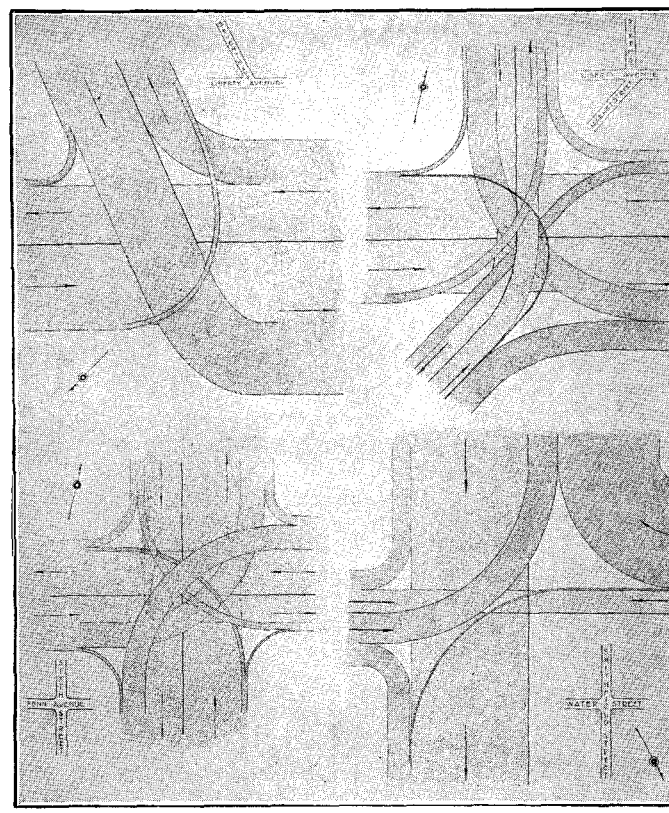
the mountainous region in which it is set. Throughout the city and its surroundings the one pre-eminent quality of an agreeable sort is the bold picturesqueness of the landscape, the deep ravines, the lofty hills, the precipitous declivities, the plunging prospects from hilltops into the river valleys; and a similar quality of forcefulness, activity, and bold, irregular adaptation of means to ends is to be felt in all the more dominant and impressive works of man in the city—the steel works, the bridges and viaducts, the jagged sky-line of office buildings. To build a City Hall and create a Civic Center of scholastic formality appropriate in the placid atmosphere of Paris would be to lose a great æsthetic opportunity."



DIAGRAMS SHOWING TRAFFIC CONDITIONS AT FOUR IMPORTANT POINTS

The shaded bands, by their widths, indicate the amount of traffic going in the various directions during a rush hour. On such scientific studies as these Mr. Olmsted's suggestions are based

So much for the Civic Center. If Mr. Olmsted's statement, and the views presented herewith of the site as it now appears and the proposed improvements, do not carry conviction, nothing that I can say will do so. The plan is a carrying out in municipal affairs of the sound modern industrial principle of utilizing by-products and eliminating wastes. To make a civic center out of the air space above a railway yard and the steep, scarred side of a high bluff is good municipal conservation—and conservation is practical even when it results collaterally in a goodly measure of civic beauty.

A column back, in a quotation from Mr. Olmsted, reference was made to the South Hills Bridge. That is another projected improvement of the most practical kind and with a direct bearing upon the cost and convenience of living. A city like Pittsburgh obviously needs plenty of low-priced homes, suburban or otherwise, for its clerks, its shop and office workers. To the south of the city, across the Monongahela, is a broad territory excellently suited for such residence purposes, affording almost unlimited facilities within a distance of from one to five miles of the city's heart. But between this waiting country and the city is a barrier passable only at heavy cost. On the south side of the Monongahela rises a steep bluff, five hundred feet high. Behind the bluff stretches the region known as the South Hills, a beautiful country of rolling, tumbling hills and high plateaus divided by deep, narrow valleys. Already this country is developing into residence districts for people of moderate means, but the bluff rampart along the river has served to retard the development and keep the South Hills from anything like their fullest usefulness. The street rail-

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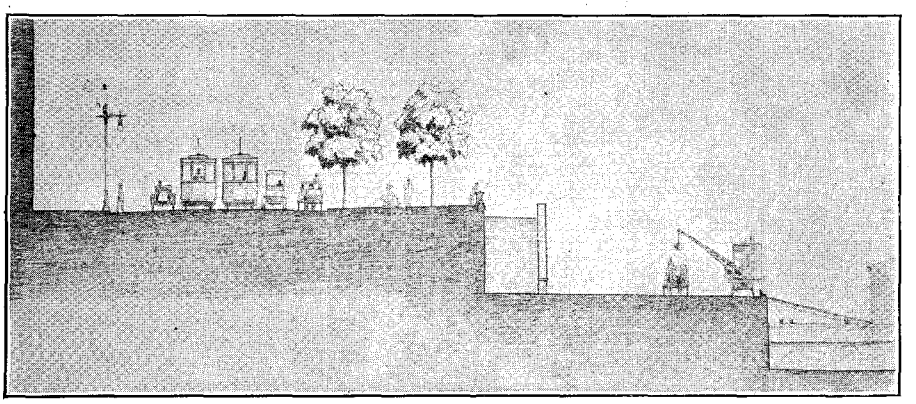
way company has pierced the bluff with a tunnel and extended its lines in several directions well out among the hills. But in addition to the transportation of himself, the South Hills dweller must solve the problem of the transportation of his food supplies and all the goods needed in the varied activities of home life. The passenger traffic problem is solved; the freight traffic problem remains to vex and hinder. Trucks and wagons may now make the ascent of the bluff either by winding and woefully steep roads or by inclined-plane railways, of which four scale the heights. But climbing the roads is slow, tedious, and terribly hard on horse-flesh, while the planes are comparatively expensive to use and often so congested that a team must wait an hour or more for its turn. The bluff is an efficient factor in increasing the cost of living in the South Hills, where fine, cheap, healthful (the region is to windward of the steel mills, whose outpourings of smoke and ore dust make Pittsburgh the Smoky City) building sites within a mile or two of the heart of the business district wait patiently for takers.

The plan for solving the problem of the South Hills was proposed by public-spirited inhabitants of the region, but it has been elaborated by Mr. Olmsted and made an integral part of his plan. It contemplates an inclined bridge across the Monongahela, starting from the proposed civic center, and connecting with a tunnel through the bluff on the other side of the river. The tunnel will continue the easy grade of the bridge, coming out beyond the ridge at a high level among the South Hills. From its mouth thoroughfares are laid out by Mr. Olmsted, some curving to give access by easy grades to the tops of the hills, others winding down to the lower levels of the valleys, and others crossing the valleys themselves on viaducts to reach other hilltops and plateaus. The whole improvement would give an easy route for freight traffic to all parts of the hill country, and would even provide a thoroughfare to excellent residence districts so near that many workers might walk to and from their work in the city. In the six years since the street railway tunnel was put through, writes one of the projectors of the new bridge and tunnel, "an immense stream of people poured into the territory. Probably seven thousand new homes have been constructed in that short period of time; more than 20,000 individual lots have been disposed of. An enhancement of $35,000,000 in assessable valuations for county purposes has followed that one improvement." But, writes the same authority, "it requires one hundred car-loads of freight to supply the people of that district—that means 2,000 wagon-loads. It is estimated that it has cost the people of the Pittsburgh community $500,000 per annum in addition to normal transportation charges to scale heights." Allowing for the possible exuberance of an enthusiast, these statements and figures give some idea of the possibilities of the South Hills region and as well of the obstacles to its full development. Few cities labor under such disadvantages of topography as Pittsburgh, but, it is probably fair to say, few have so fine and so extensive a region



A PROPOSED PLAN FOR IMPROVING PITTSBURGH'S WATER FRONT

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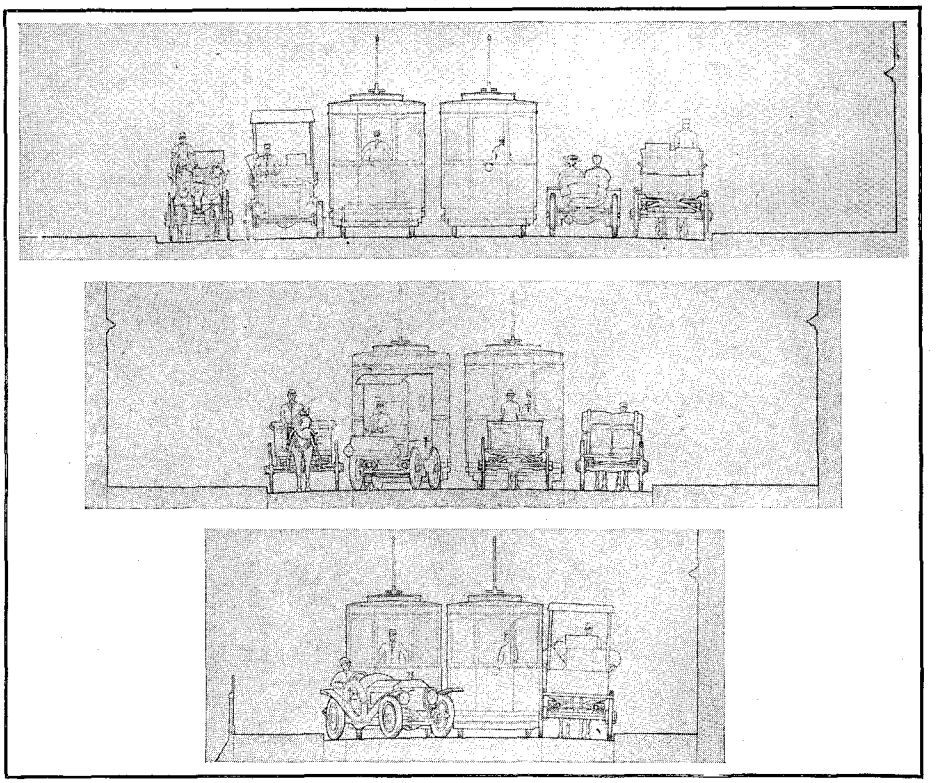

DIAGRAMS SHOWING GRAPHICALLY TRAFFIC CONDITIONS ON VARIOUS PITTSBURGH STREETS

The one at the top shows the only street in the business district, Liberty Avenue, "of more than village dimensions." This is the only main thoroughfare at all adequate to the traffic demands upon it

suitable for modest homes so close to the city's heart. The South Hills Bridge scheme as developed by Mr. Olmsted would be intensely practical in preventing future congestion in the city itself and in acting as a safety-valve for the rapidly rising pressure of living costs.

A last feature of the plan is by no means the least important from the practical point of view, while at the same time it would have important by-products in the way of beauty. "In its water front," says Mr. Olmsted, "Pittsburgh has a great public asset which now lies undeveloped both from the point of view of transportation and that of recreation and civic beauty. The actual amount of river freight is at present relatively small, but it is potentially important, and one of the reasons for its lack of growth is the culpable neglect of Pittsburgh and other river ports to provide for the quick, convenient, and economical handling of river-borne traffic at the public wharf."

Pittsburgh has only gone the first primitive step, in the usual development at river ports throughout the world, beyond the mere dumping of freight and passengers on the natural shelving bank or river-bed of mud or gravel. The city has paved this slope, still leaving the goods to be dragged up and down the bank by main force. But among the live modern river cities of Europe, wherever a real water competition with rail transportation has been desired, the public wharf has been reconstructed into one of the many well-recognized types of commercial embankment, and provided with an up-to-date equipment for handling freight and with decent, attractive conditions for passengers. This development has kept abreast of the steady and intelligent improvements by the railways, when it has not gone ahead of them and set the pace. Pittsburgh, however, like most American river towns, where she has not actually turned the water-front over bodily to the railways,

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has left it in a most inefficient and primitive condition, doubtless not at all to the disadvantage or the displeasure of those same railways.

In Europe, too, they have discovered and developed the possibilities of a river-front as affording a wide marginal thoroughfare for the relief of traffic congestion in the adjacent streets; and as affording opportunities for recreation, and as an element of civic comeliness.

"Wherever in the world," says Mr. Olmsted, "as an incident of the highways and wharves along its river-banks, a city has provided opportunity for the people to walk and sit under pleasant conditions, where they can watch the water and the life upon it, where they can enjoy the breadth of outlook and the sight of the open sky, and the opposite bank and the reflections in the stream, the comeliness of the city itself, the health and happiness of the people, and their loyalty and local pride have always been advanced." And why not in Pittsburgh?

For a development which would tend to bring about these eminently desirable results Mr. Olmsted makes practical suggestions. The actual details can be properly worked out only in connection with the comprehensive plans for flood protection with which the Flood Commission is grappling. But the gentle outline of the improvements can be laid down: an amply wide water-front street, its outer sidewalk forming, wherever possible, a tree-shaded promenade, with an equipment of benches and other features for public recreation, so arranged that the people using it will neither be in the way of the transportation activities nor annoyed or endangered by them. Next the water should be a commercial quay, substantially level, accessible from the streets by inclined roads of reasonable gradient parallel with the river, in place of the present excessive slopes. Such a development, in connection with the increased river traffic which is bound to come with improvements in the river channels and adaptation of means to prevent floods, would give Pittsburgh the benefit of an increased competition in freight transportation which could not fail to have its effect upon commodity prices and the cost of living of the unfortunate ultimate consumer.

So Pittsburgh, the practical city of practical people, has presented to it by a group of men who combine practicality with vision, hard common sense with a sense for ideals, a plan for improving their city in the direction of the City Practical. Pittsburgh may well bestir herself to follow this lead toward a future of convenience, comfort, and economy. Other cities may well look to this plan for a suggestion which they may work out to suit their own conditions. Not only Pittsburgh but the other municipalities of America owe a debt of thanks to Mr. Olmsted and to the Pittsburgh Civic Commission.

THE BALM OF PEACE

BY FREDERIC E. SNOW

The westering sun sinks slowly 'neath the hill,
And evening shadows gather all too soon;
The pointed crescent of the silver moon
Hangs in the heavens motionless and still;
The hoarse cries of the strident night-hawk fill
The brooding silence; and adown the vale
The lamplight glimmers through the windows pale;
As the dusk deepens sings the whippoorwill;
The holy vespers of the wood-thrush cease;
No longer from the elm the robin calls;
The shadow of the night more darkly falls.
I sit beneath the sheltering maple tree,
While fancy wanders unrestrained and free,
And o'er my spirit comes the balm of peace.

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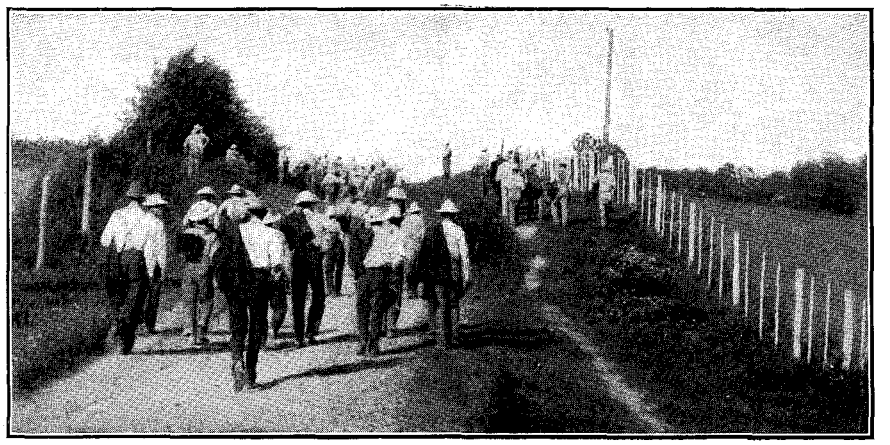

AFTER A USEFUL DAY'S WORK IN THE FIELDS

The Outdoor Treatment of Crime

By Harris R. Cooley

IN the modern betterment of the conditions and opportunities of life the prisoner has been overlooked. The fields of art, science, and industry have been more inviting than the shadows and gloom of prison walls. Progress has halted at the iron doors. The old torture idea has lingered long in the common thought of punishment.

The traditional feeling is that severe and painful punishment exterminates wrong thoughts and acts. A hundred years ago in Great Britain there were two hundred offenses punishable by death. If a man stole from your person a shilling, the legal penalty was the gallows. This was thought necessary in order to repress and restrain the criminal class. If the execution of men and women has a marked deterrent effect on crime, then to have private executions is to hide a light under a bushel. By the law of suggestion brutal, revengeful punishment arouses thoughts of violence and blood.

The method of severity and torture is not necessary either to protect society or to cure the criminal. All but four of Great Britain's two hundred death penalties have been abolished. At the time of the passing of King Edward and the coming of the new King, instead of liberating a few chosen prisoners, a *pro rata* reduction was made for the entire prison population. Five hundred years was thus at one stroke cut off from their total time of confinement. Commenting on this, the Home Secretary makes the significant statement that no evil result has followed this act of good will.

Under the old system the hope of the prisoner was to conceal and utterly deny all wrong-doing. This very act closed for him personally the doorway to better living. The reflex influence on society was vicious. Its tendency was to develop, on the one hand, heartlessness and brutality, and, on the other, an effervescing maudlin sentimentality.

The awakening to the magnitude and vital importance of this problem has been slow and slothful. In this country we are expending for the detection and punishment of crime nearly twice as much as for education, charity, and religion combined. With this enormous expenditure, many of our penal institutions are really schools for the training of first offenders for the criminal life. Winston Churchill recently declared in the House of Commons that "the attitude of the public in regard to the treatment of crime and criminals is one of the best tests of the civilization of any country."

A general change of attitude toward the

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so-called "criminal classes" is the fundamental thing which is happening. Prophetic minds have heralded the new spirit of human fellowship, and here and there individuals have had faith to try the discipline of kindness. All are now coming to see the possibility and wisdom of preventing and curing crime. The new probation and parole systems show that the social conscience is growing sensitive. Society is asking whether, by its own neglect, it is not in many cases a partner in the wrong-doing. Even the family of the prisoner is becoming a burden on the new conscience. The body social is feeling that the good of the weakest erring member is the concern of all.

Vice and crime are men and women going wrong, and not offensive refuse which you can "clean up" as from an alley or a back yard. To be helpful to these people we must put ourselves in their places and realize their environment, their temptations, and their struggles. We must know "the path up which the crime has come;" and sometimes to know all is to forgive all.

In a conversation last summer with Sir Edward Henry, the head of Scotland Yard, I asked him if, barring degenerates, there is a distinct criminal type, a separate marked class of men. Without hesitation his answer was, "No, there is not." Then he told of an expert who came claiming ability to detect a criminal by his face. To him were handed two photographs, one of them a picture of a professional criminal. The expert pointed confidently to one, saying, "This is the criminal." With a twinkle in his eye, Sir Edward said that the photograph thus pointed out was that of a bishop in the Established Church.

There is no distinct outcast class of offenders. They belong to the fellowship of the common life. They are like the rest of us, only they have stumbled and are down. If they plant the seed in the ground, it grows up, blossoms, and ripens in the rain and sunshine. If they are hurt on the machinery, they bleed, and their blood is red like ours. Placed in a favorable environment and with the right kind of treatment, these men and women can be helped, if not cured.

The establishment of the outdoor or farm prison is one expression of this new attitude. It is a long step from the gloom and depression of the felon's cell to the sunlight and fresh air of the open field. The normal environment of the country tends quickly to re-establish a normal life. The open-air treatment is as helpful to the victim of vice and crime as to the victim of tuberculosis.

The earth furnishes the primitive opportunity for useful work. The cultivation of the soil has also a moral value. The sun is a good physician. The latest Government statistics show that prison labor is most effective in such employment. It does not conflict with free labor. With a great tract of land the opportunities are varied and abundant. Even in the cold months the land can be prepared for intensive cultivation, wet areas can be ditched, the brush and dead timber can be cleared from the forests, stone can be quarried and crushed. With proper clothing the men do not object to the outside robust life. With the land work as a basis, inside industries can be established for the most severe weather so as to furnish constant healthful employment, for idleness is the heaviest of all oppression, the cruelest of all wrongs.

The principles underlying the farm colony system are so simple and self-evident as to commend themselves to all. Some still doubt whether these methods will really work, whether they can be applied to the varied population of our institutions of correction. Of necessity they must be adjusted and adapted to different conditions. On the part of officials the attitude of helpfulness, of brotherhood and confidence, is absolutely essential. A superintendent who had been unsuccessful said: "I tried it. I let some of the —— rascals work outside, and, you know, they all ran away from me." It might be difficult to explain to him why he failed.

In a number of the institutions of our country the outdoor methods have been tried with marked success. Dr. Leonard, Superintendent of the Ohio State Reformatory at Mansfield, has the spirit and attitude toward his young men which arouse in them a surprising sense of honor and fidelity. There are nearly a thousand prisoners, many of them committed for most serious offenses. A school

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THE RETURN OF THE HARVESTERS AT WITZWILL

of conduct or of ethics helps to maintain the moral atmosphere of the institution. The trusted men enter into a formal bond with the Superintendent. Out of eighteen hundred young, vigorous fellows who have been trusted to work out on the six-hundred-acre farm, only nine have violated their trust and run away. As one sees these men in the open, sunny fields, many of them without guards, doing faithfully their daily tasks under normal conditions, it is difficult to realize that a few years ago they would have toiled inside crowded, gloomy prisons with heavily barred windows. They themselves have constructed their shop buildings within the wall for employment for winter months and stormy days, but these are as full of light and fresh air as a model factory. The institution impresses you as a training-school

A PRISONER AMONG HIS FRIENDS AT WITZWILL

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with a helpful, hopeful attitude toward life.

The Province of Ontario, under the direction of the Provincial Secretary, W. J. Hanna, is developing an outdoor prison at Guelph. The spirit of fellowship, co-operation, and confidence prevails. Some temporary buildings shelter the prisoners who work under the open sky, cultivating the soil, ditching, grading, and making roads. One of the Canadian pastors, who perhaps had been skeptical about the project, walked over the farm and saw the groups of men laboring in the fields. He said to me, "I was so moved by it that I went off by myself and cried." In his enthusiasm the head officer declares that "the prisoners have done a great work." With this attitude the Guelph Prison Farm will do much for the imprisoned, and still more for the citizenship of Ontario.

In Cleveland we began the outdoor treatment by purchasing a group of farms ten miles from the city, and before any permanent buildings could be erected we tested the plan by taking "trusties" and other prisoners from the City Workhouse and lodging them in the old scattered farm-houses. Our farmer neighbors were frightened. Our friends prophesied that the prisoners would all run away. The plan worked. Most of the men completed their sentences, giving faithful and willing service. We ourselves have been surprised at times at the results of some of our ventures with these men. The confidence placed in them, the useful work in garden and field, the tonic of the sky and trees, developed a new sense of honor and a common sentiment that it is a mean and cowardly thing to "take a sneak from the Farm."

In four years five thousand prisoners served time on the Correction Farm. These men have worked at excavating for our buildings, quarrying and crushing stone, grading, road-making, under-draining the land, clearing dead timber from the forest, and doing general farm labor. They have had better food, for they have raised it themselves. The officers in charge of the working groups of laborers have been really foremen rather than typical prison guards. The purpose has been not simply to locate the institution in the country, but to have a great estate as a basis for unlimited useful employment, and also as a means of controlling and shaping a large environment. The Correction Farm is part of a great tract of nearly two thousand acres, or more than three square miles, on which are the Tuberculosis group, the Almshouse group, and also an extensive municipal cemetery to be graded and developed by prison labor. The area is so large and diversified that the Almshouse group is a mile and a half from the Correction group, and two hundred feet higher. Each of the four divisions is distinct on its own five hundred acres, yet out on the broad fields and in the light, airy shops of the Correction buildings every prisoner can be used at his best in the raising of food and the making of all those things which will add to the life and comfort of themselves and the other unfortunates who are the residents of the Farms.

A visiting judge said to me, "It is so fine out here, I should be afraid some of these prisoners would want to stay." Near by a group of the men were shoveling dirt into a grading wagon. I said to him: "Judge, you see those men at work; they are drinking an abundance of pure water, they eat heartily, they sleep well. They say to themselves, 'This is not "made work," this is real, genuine work. Free men right over there are getting a dollar and a half a day for doing this.' The old prison cell, the food, the confinement of their labor, tended to depress them and to make them hopeless. This treatment quickly brings them to themselves and arouses the normal man. There is a psychological element, which you have not thought of and which we did not fully foresee, which makes these men more anxious to go back and again take their places in society and industry. At the expiration of their sentences they go out without the prison pallor, stronger in the face of temptation, and ready at once to do a full day's work."

For the friendless prisoners when released a Brotherhood Home Club grew up in the city, largely through the efforts and support of the men themselves. The purpose of the Brotherhood is to find them employment and to provide for them a comfortable place in which to live until

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their first pay day. Many of our men have learned to walk in the better way. Some of them have kept the anniversary of their being sent to the House of Correction. Those who do not make good have nevertheless in general a kindlier attitude toward society, which they realize has tried to give them a fair chance. Even this is worth while.

That the colony movement is the outgrowth of a common feeling and attitude is manifest from the fact of its springing up under varying conditions in different countries. In 1892 the Belgian Government began the organization of Merxplas in a barren and desolate region twenty-five miles from Antwerp. This is a penal colony established primarily for vagrants, but which receives offenders with sentences as long as seven years. There are at present about five thousand prisoners. The grounds are laid out on a broad, general plan. The men have constructed the buildings, including a fine church. They take pride in caring for the surrounding lawns, the trees and flowers, the gardens and orchards. The group is in the midst of a great tract of cultivated fields, green pastures, and planted pine forests. Director Stroobant estimates the present value of the estate at a million dollars. To develop all of this out of the naked, barren land must awaken interest and hope in the hearts of many of the laborers. Those who had special tasks in the care of the stock seemed to feel an ownership in the horses and cattle. One prodigal son showed us a young pig which he had in his arms.

With a small military guard as a reserve, these five thousand irregulars and unfortunates are controlled and directed by a staff of only eighty wardens. Some of the better prisoners assist in the supervision of the work. The most serious offenders are confined in buildings with large interior courts. They are thus held more securely, and also kept from direct association with the others. Their open courts, however, furnish opportunity for much outdoor life and labor.

THE MORAL TONIC OF FIELD LABOR
A normal environment tends to restore a normal life

In addition to work on the farm, other industries are carried on, such as brick and tile making, wood-working, mat, boot and shoe making, weaving, and tailoring. The men receive small wages, a part of which is paid in colony money, which they can spend. The balance is paid to them on their discharge. As one sees the multitude of men, quiet and orderly, going to their various places of employment, he is convinced that it is possible to conduct

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even a great centralized prison on the general colony plan.

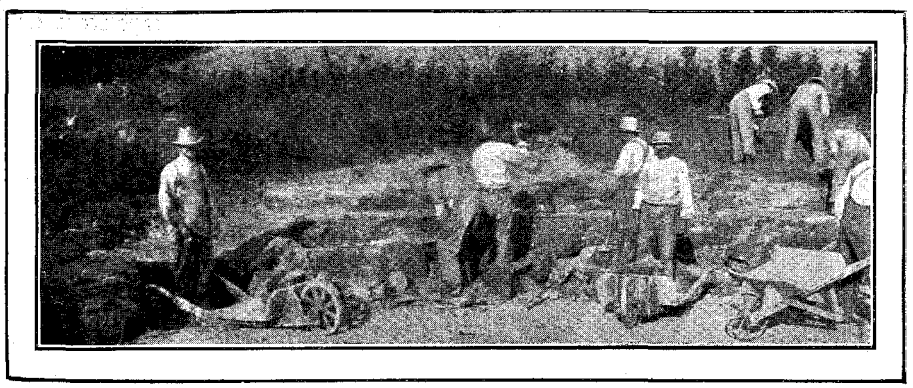
In many ways the model prison farm of Europe is Witzwill. It is on a mountain-girt plain about thirty miles west of Berne, Switzerland. The great tract of two thousand acres, which formerly was wet, boggy, and known as the Great Moss, has been, by draining and cultivation, transformed into a beautiful and valuable estate. There are two hundred and fifty prisoners, with sentences of from two months to five years. The men themselves have constructed the Swiss buildings, the barns, workshops, dormitories, and dwellings. They seem fond of working with the animals. With the oxen and heavy wagons, they came trudging in from the harvest-fields for their noonday rest. They have fifty horses and seven hundred head of cattle. Accompanied by twelve of the prisoners, the young stock had been sent for the summer months to the pastures of the higher mountains. They sell butter, cheese, and vegetables, but all manufactured goods are for the institution or the State.

The spirit of confidence and democracy is manifest. The guards or foremen were washing up for dinner along with the other men. The children of the employees were playing about. The Superintendent, Mr. Kellerhals, who has been with the farm from the beginning, said to us, "Yes, these men, when well dressed, look just like the people outside." About one-half turn out well, one-fourth are doubtful, and one-fourth come back. In a year only three had run away.

In the hospital we found clean beds with outlook on the gardens and pastures. The windows were open and the fresh mountain air was blowing in, but there were no patients in this outdoor prison ward. It stood out in marked contrast to many of our own institutions, which by their construction and environment are the breeding-places of tuberculosis and other physical and moral diseases. Recent research has brought to light the fact that the mortality from tuberculosis among our own prisoners is three times as great as in our general population.

Germany is making extensive use of the farm colony method in dealing with vagrancy and minor misdemeanors. At the Labor House of Rummelsburg, near Berlin, out of two thousand prisoners, one thousand were working outside on the sewage farms owned by the municipality. In France, Holland, Hungary, and Italy the Government has made successful experiments with the colony system for the treatment of offenders. The testimony is that it is less expensive for the State and much better for the health and reformation of the prisoners.

The reflex influence on society of more rational and humane treatment of its erring members is the larger part of this beneficence. For its own sake society cannot afford to be cruel and brutal to its meanest and most unworthy member. Russia is to reap a more bitter harvest than her exiles. Love your enemies is a good social law. If we lift society from the bottom, we all move upward together. We thus rise not to decline and fall. To be helpful to "one of the least" who is in prison is not simply a religious sentiment; it indicates the only method of social development which will conserve and make permanent the achievements of our civilization.



AT THE CLEVELAND CORRECTION FARM

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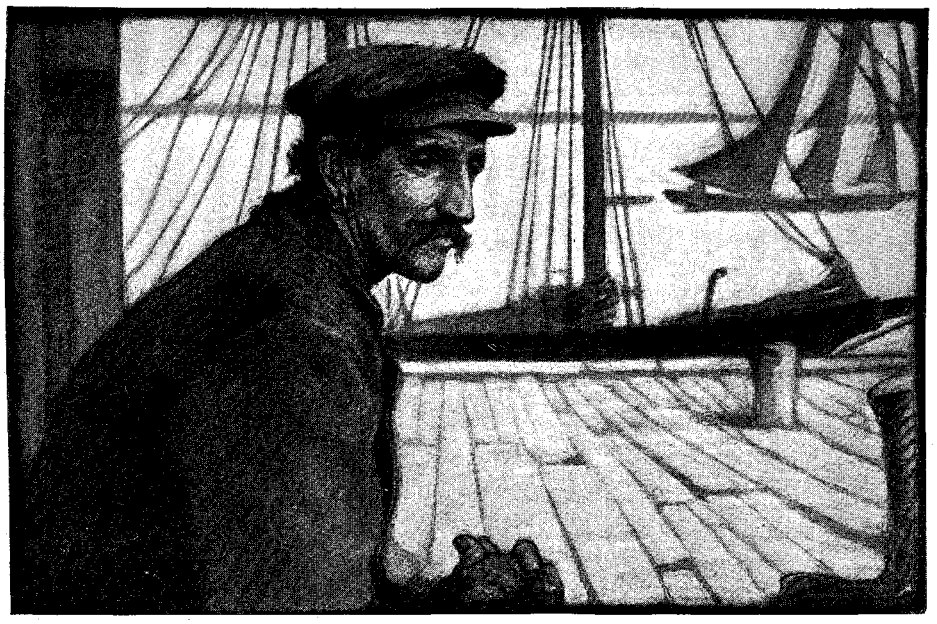

The Portuguese of Provincetown

By Mary Heaton Vorse

With Drawings by Ariel Grant

I WAS down on T-Wharf in Boston waiting for a schooner from Provincetown whose captain I knew, for I wanted to beg a sail down if he got in this day, as his wife had told me he expected to. From the moment that my foot was on the wharf the City of Institutions was left behind and I was in a world where nothing existed but fish. Other prices may go up and down and the fish brokers of T-Wharf don't care; this week's catch of fish is the important thing. Here is a crop that one cannot foretell in advance. The only thing one knows is that if it is too rough weather there won't be any fish at all.

Down the middle of T-Wharf are the brokers' offices; on either side are two wide slips, and these are full of fishing schooners, lying side by side, as close as sardines in a box, engaged in unloading and taking in bait and baiting trawls; and wherever you look you see fish and more fish—every sort of fish—differing, of course, according to the season; green smelts and eels, great swordfish, and always and ever cod and more cod—cod, the great staple of the fish market, the industrious and conscientious fish that never seems to fail the fish market. Lobsters may grow scarce and flounders fight free of the net, but cod still remain constant.

The very air is full of the smell of fish; the moist planks under your feet reek with it; the oilskins of the men shine with fish scales, and even a landlubber who looks down at this array of big vessels (one-hundred-foot and fifty-foot schooners, some trim and smart as yachts and others disreputable and dirty, but all stanch and seagoing boats, most of more tons burden than those that brought our ancestors over to this country and first dropped anchor in Provincetown harbor) must realize that this business of catching fish is a serious business and one that requires men to do it; big, strong, adequate, and enduring men is what we must have to catch the fish from out of the sea to feed us.

This is the big distributing center of the

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fishing trade; it is here that the boats come from Gloucester and New Bedford and Provincetown, and it is here that the fresh fish is packed in ice and from here that it is sent hastening up into the country while one can still eat it.

I stopped an old New Englander, busy superintending the unloading of a vessel, to ask if the Josephine was in.

"She's due about now," he answered. "The Santas just went out. Tell you what," he went on, "there's a Provincetown boat by her looks; she's got a Portuguese crew. Mebbe they kin give you word of the Josephine."

For every captain, and every seaman for that matter, can recognize a vessel from his own harbor nearly as far off as he can see her.

The Portuguese boat, however, which was baiting up at the end of the wharf was a Gloucesterman. And there you have it; because she had a Portuguese crew the first supposition is that she must be a Provincetown boat, for in this town that sits sixty miles out at sea, with the bay on one side and the Atlantic Ocean on the other, the fishing business has passed during the last twenty years (the time of the great change in the fishing business from salt to fresh fish) almost entirely into the hands of the Portuguese. They own the boats; Portuguese capital owns the handsome one-hundred-foot schooners, as beautiful as any yacht; Portuguese captains command them, and Portuguese men sail them.

It is by a curious irony of fate that this historic little town where the Pilgrims first landed and that was afterwards settled by the purest of New England stock, descendants of Pilgrims, should to-day be a town that seems like a South European town. The foreign element isn't tucked away in one little quarter, as were the early Irish settlements through the New England towns. On the three-mile-long Commercial Street, that spreads along the water-front, are perpetual little crowds of beautiful dark-skinned, brilliantly colored Portuguese children; by Railroad Wharf are always knots of dark-skinned men—handsome, strong-looking fellows—waiting for their boats to go out; and as you go farther along toward the West End, "'way up along," you seem to be in a foreign community altogether. The names on the shops are Coreas, Silvas, Cabrals, Mantas; the very language of the street is foreign.

So true is this that it strikes even the children. A little Provincetown boy once landed at Ponta del Garda at St. Michael's, and he looked around at the handsome, dark-eyed children and the sailor-men loafing at the water-front, and the signs on the shops, and his comment was:

"Why, this is just like home!"

And no wonder, for it is from the Azores that the first immigrants came. Fayal, Flores, Pico, St. Michael's, began over fifty years ago sending their handsome, clean-blooded people to us, and have been doing so ever since; and during the last six years "the Lisbons" have begun to come—that is, people from Portugal itself. I say "they came;" that isn't quite true. The Portuguese immigration is unlike any other in one respect. It was we who needed the Portuguese and showed them the road to this country.

In the heyday of the whaling business, when the big fleet of whalers went out from Provincetown on voyages to the South Seas after the whale and the sea-elephant, when our coasters plied from Boston to the Indies, our skippers stopped at the Western Islands to recruit their crews, and the Portuguese men who were landed in Provincetown from our vessels found there was more money to be made in this country, and sent for their wives and children or their sweethearts.

There are not a few Portuguese families who even bear American names. A cabin-boy would be brought over by some old sea captain and raised as a son in the New England family, taking the name of the family in which he lived and forgetting his own, and yet, curiously enough, keeping his own religion.

It is one of the ironies that time plays on a country that this landing-place of the Pilgrims should to-day number more Roman Catholics than it does those of any other denomination. And not only that, but part of the service in the Catholic Church is always in an alien tongue, for the priest preaches in Portuguese for the benefit of the new arrivals, and then in English for the children of those who know English better than the tongue of their fathers. And the posters that adver-

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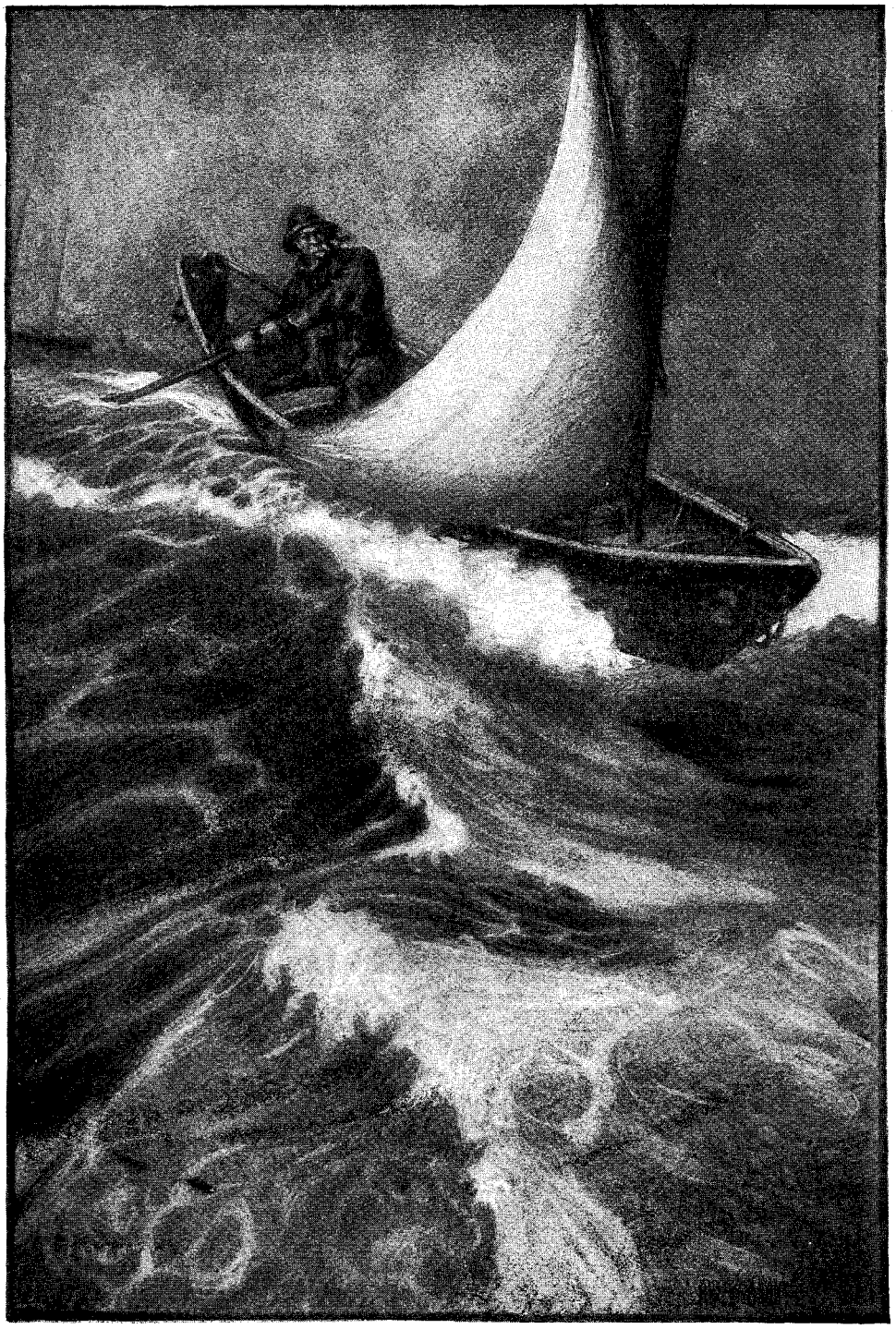

THE PREOCCUPATION OF PROVINCETOWN IS THE SEA

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tised the Thanksgiving Dance in the Town Hall said:

DANCES—AMERICAN, ST. MICHAEL'S FLORES, PICO, FAYAL

So, in this merrymaking commemorating a day so essentially American, American dances were danced upstairs; and the dances of old Portugal, the "Charmelita" and others, were danced downstairs by young people and old, some of whom were just learning English. For the life of the Portuguese and the Americans is more closely woven together in Provincetown than in any other place I know of where there is a large settlement of aliens, because the interests of the Americans and the Portuguese are identical in the difficult work of getting fish out of the sea.

Of course I use Provincetown as an example, though the Portuguese are by no means confined to this one town. All down the Cape, wherever there is fishing to be done, are the same dark, able-looking men, the same families of beautiful children. Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard abound with them; New Bedford and Gloucester have their Portuguese colonies, as have all the smaller places around "the Cape," as they call it, for the dwellers of Cape Cod have a fine disregard for all other capes in the world.

To understand this town and the conditions under which men work, one must know a little of its aspect. It is one of the few characteristic American towns. When you have seen Provincetown, you have seen Provincetown and not an example of indefinite other numbers of villages. It is on the extreme end of the Cape, and at one place only a mile and a half of sand-dunes keep it from being an island. Why the fury of the seas has not at some time swept over it and whelmed it forever one cannot understand.

Provincetown it is called because when the first settlers took up their homesteads the more well-to-do bought strips of land which reached across the Cape from bay to sea; and to this day many of the people own their land in this fashion—a narrow water-front, a strip of woods, then shifting sand-dunes, and then ocean front. But the early settlers kept part of their peninsula for the use of the poor, where any one might get wood or pick berries or pasture cattle; this was called the "province land," and "province land" it is to this day. From the Government you may obtain a right to plant a cranberry bog, or perhaps a right to erect a shooting-lodge, but you may not own your land, and the Government can turn you out at any moment if it seems best.

The very first settlement was over by the lighthouse at the other side of the long, crescent-shaped harbor, but the seas threatened to sweep the little sand-spit away, and for the purpose of keeping intact one of the finest harbors that the Atlantic coast knows, the Government bought up the settlement and took the sand-spit for its own. Then the canny New Englanders, after being paid once for their houses, asked the Government what the houses were to it.

"Nothing," answered the Government; "take them and welcome."

So one fine day was seen the spectacle of one house after another being floated across the harbor on rafts buoyed up by barrels, after the manner of raising wrecks.

"For," argued the Provincetown people, "if you can float a great wreck weighing many tons in this manner, why not a simple house?"

And in this way was begun the little town which is some three miles long and only two streets wide—a long, gray little town it looks when seen from the water, with a great many wharves jutting out in the sea. At low tide one may see the vestiges of other wharves from which formerly the whaling ships of the Cooks and the Nickersons and other of the town's prominent families sent forth their fleets of whalers and coasters and "bankers."

Steam killed the coasting trade and kerosene the whaling business. Well-to-do men failed, for there was no other business to turn to in Provincetown; there is no other crop there but fish. Then the same science and the new discoveries which had crippled the town for a time revived it, for with cold storage the trade of the fresh fisherman grew and the numbers of "bankers" diminished.

Fishing is the one preoccupation of this town—fishing on a big scale. The little sandy gardens are so small that they are not big enough to supply the needs of the town for vegetables, and the markets

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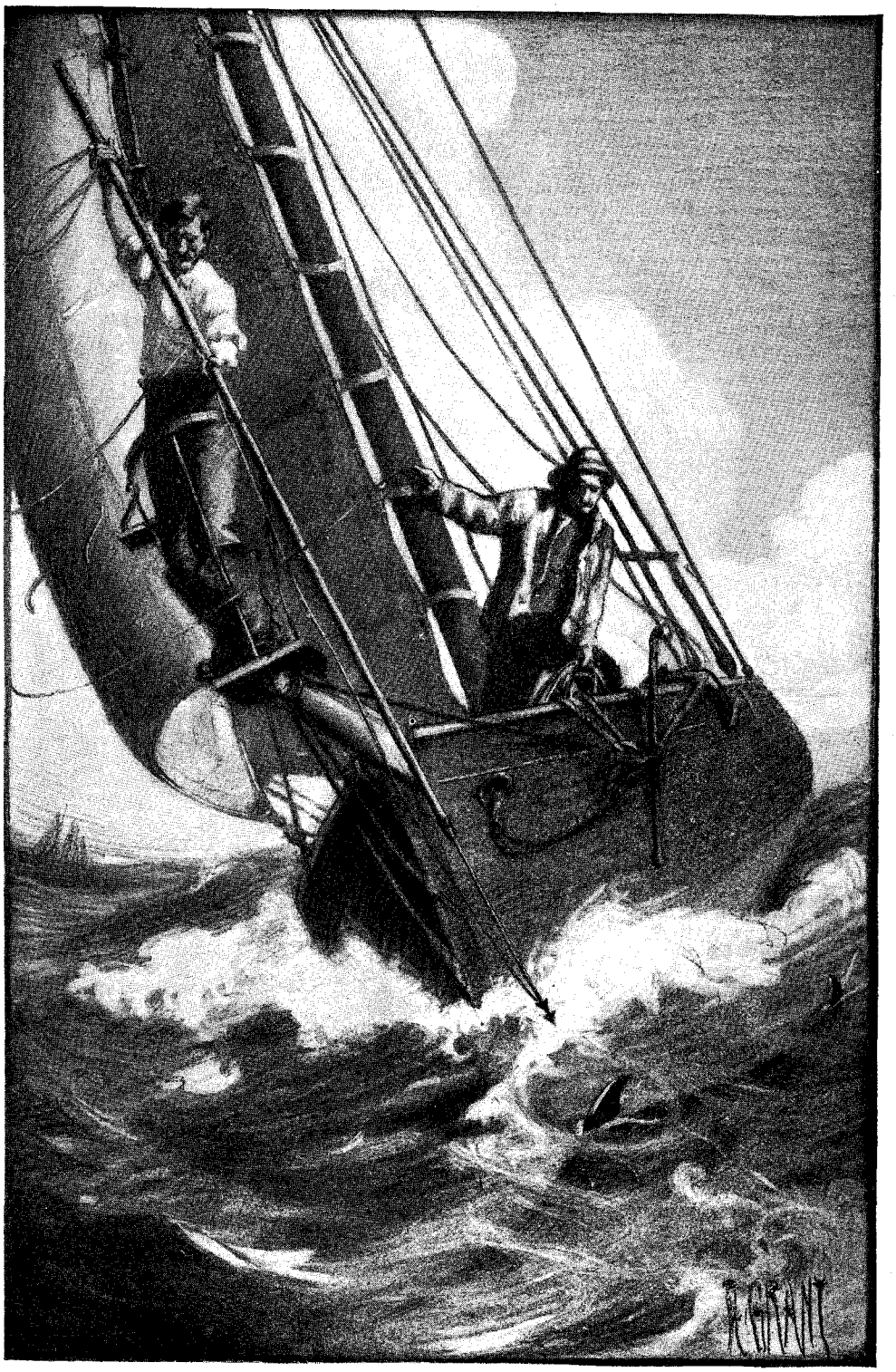

SWORDFISHING

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are supplied partly from Truro and partly from Boston. In the strange, low-lying back country only such things thrive as can grow in sand: scraggy little pines, blueberries and huckleberries and beach plums; and ever and ever the shifting sand-dunes encroach and slide down in a slow, glacier-like torrent on top of the occasional patches of forest trees.

So the preoccupation of Provincetown always has been, and always will be, the sea and the getting of its fish from it. This being the case, it is not too much to say that there are only a few scores of grown men in the whole town who have at one time or another not gone down to the sea in ships. Just what they consider fishing consists of I first learned from an old fellow who was driving one of the "accommodations," the five-seated barges that ply up and down the streets. He had a nautical air about him, and I asked him if he had ever been a sailor, which, by the way, was a landswoman enough question, because sailors in Provincetown eyes have to do with the United States navy.

"No," he said. "No, I never followed the sea none to speak of. Oh, when I was young I done some fishin'; I went on a few whalin' v'yages—perhaps a matter o' eighteen year in all; but I wouldn't say I'd ever done much *fishin'*."

And what is eighteen years, after all, in the life of a man drawing close to seventy, when in the old days lads of ten and twelve went fishing with their fathers and continued to fish until they were gray—or until the sea took them.

For the sea takes a mighty toll of Provincetown men. Up in the cemetery back of the town the graveyard is sprinkled with stones in memory of those who were "lost at sea," and one is always hearing stories like that of the two young Portuguese fellows who had got separated in the fog from their vessel, and who rowed in to Race Point and, half spent and cursing their luck, were picked up by the life-savers. Later they blessed their luck, for their schooner had been rammed in the fog by some passing steamer and had gone down with all hands, and they two were the only ones saved.

This big business of catching fish by the ton is naturally divided into several branches. There are the big vessels, the deep-sea men, that go out to the George's Banks; there are the seiners, that catch their fish in huge nets; there is the everlasting work of drawing the weirs every morning throughout ten months of the year, and on shore are the cold-storage houses where they freeze the bait in great quantities, as well as the fish for eating. There are also the "fish factories," as they call the canneries; and always and always there is the never-ending work of repairing gear of all sorts, and, above all, the work of mending and tarring nets. It is as unceasing as the work of a housekeeper ever was. For fish-nets are fragile things, and the fury of storms and the fish are continually rending their meshes; and there is no day when you walk down the street that you may not see a man netting new nets in his "store," as they call the little sheds on the water-front where the gear is kept, or that you may not encounter carts laden with nets to be spread out to dry off their accumulations of seaweed and later to be tarred, or that you may not see the nets pulled, black and dripping, from the great tar-kettles.

This work never stops, and the greater part of it is done by the Portuguese. There are, of course, American captains who own their boats; and still, especially in the cold storages, much American capital is invested; but the bulk of gear and boats is owned by Portuguese. The gasoline dories are in the hands of the Portuguese altogether, and in the winter, during the two or three months when the big vessels are hauled up, the fresh fishing is done by these gasoline dories with trawls and hand lines; and these are handled by Portuguese crews and Portuguese owners.

In the summer-time fishing inshore isn't practicable because of the dogfish. You may go and fish around the end of the Cape and dogfish may be your only reward, and there is nothing a fisherman hates more than to run into a school of these uncouth and greedy bait-snatchers. By some mysterious law of migration dogfish go out in winter and leave the waters clear for the inshore fisherman.

How all these big industries came into the hands of foreigners is a repetition of the story of the New England farms.

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THE SEA TAKES A MIGHTY TOLL OF PROVINCETOWN MEN

The same causes which left our broad Connecticut Valley lands for the purchase of the Polander made it possible for the Portuguese to have such a strong hold in our fishing industries. The sons of the New England stock became ambitious and sought wider opportunities. Up and down Provincetown it is the same story; the sons of the old sea captains are in the big cities in business or in the professions. But there was still greater reason for them to go, for as the last generation grew up the bottom fell out of the whaling industry and the coasting trade. Then the Western Islanders, who, like the Polanders, had a lower scale of living than the Americans and could afford to be contented with little, put aside money and bought their homes. For it isn't alone boats and fish factories and wharves they own; they own their homes and land as well. The tax list of Provincetown shows as many Portuguese names as it does those of New Englanders.

The very system of payment on the fishing-boats made the amassing of some capital comparatively easy, for the deep-sea fishermen fish in shares. The captain and owners of a boat get a certain percentage, and the proceeds of the rest of the catch are divided equally among the crew. In a good season of ten months' fishing this may amount to a thousand dollars per man, leaving the two winter months free to make additional gains from the gasoline dories or other sorts of fishing.

The fishing of the weirs is done on another system. Here the men are paid forty or fifty dollars a month, and the work is hard. That seems a small amount on which to bring up a numerous family; but the Portuguese have the South European thrift, and on that sum men manage to save enough to own their own houses and give their children time to go through high school. It must be remembered that the scale of living is simple, and also that a great part of the food comes from the sea free of cost.

It is from the weirs that most of the bait is obtained, squid and herring being used for the purpose. And drawing the weirs is a memorable sight for a landsman. The weir is a sort of vast fish trap, and the fish swim in through the opening and cannot get out. The boats go out before dawn has broken. Three silent men dressed in oilskins man the weir boat, and there is no sound anywhere except the little chugging of the motor. And so often has the work been performed that the closing of the net gate and the pulling up of the trap, which is something like a vast gathering-string for bringing the net and its contents to the surface, is performed in almost absolute silence. Three or four laconic words and a gesture are enough. And as the bottom of the trap comes to

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the surface the whole air is filled with a noise like no other noise in the world—the little flap-flap of the fish on each other. There they are, pure silver and wonderful; barrels and barrels of them flapping and gasping at the bottom of their net.

And then these silent large men take huge fish-scoops like ladles and silently ladle the fish into the bottom of the boat; later, standing knee-deep among them, they pitch out great monsters—skate and gone fish and dogfish—gasping into the sea.

The catch varies from morning to morning. Sometimes it is squid, sometimes mackerel; once in a while a baby whale is caught. And when all the traps are drawn, one chugs back again, and the fish are landed and sorted out and given over with incredible swiftness to various purposes, according to their kind. Some are taken to the cold storage, or used for smoking, or packed in ice and sent to Boston.

One feels as if one had witnessed a terrible slaughter, and as if it were impossible that the sea should continue forever to yield forth fish in such vast quantities. The catching of fish in this fashion—ladling them in by boatloads, after having treacherously snared them in a series of nets—has something wanton about it and infinitely unsportsmanlike. And yet it goes on day in and day out and the supply of fish never fails. The world is hungry and America is a broad place, and for our wholesale consumption fish must somehow be caught wholesale.

Even the trawlers put out fifteen hundred baited hooks to a man, two men to a dory, ten or twelve dories to a schooner. They must catch their fish wholesale if they are to live.

I have been asked if the Portuguese become Americanized, and if they are absorbed into our National life, or if they live apart. In speech and action certainly the children of the Portuguese parents are not to be distinguished from our children. How should they be since they live in a community so essentially New England, where the old New England ideals of honesty and thrift and scrupulous cleanliness are still undimmed? There are some slight differences in upbringing perhaps; the young girls of the better class are reared in a more careful way, because South Europeans are good mothers and careful mothers. The Provincetown natives say that the young people haven't the fine manners of their fathers, who brought with them the courtesy of manner belonging to the race of the Spanish Peninsula. And this is our fault. But among all the outwanderings of the various people, although they form a tiny element in the big melting-pot of America, it seems to me that the Portuguese is one to be grateful for. There has not been a mad rush of day laborers, but a steady influx of men who come, not only to work and to make money, but to buy homes and acquire property and bring up their children as Americans. And it seems to me that they combine many of the virtues of the Italians and the Spanish; a greater beauty they have than the Spaniards, for they are a large race and strong, as men must be who follow the sea; and they have more gayety.

And since because of natural conditions our fishing-boats have passed from American hands, I think it is a thing to be glad for that they have fallen into those of such an adequate and strong and thrifty race.

TO CHESTER-ON-THE-DEE

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

Sleep, little town, thy moonlit walls
  Are hushed with long-ago!
Night, like thy river, brings to thee
  Forgetfulness of woe.

Peace, little town! Grave sleep is this
  That aches in love and tears,
With singing stream, with shining dream,
  With sense of other years.

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JOHN LOWELL, JR. PAINTED BY GLEYRE

John Lowell's Legacy

By H. Addington Bruce

JUST seventy-five years have passed since John Lowell, Jr., a young merchant prince of Boston, while traveling through the Orient, took a step which resulted in the development of one of the most interesting and influential of educational institutions in existence to-day. By the terms of his will, completed amid the ruins of a once magnificent palace in ancient Egypt, a full half of his estate was converted into a trust fund the income of which was to be expended in providing annually lectures for the people of his home city, free of charge and according to ideas concisely set forth by the donor.

"For the more perfect demonstration," he directed, "of the truth of those moral and religious precepts by which alone, as I believe, man can be secure of happiness in this world and that to come, I wish a course of lectures to be delivered on the historical and internal evidences in favor of Christianity. I wish all disputed points of faith and ceremony to be avoided, and the attention of the lecturers to be directed to the moral doctrines of the Gospel, stating their opinion, if they will, but not engaging in controversy, even on the subject of the penalty for disobedience.

"As the prosperity of my native land, New England, which is sterile and unproductive, must depend hereafter, as it has heretofore depended, first on the moral qualities, and second on the intelligence and information of its inhabitants, I am desirous of trying to contribute towards this second object also; and I wish courses of lectures to be established on physics and chemistry, with their application to the arts, also on botany, zoölogy, geology, and mineralogy connected with their particular utility to man.

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"After the establishment of these courses of lectures, should disposable funds remain, or, in process of time, be accumulated, the trustee may appoint courses of lectures to be delivered on the literature and eloquence of our language, and even on those of foreign nations, if he sees fit. He may also, from time to time, establish lectures on any subject that, in his opinion, the wants and taste of the age may demand."

Thus, by a document truly remarkable for the liberality, wisdom, and far-sight it revealed—and the more remarkable in that its author was only thirty-four when he drew up its first passages, and but two years older when he added the final clauses—did John Lowell, Jr., lay the foundation of the unique educational establishment known as the Lowell Institute, which has exercised an incalculable influence for good on the intellectual life not of Boston alone but of the whole country. As administered by the men who have in turn filled the arduous and responsible position of trustee, it has, in fact, gained for itself a place as an educational force which not even its founder, for all his far-sightedness, could possibly have foreseen.

In the beginning, however, and wisely, no attempt was made at undertaking other than the popular lectures on which the founder of the Institute had laid greatest stress. It was in 1835 that young Lowell drafted, in Egypt, the codicil to his will, voicing his last instructions to the trustee—his cousin, John Amory Lowell—on whose diligence and good judgment he relied for the proper execution of his noble bequest. Less than a year later he died at Bombay. But, owing to the difficulties incidental to the work of preliminary organization, it was not until the winter of 1839–40 that the first lecture was delivered. One of the hardest problems to be solved by the trustee was the selection of a suitable auditorium. It had been John Lowell, Jr.'s, wish that no part of the trust fund should be appropriated for the construction of a building, but that it should be almost entirely devoted to remunerating the lecturers selected, paying such handsome fees that it would be possible to command for the Institute the services of the foremost authorities on any subject. Admirable as this provision was, it occasioned considerable perplexity to Mr. John Amory Lowell, since he had every reason to expect that there would be an urgent demand for admission to the various courses offered.

Instruction by means of lectures had always been extremely popular in Boston and New England generally. It was the system followed in the colleges and in the schools of law, medicine, and theology; and almost from the time of the founding of Massachusetts public lectures had been much in vogue. Until after the Revolution, it is true, they dealt chiefly with theological themes; but thenceforward, and particularly after the War of 1812, the thirst for knowledge grew so rapidly that lectures were given on all sorts of topics, and usually were well attended. This led in the early twenties to the creation of the famous New England lyceum system. Agencies were established to provide communities with lecturers on any subject desired, and miscellaneous lecture courses, the tickets for which were quickly sold, were delivered in cities and towns of every size. It may be said in passing that it doubtless was because of his great faith in the value of public education by this means, and because of a well-grounded fear that the passion for lecture-going might eventually die out unless provision were made for a permanent, high-grade service, that John Lowell, Jr., was influenced to place his Institute so distinctly on a lecture basis.

Certainly, however, in the years just previous to the opening of the Institute there was no indication of a decrease in interest. It has been estimated that during the season of 1838–39 no fewer than twenty-six courses of public lectures, each course consisting of not less than eight lectures, were given in Boston alone, to an aggregate attendance of between thirteen and fourteen thousand persons, who paid about as many dollars for the privilege of hearing them. This of itself was a sufficient hint to Mr. John Amory Lowell that the largest lecture-hall he could secure would be none too large, and it was with a feeling of relief that he found himself able to lease for the nights of the Lowell lectures the old Odeon, formerly the Federal Street Theater, seating about two thousand people. Here, beginning in

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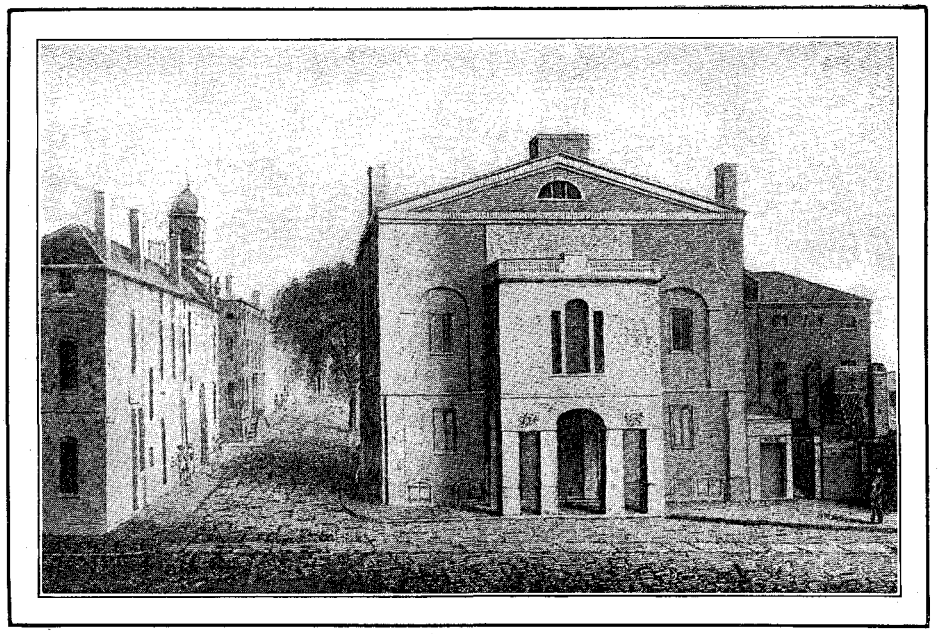
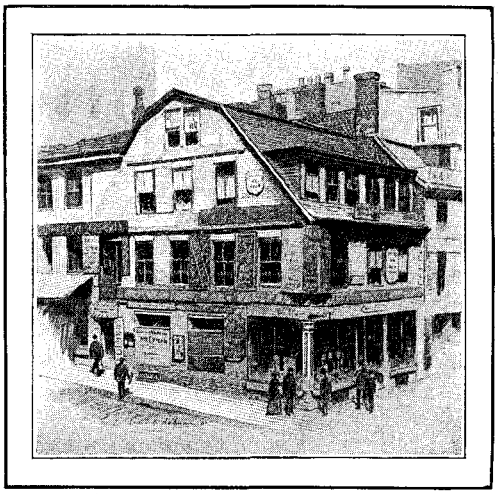


FEDERAL STREET THEATER
Where the first Lowell lectures were delivered

January, 1840, the first lectures were delivered, consisting of courses by Benjamin Silliman, on Geology; Thomas Nuttall, on Botany; and John G. Palfrey, on Evidences of Christianity.

The popularity of the Institute from the start is shown by the fact that both Professor Silliman and Professor Nuttall were obliged to repeat their courses, and even then by no means all who wished to hear them gained admission. More than this, the following year, on the giving out of tickets for another course by Professor Silliman—who was a member of the Yale Faculty, and one of the most noted of American lecturers—the throng of applicants at the "Old Corner Book Store," the place where the tickets were distributed, was so great that it overflowed into the adjacent streets and crushed in the bookstore's windows. Such was the eagerness to attend the lectures that, according to Mrs. Harriette Knight Smith, the historian of the Institute, and to whom I am indebted for much information regarding its early years, it became necessary to open books to receive the names of applicants, the tickets being then distributed by lot. Sometimes the number of applicants for a single course was between nine and ten thousand.



THE OLD CORNER BOOKSTORE

But before the first of the regular lectures was given an interesting event took place at the Odeon on the evening of the last day of 1839, when the Institute was formally opened with an oration by Edward Everett. Naturally enough, this took the form of a eulogy of John Lowell, Jr., and of the services previously rendered to Boston and New England by members of the Lowell

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family, notably the testator's grandfather, Judge John Lowell, a Revolutionary worthy; and by his father, Francis Cabot Lowell, after whom the Massachusetts city of Lowell was named, and to whom, more than any other one man, the establishment of the cotton goods industry in America was due. Naturally, too, Mr. Everett was at pains to make clear the purposes of the Institute, concerning the future of which he ventured to prophesy in the most glowing terms and with an eloquence that must have held his auditors enthralled.

"The few sentences," he declared, "penned, with a tired hand, by our fellow-citizen, on the top of a palace of the Pharaohs, will do more for human improvement than, for aught that appears, was done by all of that gloomy dynasty that ever reigned. I scruple not to affirm that in the directions given by him for a course of popular instruction—illustrative of the great truths of natural religion and the evidences of Christianity, and unfolding the stores of natural science and useful knowledge, to be dispensed without restriction to an entire community—there is a better hope that mental activity will be profitably kindled, thought put in salutary motion, the connection of truth with the uses of life traced out, and the condition of man benefited, than in all the councils, rescripts, exploits, and institutions of Sesostris and his line. I am persuaded that more useful knowledge, higher views of the works of God, deeper and more searching glimpses into the mysteries of nature, will be communicated in the course of lectures which will commence next Friday than lie hidden in the hieroglyphs that cover the Egyptian temples, from the Cataracts to the mouth of the Nile. . . .

"Let the foundation of Mr. Lowell stand on the principles prescribed by him; let the fidelity with which it is now administered continue to direct it; and no language is emphatic enough to do full justice to its importance. It will be, from generation to generation, a perennial source of public good—a dispensation of sound science, of useful knowledge, of truth in its most important associations with the destiny of men. These are blessings which cannot die. They will abide when the sands of the desert shall have covered what they have hitherto spared of the Egyptian temples; and they will render the name of Lowell, in all wise and moral estimation, more truly illustrious than that of any Pharaoh engraven on their walls."

The high hopes thus held out have not been frustrated. For seventy years, without a break, the Lowell free public lectures have been given in Boston during the fall and winter months—in the Odeon until 1846; in Marlboro Chapel, on Washington Street, until 1879; and since then in Huntington Hall, in the Rogers Building of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Some of the most brilliant thinkers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have addressed Boston audiences under the auspices of the Lowell Institute, and have given courses of from three to twelve lectures in the great cause of popular education, as may be seen from the following list, comprising only a few of those who have served, each in his special field, as Lowell lecturers:

On Religious subjects—John G. Palfrey, Richard S. Storrs, Mark Hopkins, Samuel Eliot, A. P. Peabody, James Freeman Clarke, Edward Everett Hale, Lyman Abbott, Henry Drummond, George Hodges, F. G. Peabody, George F. Moore, James Hardy Ropes, Abbé Felix Klein.

On Science and Philosophy—Benjamin Silliman, Thomas Nuttall, Jeffries Wyman, Sir Charles Lyell, Asa Gray, Joseph Lovering, Louis Agassiz, Daniel Wilson, William D. Whitney, N. S. Shaler, John Tyndall, Richard A. Proctor, William James, Simon Newcomb, Sir R. A. Ball, Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir John Murray, Percival Lowell, Sir J. W. Dawson, G. H. Darwin, Friedrich Delitzsch, Hans Gadow, Pierre Janet, C. Lloyd Morgan, W. T. Sedgwick, Wilhelm Ostwald, Josiah Royce, Morris Jastrow, Sir Frederick Pollock.

On History and Government—Jared Sparks, Edward A. Freeman, James Bryce, John Fiske, H. von Holst, Theodore Roosevelt, Henry Cabot Lodge, J. F. Rhodes, Edward Channing, A. C. Coolidge, H. Morse Stephens, Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff, G. W. Prothero, Albert Bushnell Hart, Guglielmo Ferrero, William Everett, H. A. L. Fisher, Captain A. T. Mahan, George Kennan, Paul Milyukov.

On Literature, Art, and Music—Edward

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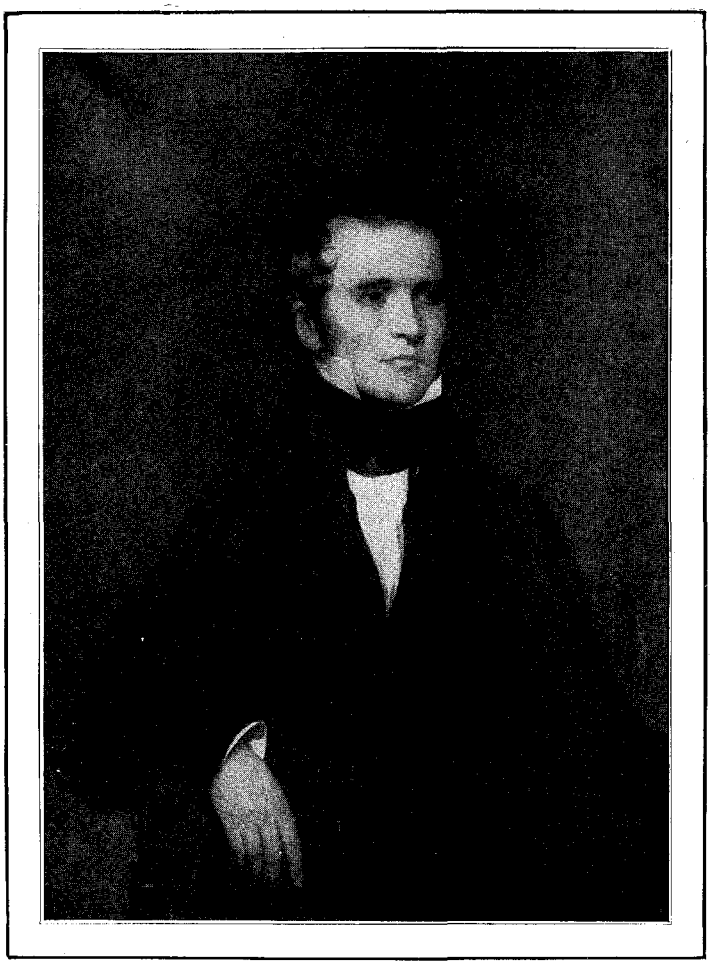

JOHN LOWELL, JR.
From a painting by Harding

Everett, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, George W. Curtis, Charles Eliot Norton, Alexander M. Bell, W. D. Howells, Bayard Taylor, Francis J. Child, Edmund W. Gosse, Prince Kropotkin, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Louis C. Elson, George L. Kittredge, George E. Woodberry.

Many of the lecturers, up to the most recent times have been obliged to follow the example set by Professors Silliman and Nuttall, and repeat their courses. James Russell Lowell's course on "Early English Dramatists," given during the season of 1886–87, was exceptionally memorable in this respect, the management having great difficulty in handling the crowds that, although unable to obtain tickets, nightly besieged the lecture hall. Another course that drew numerous and most enthusiastic audiences was that delivered by Henry Drummond in the spring of 1893 on "The Evolution of Man." More recently similar enthusiasm was displayed over Professor James's lectures on "Pragmatism," and Percival Lowell's on "Mars as the Abode of Life." Among the courses announced for the present season (1910–11) there is at least one—Sir John Murray's on "The Ocean"—that in all likelihood will have to be repeated.

Nor has the influence of the Institute lectures been confined to those able to attend them; it has literally extended through the United States, and even into foreign lands. The trustees—of whom there have been but three, John Amory

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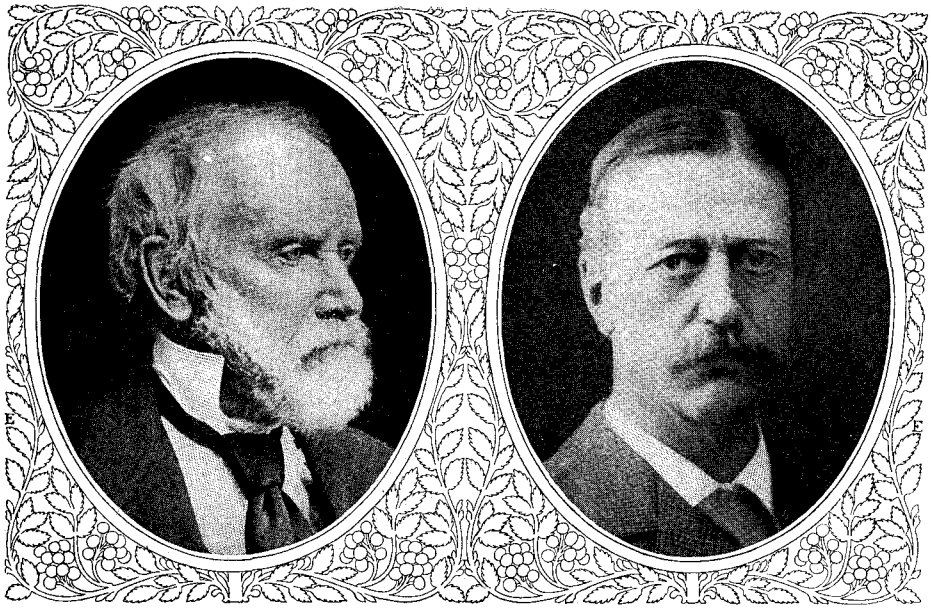

JOHN AMORY LOWELL ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL

The first trustee, and his grandson, who is the third trustee of the John Lowell fund

Lowell, his son Augustus Lowell, and the latter's son, President Lowell—have always demanded two things of the lecturers selected by them: special and careful preparation, and presentation of the subject-matter in a form intelligible to the lay hearer unversed in scientific technicalities. Besides this, the trustees have been zealous to choose, as far as possible, lecturers having some "message" of real importance to the public at large. The result has been that, in numerous instances, the scholars and scientists honored with an invitation have been inspired to utilize their Lowell lectures as the basis, in whole or in part, of works which have deservedly enjoyed a wide circulation in both America and Europe.

In this way were born, among many others, such noteworthy books as Louis Agassiz's "Geological Sketches" and "Comparative Embryology," John Tyndall's "Lectures on Light," Alfred Russel Wallace's "Darwinism," T. W. Rhys Davids's "Buddhism," Henry Drummond's "The Ascent of Man," Sir J. W. Dawson's "The Relics of Primeval Man," John Fiske's "The Discovery of America," "New France and New England," and "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors;" Bayard Taylor's "Studies in German Literature," Edmund W. Gosse's "From Shakespeare to Pope," A. Lawrence Lowell's "Governments and Parties in Continental Europe," Captain Mahan's "Sea Power in Its Relations to the War of 1812," Professor Royce's "The Philosophy of Loyalty," and the "Pragmatism" and "Mars" of, respectively, William James and Percival Lowell.

In other ways, too, the influence of these lectures has been far-reaching. The founding of the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard, with the famous European naturalist Louis Agassiz as its head, was directly due to a single course of Lowell lectures. In 1845, on the suggestion of a mutual friend, Sir Charles Lyell, Mr. John Amory Lowell invited Agassiz to cross the Atlantic and lecture before the Institute. The invitation was accepted, and in December, 1846, Agassiz made his début in the United States. The brilliancy of his lecturing and the richness and breadth of his scholarship made a profound impression, while Agassiz, for his part, was delighted with the responsiveness and intelligence of his audiences, whose democracy was further most attractive to him.

Nothing would please him better, he declared, than to be able to make his home in a country where the people were so progressive, energetic, and alert-minded.

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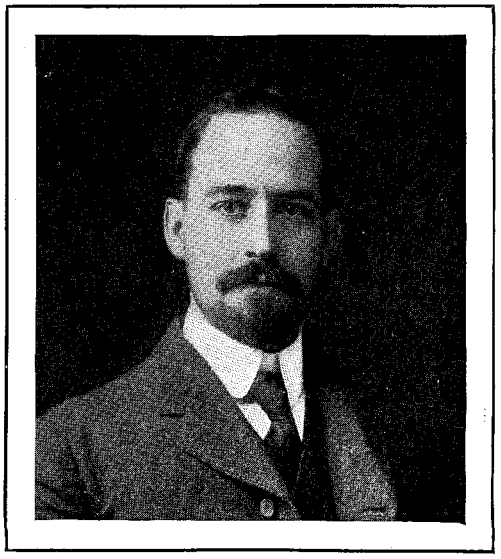
The seriousness of his desire to remain in America becoming known, Mr. Abbott Lawrence promptly expressed his willingness to found a scientific school in connection with Harvard University, and guarantee Agassiz a satisfactory salary as Professor of Zoölogy and Geology. One result of his long connection with the Lawrence Scientific School, as is well understood, was the introduction of new teaching methods and the giving of a new impetus to American scientific investigation.

Even yet the record of the benefits conferred by the bequest of John Lowell, Jr., is by no mean exhausted. The propagation of sound knowledge by means of public lectures is only a part—and, in the opinion of the present trustee at all events, not the most important part—of the work of the Lowell Institute. By a particularly wise provision in the will creating the Institute, the fund supporting it has steadily grown in amount, since one-tenth of the annual income has regularly been added to the principal. Furthermore, the will provided that, as soon as sufficient means were available, "besides the free courses given for the general public, there may be others given, more erudite and particular, for students." A start was made at giving such "erudite and particular" courses in 1850, when Mr. John Amory Lowell established a free drawing-school, on the then novel principle of requiring its pupils to begin and continue through the entire course to draw from real objects only—"the round," as it is technically called—and never from copies or "flat surfaces."



PROFESSOR CHARLES F. PARK
Director of the School for Industrial Foremen

At first the school was greatly ridiculed by art teachers and critics, but, under the management of its excellent instructors, William Hollingsworth and his assistant, William T. Carleton, it soon had many pupils, and, in the words of the Institute's historian, Mrs. Smith, "was eminently successful in establishing correct methods of drawing, and had the satisfaction of being imitated all over the country, almost to the entire revolution in the teaching of drawing." It had an existence of nearly thirty years, ending only when the Institute removed from Marlboro Chapel to Huntington Hall; by which time, indeed, it had outlived its usefulness, as the principles for which it contended had become so generally accepted that there was no longer any real need for it.

So, likewise, with the Lowell School of Practical Design, founded in 1872, and, until replaced a few years ago by the Museum of Fine Arts School of Design, which grew out of it, doing splendid work as a pioneer in the field of arts and crafts education. Tuition in this school was entirely free, and all the expenses were borne by the Lowell Institute. The rooms of the school were on Garrison Street, and were equipped with machinery enabling the students to work their designs into fabrics of commercial size, in all sorts of materials and textures, instruction being given in the art of making designs and patterns for prints, ginghams, silks, laces, wall papers, carpets, rugs, oilcloths, etc. Three years were required to complete the course, and in addition to general class work every pupil received personal supervision looking to the best development of his or her individual talents.

Lowell lectures of a special character were also given at an early date—1866—in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, whereby any one over eighteen years of age and having already had a certain amount of education might attend without charge courses for advanced stu-

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dents in mathematics, mechanics, physics, chemistry, geology, natural history, biology, architecture, engineering, navigation and nautical astronomy, English, French, and German. In every case, although the Institute of Technology assumed the management of these courses, the choice of lecturers and subjects was made conditional on the approval of the Lowell trustee.

Special courses for workingmen were similarly started, as well as courses intended to give the school-teachers of Boston instruction in science. These latter courses, offered by what is known as the Teachers' School of Science, are all that remain, in the original form, of the early attempts to carry out the wishes of John Lowell, Jr., with regard to the "erudite and particular" phases of the Institute's activities. But owing to the growth of the higher institutions of learning it is now possible to carry out the ideas entertained by John Lowell, Jr., in this respect more systematically than at any previous time. This applies more especially to the work now being done by the Lowell Institute Evening School for Industrial Foremen and the Lowell Institute collegiate courses, the one organized in 1903, the other in 1907.

The admirable purpose underlying the School for Industrial Foremen may best be explained by quoting a statement made by its director, Professor Charles F. Park, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. "For more than a quarter of a century," he pointed out, "Lowell free courses for advanced students had been given by the professors of the Institute of Technology. These courses had done no small amount of good; but, with the increased educational facilities of all kinds in Boston, they seemed to be less necessary than they were formerly. They had, moreover, covered many subjects without much relation to one another, and at the present day we are learning the great advantage of systematic study.

"On the other hand, among the different classes in our community, there appeared to be one which had hardly received the attention it deserved. We have heard a great deal of late years of captains of industry, but the efficiency of the industrial art depends in a very large measure, and probably to a constantly increasing extent, upon the capacity of its non-commissioned officers—in other words, upon the foremen and superintendents. These men receive the same education to-day as the ordinary mechanic, and it was thought that it would be a great benefit to the community at large if they could have some instruction in the principles of applied science, so that they might understand more thoroughly the work they were superintending, and be ready to apply improvements.

"It was felt, also, that a better-educated class of foremen would be a benefit to the community socially, as an intermediary class between the employer or engineer, on the one hand, and the workmen on the other. To attempt to train young men separately for the position of foreman would have been, under the existing organization of labor, an impossibility. The foremen must continue, for the present at least, to be promoted from among the workmen. In giving them such an education as is desired, therefore, it was necessary to take men who were already working at their trade; and hence instruction could be given only in the evening."

Opened in the fall of 1903, the school has been increasingly successful, and many of its graduates, thanks to the training received, have won promotion in the machine-shops and other industrial plants where they are employed. Two courses, one mechanical and the other electrical, are offered, each extending over two years, and each demanding hard work of its students. Not all of the latter are foremen in the strict sense of the word, but they are young mechanics and electricians earnestly desirous of "getting on in the world" and making themselves more useful members of society. Only a small proportion of those who apply are admitted to the courses, for the demand is so great that the resources of the Institute of Technology, in whose buildings the instruction is given, would be unduly taxed if a severe entrance examination did not keep down the evening school membership. The average class enters about one hundred and twenty-five, which represents perhaps a fifth of those taking the preliminary examination. The faculty consists of essentially the same men doing the same

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kind of work during the day in the regular "Tech" courses, and instruction is by means of lectures, recitations, drawing-room practice, laboratory work, and home work. Certificates are granted to all passing another stiff examination at the end of the second year. No charge whatever is made for tuition.

The collegiate courses are similarly an outgrowth of the old Lowell lectures for advanced students, and represent a desire to make such lectures more systematic and more immediately useful to the men and women attending them. For some time it was uncertain how this could be done, but the problem was solved by the happy suggestion of a friend, Dr. James Hardy Ropes, who proposed that some of the best professors in Harvard University should be engaged by the Lowell Institute to repeat their principal courses, with examinations and the granting of certificates; and in the year 1907–8 Professors Haskins and Copeland gave public courses on history and literature. The following year courses were given by Professors Royce, Palmer, Lowell, and Copeland, and in 1909–10 by Professors Hart, Bullock, and Copeland.

The success of this plan for assisting the people to gain a higher education is sufficiently indicated by the attendance figures, there having been an average aggregate attendance of about one thousand, Professor Copeland's courses alone being attended by an average of upwards of six hundred persons. Ranging in age from eighteen to middle life, the students come from all walks of life, an "occupation" table prepared by the management showing such a bewildering variety of vocations as teacher, book agent, milliner, compositor, nurse, artist, physician, lawyer, saleswoman, charity worker, journalist, proof-reader, "home-maker," bookkeeper, clerk, secretary, auditor, stenographer, clergyman, machinist, insurance agent, day laborer, surveyor, accountant, publisher, printer, engineer, architect, umbrella-maker, barber, and dry-goods buyer.

Most of these—probably sixty per cent—take the courses because of a desire to better themselves in point of "general culture." But many, especially among the teachers, who form a large proportion of the whole, look to these courses to aid them directly to professional advancement; and all such will welcome a change that has just gone into effect, the Lowell collegiate courses, beginning with the present term, becoming part of the general scheme of University Extension, and, consequently, counting towards the A.A. (Associate in Arts) degree. The instructors will be drawn hereafter not only from Harvard University but from other institutions about Boston, the courses offered for 1910–11, in pursuance with this purpose, including: English literature and composition, Professors Copeland and Greenough, and Mr. F. W. C. Hersey, all of Harvard; principles of economics, Professor Metcalf, of Tufts; history of English literature, Professor Black, of Boston University; physics, Professor Kent, of Boston University.

Still another development in Lowell Institute work was the establishment in 1906 of annual courses of lectures on current topics in theology, to be delivered in King's Chapel, on Tremont Street, under the auspices of the Harvard Divinity School and the Andover Theological Seminary, and by members of their faculties. This course was established in order to meet, without any interference with the system of free lectures in Huntington Hall, John Lowell, Jr.'s expressed desire for a course on theology. Altogether, then, the Lowell Institute is now actively engaged in five distinct fields of intellectual endeavor: the popular lectures in Huntington Hall, the theological lectures in King's Chapel, the Teachers' School of Science, the Evening School for Industrial Foremen, and the collegiate courses. In the case of the last only is any fee charged, and that but a nominal one. All of the others are free, and are maintained by the fund bequeathed by young Lowell and so ably managed by his kinsman trustees that it has more than trebled in amount. Surely the Lowell Institute is a worthy monument both to its founder and to those members of the Lowell family whose keen sense of devotion to duty has inspired them to give their best efforts to a steady enlarging of its usefulness.

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Every Man His Own Campaign Manager

By Emily Newell Blair

A PLAIN-LOOKING countryman with an oily, ingratiating manner slid into the seat before me beside a roughly dressed miner. I recognized him as a one-time merchant in our county seat, and wondered at the change from jovialness to affable sleekness. Watching longer, I noticed him, his hand covering his mouth apologetically, hand the miner a card. It reminded me of the covert way some men sneak their chewing-tobacco from pocket to mouth. The card told the story. He must be a candidate before the primary. A few minutes later he slid on to the next seat, and so on and on, while the miner dropped the card indifferently.

Since then I have seen some hundred of these candidates, and have made an interesting collection of their cards. One of the choicest is largely responsible for the nomination and election of a present Circuit Judge of Missouri. One side has a picture of a fine-looking family of six children, and below the picture the words: "We Want the Salary."

Every candidate has at least one style of card, and some two, for use in different localities. One that speaks to the miners and mechanics has the union label in one corner; another, for farming communities, is plain and brusque—also a trifle misleading in its phrasing, "Vote for John James, Republican Candidate for Circuit Clerk." Good old "vote-'er-straight" partisans might not stop to inquire if there were other Republican candidates for that office.

All this in Missouri, where we have a Primary Election Law. Primary elections are held at the regular polling-places in each precinct on the first Tuesday in August for the nomination of all candidates to be voted for at the next November election. At least sixty days before the primary each candidate for a county office files a declaration of such candidacy with the County Clerk and pays to the Chairman of his County Committee $5. Candidates for State offices, Congress, and Circuit Judge file such declaration with the Secretary of State, paying respectively $100, $50, and $25 to the chairman of their respective State Committees. This money is paid as an evidence of good faith, and goes to the party campaign fund, the expenses of the primary election (judges, clerks, etc.) being paid by the State and county as at general elections. For three weeks preceding the primary the names of the candidates on each ticket are printed in two newspapers in the county, one Republican, the other Democratic.

There are as many separate tickets as there are parties entitled to participate in the primary, the names of the candidates being in alphabetical order under the appropriate title of the respective offices and under proper party designation upon the party ticket. In cities of over one hundred thousand inhabitants the names of candidates are alternated on the ballots, so that each name appears thereon substantially an equal number of times at the top, at the bottom, and at each intermediate place. Each voter receives only the ticket of the party to which he declares himself to belong. The law requires that each voter must be known to affiliate with the party named at the head of the ticket he calls for, or must obligate himself to support the nominees of that party at the following campaign. This provision presents difficulties of practical enforcement which are obvious, the ballot being secret. No person who is a candidate upon one ticket can be voted for as a candidate for such office upon any other party ticket. Such, in brief, is the law.

The primary system was tried out in Missouri for the first time over two years ago. In 1908 it was so new that office-seekers had not discovered its possibilities

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For Circuit Judge

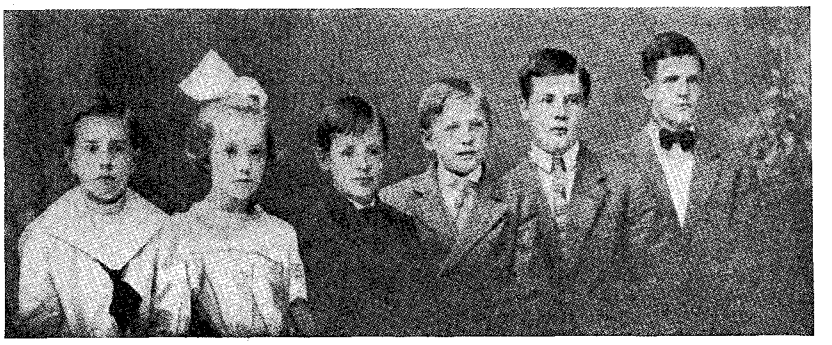
H. L. SHANNON

Subject to Approval by the Republicans of Jasper County at the August Primary

CARTHAGE, MO.

I WANT THE OFFICE

Over



WE WANT THE SALARY

A FACSIMILE OF CANDIDATE H. L. SHANNON'S CARD

or how to utilize them, confining their efforts at publicity to a modest card or portrait. Then one candidate scornfully refused the suggestion that he take a small space in the country newspapers setting forth his qualifications; last year all the available advertising space (several newspapers issuing supplements) was taken by Would Be's, the advertisements ranging from a whole page of double capitals reciting the merits of a Congressional candidate, auction-wise, to a small two-line "local" of an impecunious aspirant for the office of Justice of the Peace.

But cards and newspapers are not the only means used by candidates to introduce their abilities, advantages, and "availability." Between changes of films at the numerous moving picture shows likenesses of various candidates are thrown upon the screen. Letters of all kinds, from the purely personal to the circular, are sent to the voters, while handbills and posters and portraits are posted at every cross-roads.

The county in which I have studied the phenomena is in the rich mining region of the State, and contains about eighteen thousand voters. Of these less than half are farmers, the remainder miners, merchants, clerks, etc., except for the six or eight hundred negroes, whose purchasable vote notoriously controls results in certain precincts. There are three large

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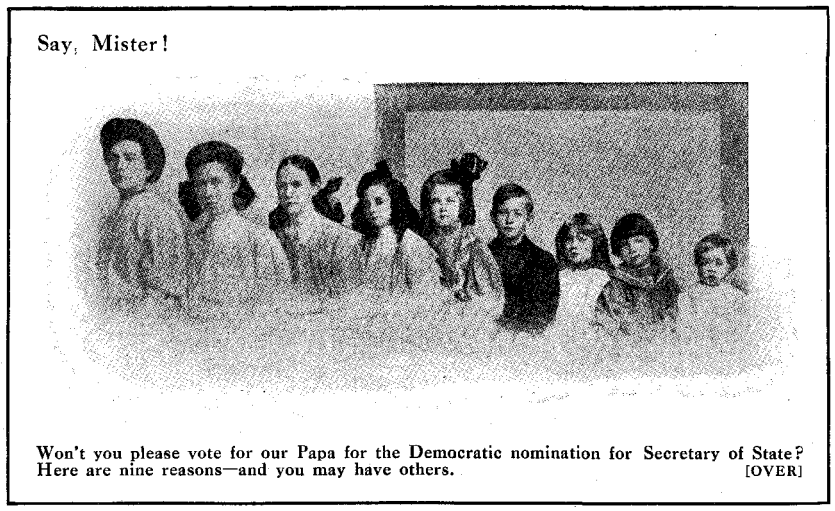
Say, Mister!
Won't you please vote for our Papa for the Democratic nomination for Secretary of State? Here are nine reasons—and you may have others.
[OVER]

THE REVERSE OF CORNELIUS ROACH'S CARD

towns, one of twelve thousand, one of fifteen thousand, and one of thirty-five thousand, and fifteen small mining camps and farming villages. The would-be nominee must make himself, his ambitions and abilities, known to all these voters during the two months between the filing of intention (June 2) and the date of the primaries (August 2). According to the old convention system, he had at the utmost six hundred delegates to see or convince; now he must win the support of from four thousand to five thousand, the two parties, Democratic and Republican, being nearly evenly divided in number in the county's eighteen thousand votes. This means expense, work, and time. The first thing sought is publicity. This is secured by cards, placards, posters, lithographs, and newspapers; then personal appeal is tried. The first is easy compared to the second. Naturally, the candidate begins with his friends; he approaches in person all he can, and writes to those in outlying districts, soliciting their support, and asking them to say a word to their friends in his behalf. That much accomplished, he commences a man-to-man canvass, day and night, in street cars, on street corners, in offices, lodge meetings, public picnics, churches, along country roads, in factories, mills, and mines—wherever one or two are gathered together.

An auto, a box of cigars, a winning smile, and a pack of cards—candidate cards—are his paraphernalia, and the number of these required for eighteen thousand voters demands a rather large bank account, as do his stamps, printing, stenographer, and the workers who circulate through the county advocating his candidacy and reporting daily the public pulse.

This county offers two varieties of candidates: well-to-do men who "like politics" and are willing to invest one to three thousand dollars to secure an eight-thousand-dollar office and the prestige that goes with it; and those with enough gambling spirit to risk what they can scrape up or borrow on the chance of winning.

This year a new kind entered the race. These were the faithful clerks who, with no political pull, have been doing the actual work of the county offices for ten or twelve years at salaries ranging from eighty to one hundred dollars per month, while the elected official worked at politics or had a good time generally. In five offices such candidates announced themselves as entitled to the office and the whole salary. Yet they must win—if win they should—by the same system the others use: that of appeal, begging, and money-spending.

The majority of the candidates might be termed professional office-seekers. Rarely an election passes by that these men do not aspire to some one or other of the county offices. It seems a chance

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to get something for nothing (a big mistake, they find later); the salary sounds large for this locality; the work when elected is *nil*. "Spoiled by office" has become a proverb, for, having once held public office and enjoyed a lucrative salary for no labor rendered, an occupation requiring real mental or physical effort becomes abhorrent.

One man on last year's primary ticket had been a successful traveling man, with some money laid by. Once he was elected to a county office, and since that time he has been a perennial candidate. Another was a prosperous farmer; after serving one term in a county office he tried the mercantile business and failed, then a brokerage business and failed; last year he was a candidate for another office. Another— But why multiply illustrations? Of the sixty-seven candidates asking nomination at the primaries, forty-seven had held office or been candidates before. Whether the fascination of the game lures them on, or the ingratiating, harmless manner they assume will not wear off, and hence unfits them for the aggressive walks of trade, is an open question. The fact remains that holding county office so affects previously successful men.

So much for the effect on the candidates. How does this "solicitation of your support," "desire your kind efforts in my behalf," "hope you can do something for me," affect the voter?

There were eleven county offices for which candidates were to be nominated at last year's primaries, and there were forty-two Republican candidates and twenty-one Democratic candidates. This means that each individual voter was solicited from thirty to fifty times by letter, word of mouth (more frequently by both), and by friends and hired workers of the various candidates, as well. A busy merchant intent on selling to a customer, a doctor engaged in his practice, a farmer getting in his crops, is stopped on the street, detained in his store or office, or waylaid in his field to discuss a man's—a stranger's—private ambition to increase his income at the taxpayer's expense. His mail is flooded with letters such as this:

Dear Sir: This year on Missouri soil a memorable battle for Democracy must be fought and won. As you are aware, I am a candidate for the nomination for Recorder. That I am a good vote-getter and can help win the fight for the party, I point with pride to my record of four years as County Clerk and two years as Collector of this county. During my term as Collector the receipts of

Extract from

CARTHAGE EVENING PRESS

L. M. Murphy is well and favorably known throughout the county and has many warm friends who would like to see him elected, for, as one of his friends puts it, this would certainly be "a good fit, the right man in the right place." In the different stations that Mr. Murphy has filled since coming to Jasper county, over 25 years ago, he has given entire satisfaction, always proving himself capable, prompt and attentive to business, being courteous, kind and cheerful with everybody, regardless of religious, political or social distinctions. It would be difficult to find a more logical and worthy man for probate judge of Jasper county than Lewis M. Murphy.

(OVER)

THE CARD OF L. M. MURPHY

Troubles of a Candidate.

Before he announces everybody tells him "Get in, you can win in a walk." After he is in and the fight is on, they tell him, "If you don't get busy and spend your money, you are beat." If you have money, you don't need the office. If you don't have money, you have been a failure and no business man. If you go to church, you are a hypocrite. If you don't go to church, you are an infidel. If you buy a friend a drink, you are a drunkard. If you don't buy him one, you are a "tight wad." I, you look a voter up and tell him your troubles you are a nuisance and a bore. If you don't look him up, you are too independent and don't want his vote. If you get elected, everybody claims to have voted for you and pats you on the back. After you go into office they all want to tell you how you should run it. If you die young and in office, you had a great future before you. If you live your time out (or get voted out), it is a good riddance of a "bum" officer. So "what's the use?"

MY MOTTO:—Do the best you can. Tell the truth. Be fair. Pay your debts. And try to so live that you may always find the latch string on the outside when you go home to your wife. JOHN H. DIGGS.

(OVER)

THE CARD OF JOHN H. DIGGS

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the office were $1,100 more than during the term of my Republican predecessor.

I have lived in this county nine years and have always voted the Democratic ticket straight. I will greatly appreciate your vote and help at the primaries August 2d.

Very truly yours,

News is crowded out of the newspaper by such advertisements as these:

VOTE FOR A HOME MAN!
W. A. COX
Better known as Billy Cox
For County Collector

Always a Republican. Always helped my fellow-Republicans. Believe it is MY turn now.

All of my opponents have held from two to four years in —— County.

—

THE SHOVELERS' AND FARMERS' FRIEND!

J. W. BELL IS THE RIGHT SORT

Republican Voters:

Life is serious. So is collecting the taxes of —— County. I'll certainly appreciate your support for a second term and no more.

R. M. SLOAN.

My Platform
I have mailed it to you. Did you get it?

Even a good citizen who takes a broad interest in legislation and in National questions, who wishes to see the integrity of the bench preserved, a strong man in the gubernatorial chair, and good men in all offices, gets decidedly weary of this incessant battery on his peace. He does not care whether John Jones or George Smith signs his tax receipts, records his deeds, or probates his will; there is only a personal choice between the two, and he doesn't know either of them, and doesn't want to know them. He knows that these are clerical positions and that the same old deputy who has been doing the work of that office for years will continue to do so. Yet he is besieged to express his choice as to who shall draw the large salary for the use of a rubber-stamp signature. What time he does have to devote to public questions he would prefer to spend in discussing or deciding some real problem.

My neighbor, a deaf old man, sat on my other neighbor's porch the other night.

"Ain't you sick of these office-seekers?" I heard the deaf man say.

"Sick? I'm clean disgusted," the railway conductor answered. "I ain't had any peace this summer."

At our boarding-house table the men were discussing the same subject the morning of the primary.

"What do you say when a candidate asks you to support him?" a young voter queried. "You can't say, 'No, I'm for the other fellow, because I like him better.' If he lives next door, or has married your sister, you have some excuse, but I'll be darned if I know what to say."

"I tell them," spoke up a genial man, 'Oh, I'm for you.' It pleases them and don't mean anything—I'm for them, but I vote where I please."

"Well," said a serious man, "I'm getting to the point where I don't vote for any man who asks me to. It's an insult to his manhood to come begging for my vote, and it's an insult to the privacy of my opinion to be asked my personal choice. I'll proclaim my principles, but not always my taste."

"Yet," replied the genial man, "I've heard men say that they would not vote for a certain candidate because he hadn't asked them. They wanted him to beg. It made them feel important."

"I think it is ruination to a man's self-respect to run for an office that does not involve a principle. There isn't a candidate running that hasn't a Uriah Heep manner that turns my stomach. I've more respect for a downright thief any day than a beggar, and what's the difference between begging for an office and for money?"

There you have the voter's attitude. He resents the attack on the privacy of his opinion; he resents having to be rude or tell a lie; but he will tell a lie if he has to. An old lady of my acquaintance used to say: "When people ask me an impertinent question, I say, 'I don't know.' It is either say that or 'None of your business,' and I prefer to lie rather than be rude. I'd rather be damned hereafter than now."

Frequently voters at a primary, in their anxiety to see some friend of the other party get a nomination, vote the other party ticket. Sometimes this is done to nominate the weaker man on the opposing ticket, so that he may be more easily

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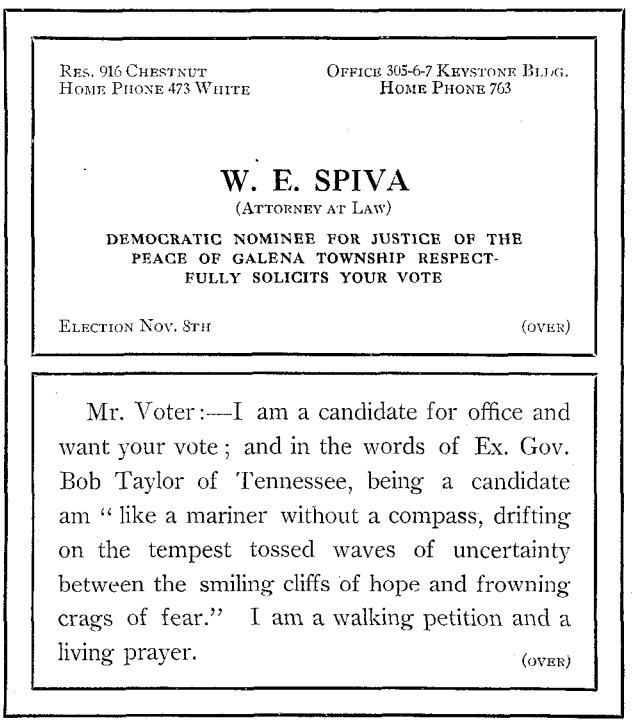
beaten at the ensuing election by a favorite on the voter's party ticket. While, as has been said, the law prohibits this, there is no way of enforcing it without swearing every elector as he comes to the polls. This the judges of election seem not to care to do.

Last year the ticket called for by the Republican voter had two candidates for Congress one a "stand-patter" and the other an Insurgent, so a principle was there involved; but, passing on to the judgeship, the voter again found two candidates. a principle, as there is a United States Senator to be elected; Presiding Judge of County Court, Associate Judge, Probate Judge, Clerk of County Court, County Collector, Recorder of Deeds, Prosecuting Attorney, Justice of the Peace, Constable. Many of these are clerkships, pure and simple. If the voter has taken the time, he may be able to pick out the three or four really competent clerks who are candidates; if not, he makes a choice in accordance with the recommendation of some friend, and helps his friend's friend



RES. 916 CHESTNUT
HOME PHONE 473 WHITE

OFFICE 305-6-7 KEYSTONE BLDG.
HOME PHONE 763

W. E. SPIVA
(ATTORNEY AT LAW)

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE OF GALENA TOWNSHIP RESPECTFULLY SOLICITS YOUR VOTE

ELECTION NOV. 8TH (OVER)

Mr. Voter:—I am a candidate for office and want your vote; and in the words of Ex. Gov. Bob Taylor of Tennessee, being a candidate am "like a mariner without a compass, drifting on the tempest tossed waves of uncertainty between the smiling cliffs of hope and frowning crags of fear." I am a walking petition and a living prayer. (OVER)

THE CARD OF W. E. SPIVA

He wished to vote for the more capable and honest man. Perhaps he asked some other lawyer, or perhaps he knew the two candidates personally. At any rate, the cards handed to him read just as if his choice should be a matter of political precedent or of the candidate's personal needs—not a matter of public benefit. One candidate asked the nomination because "Republican precedent demands that a short term be followed by a second," and the other because he "wants the office and his children want the salary."

The voter goes on down his ticket: State Senator and Representative involve to make a lucky grab at the public purse. Has he served his country or the public interests by his vote?

Against the primary system, then, it is urged:

1. Out of the eleven contested nominations, not one but went to the man spending the most money. The amount spent varies. A Congressional nominee in Pennsylvania published his expense account as $41,000, the larger part of which went for "educational" purposes. In the county I have described it is estimated that the candidates spent from $500 to $3,000; and a nomination here on either ticket is far from equivalent to an election.

2. The long-continued campaigning and

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soliciting of voters—from June 1 to election day in November.

3. The large majority of candidates nominated are machine men. As less than fifty per cent of those entitled to do so voted, the Boss's henchmen, as under the convention system, controlled matters, though a few free-lances slid in.

4. The bitter contests for nomination result too frequently in the defeated candidate for nomination and his friends bolting the party nominee.

5. The geographical location of candidates is important in making up a county ticket. This cannot be provided for under the primary system, hence all the candidates may come from one town or vicinity, at the cost of enthusiasm for a local candidate in other precincts.

6. The nominees, when selected, are not better qualified or better citizens than those selected under the convention system. Almost of necessity they are under more obligations to a greater number of people.

Is the primary system, so far as *county offices* are concerned, a failure?

I asked one candidate his experience and opinion of the system. He said: "I thought I took an interest in politics because I always voted and read what the newspapers said; but that's a small part of being interested, I've found. I am opposed to bosses, and always have been, and I concluded to run for Treasurer. It pays, I find, about eight thousand dollars a year. I thought that under the primary system I would have as good a chance as any one to get the nomination, as I have lived in the county twenty years and knew so many people, and it wouldn't cost much, anyway. I certainly would be considered qualified [he is an expert accountant]. I announced my candidacy and had several thousand cards and placards printed, and interviewed the newspapers and got a 'write-up' in each one, at a cost of from ten to twenty-five dollars per write-up. My opponent did the same, and began a very active campaign over the county in an automobile. I was started then, and didn't like to quit, so I rented an automobile and went out campaigning. I saw ninety per cent of the voters—less than fifty per cent voted at the primaries. I found there was no party organization to help a candidate for nomination, though the Boss's opinion as to who should be nominated cut a large figure—I didn't understand exactly why. I found I had to have a personal representative in each voting precinct—two or three in some—and set about securing them. I was greatly surprised to find that practically every one of the men who know the voters individually, have some influence with them, and are at the polls each election day whooping it up for some particular persons, are not only machine men, but expect and receive pay for their services. And they are absolutely necessary to success; they shape the sentiment of their community towards a candidate, and the voters of the precinct know them as active party men and look to them for information. I was in the race, and meant to win; so I got two men in each of the seventy-two precincts to work for me. So each precinct cost me from ten to twenty-five dollars for election day work alone. Now that I've got the nomination I find our County Committee is hopelessly split and wholly useless because of so much 'soreness' over candidates defeated for nomination, so I've got to continue my personal machine until election—three months—and increase it by adding the workers that were for my opponent. I've got a month's work to do to get my own party in line for me, and I ought to have that time to work on Republicans, for I've got to have a lot of Republican votes and all my own party's votes in order to win. It looks like I'll have to join forces with C——– [the Boss], who controls a number of the other candidates, and try to get some sort of a working organization outside the County Committee; otherwise there's no chance for any of us. I'm out about three thousand dollars now, and the real fight hasn't commenced. This primary business sounds nice, but the old convention system beats it. There we'd have had the nominations over in a day, and no time for the voters to get worked up in favor of some certain candidate and sore at his defeat."

"But," I said, "you acknowledge you have become a machine politician, so perhaps you are prejudiced."

"Every one in this county will tell you the same thing," he retorted.

"Perhaps so," I answered; "but there aren't any reformers in this county—just office-seekers."

"I guess you're right there," he agreed; "we're not reformers."

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"If a born leader like Roosevelt or Garfield or La Follette wanted to fight a machine for a principle, he could succeed easier than under the convention system, couldn't he?" I asked.

"Sure thing. The primary would render a boss helpless against a Roosevelt."

That, of course, is the prime point in favor of the primary. But must we have this advantage at the expense of county politics? For the primary has debauched county politics into personal politics. It simply has turned the political machine, which had some use as a preserver of party organization, into a personal machine to graft off the county and the boss into a disburser of offices, without regard to party.

This condition suggests the query, If no political question is involved in the choice of county officials, why elect them at all? Why permit the business of a county—mere clerical work—to be a matter of politics? If political plum trees no longer make lumber for a party organization, why grow them? Why longer elect a $10,000-a-year sheriff, an $8,000-a-year Collector, a $4,000-a-year Recorder of Deeds? Surely, if political parties cannot use the plums, the people have no desire to maintain a sort of Jack Horner pie into which any one with money may put his thumb. Why not place our county offices under Civil Service? Class them where they belong—clerkships—and attach clerkship salaries to them and fill them with citizens who pass examinations held under State supervision. The work would be done cheaper and better; in fact, the clerks who are now, and for years have been, doing the county's work would take examinations and continue the work, the politician and his salary would be eliminated, and the taxpayer's public employees, like his private ones, would be working on a business basis.

In this county there is in the Circuit Clerk's office a woman who has run the office for twelve years at a salary of eighty dollars a month, while three successive officials have come and gone, with little knowledge of the office or its conduct, though drawing a yearly income of more than three thousand dollars.

In the office of the Recorder of Deeds is a man made deaf by an accident some years ago, who has managed and overseen the work there for twenty years, while four elected officials have smilingly and politically held the office and received its emoluments. In the County Clerk's office another man has served for years as clerk. These are the ones who, under civil service, would hold the office, while office-seekers would turn their attention to other lines of business, less remunerative perhaps, but more stable. Good men would not be made into ingratiating beggars and citizens would not be harassed by their importunities.

This appointment of minor officials would shorten the ballot, leaving the voter free to study and decide the real issues in State and Federal politics, centering his attention on offices where there is a principle at stake. It would very largely eliminate political pie, and free State candidates from entangling alliances with county officials, their friends and machines. Ultimately it would shear county machines of all power.

If the primary makes plain to thinking people the character of county politics, if it discloses what county office-seeking really is—an effort to work the public for a living—and points the way to correct the situation; if it does all this, in addition to offering an opportunity for real leaders to come before the people when there is a real issue, we will call it a success. But certainly office-seekers with no issue and machine bosses will never approve it.

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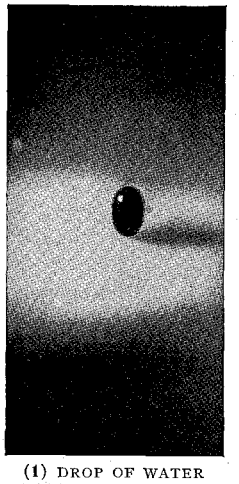
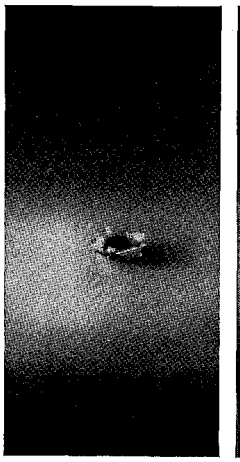
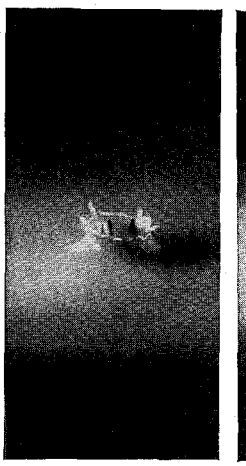


(1) DROP OF WATER FALLING INTO MILK

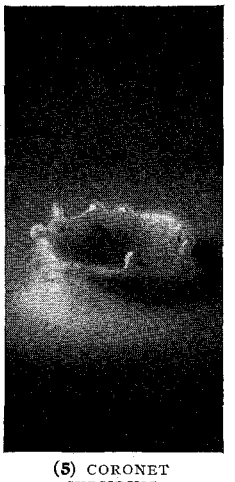


(2) DROP DISAPPEARING

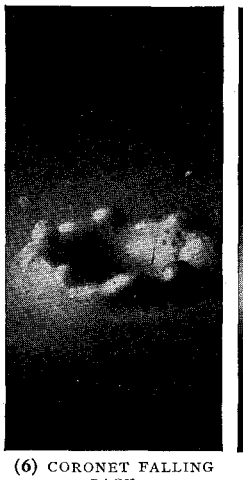


(3) CORONET EFFECT PRODUCED

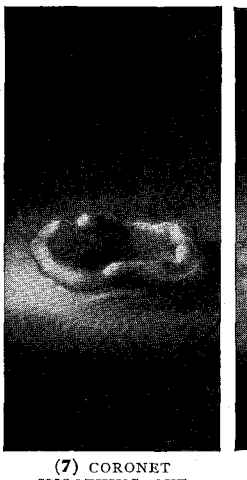
(4) CORONET RISING HIGHER



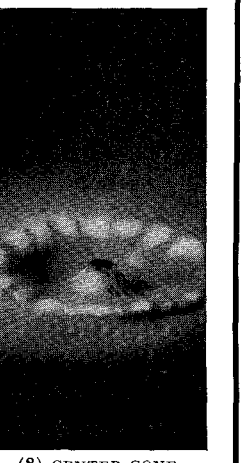
(5) CORONET *SUBSIDING*



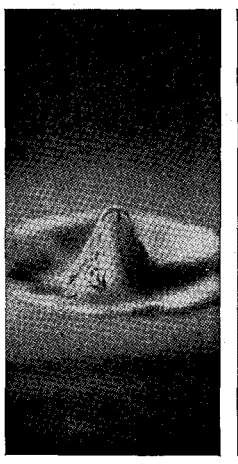
(6) CORONET FALLING *BACK*



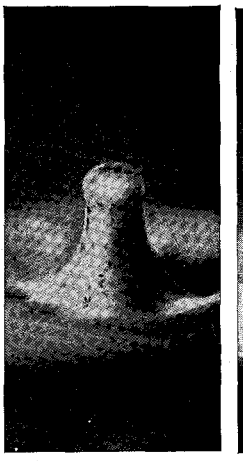
(7) CORONET *SMOOTHING OUT*



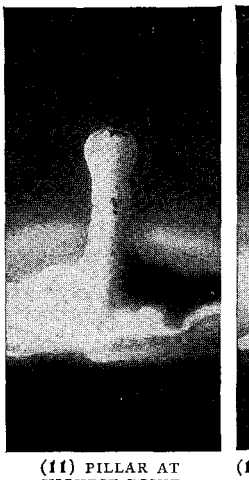
(8) CENTER CONE *FORMING*



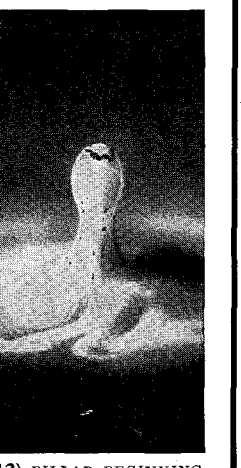
(9) CONE RISING HIGHER



(10) CONE BECOMING A PILLAR



(11) PILLAR AT HIGHEST POINT



(12) PILLAR BEGINNING TO SUBSIDE

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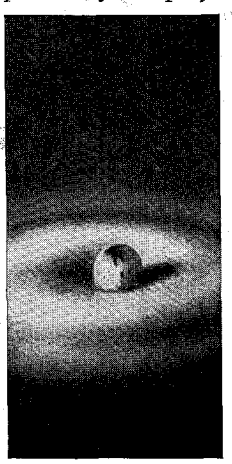
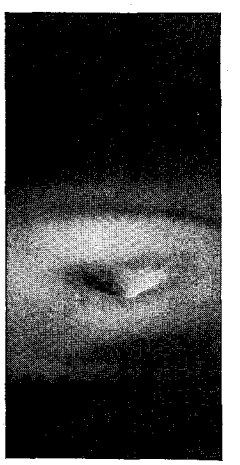
Splashes

THE pictures shown on these two pages illustrate a curious and interesting "Study of Splashes" described by a former Professor of Physics in the famous Royal Naval College at Greenwich in a lecture before children. The lecturer, Mr. Arthur M. Worthington, asked and then answered the question: "When a bubble is formed, what becomes of the ascending central column previously seen?" The answer is shown in these instantaneous photographs which we reproduce from the London "Sphere." The results differ according to the height from which the object which makes the splash is dropped. The special series of photographs here reproduced illustrate the splash of a drop of water, about a quarter of an inch in diameter, falling into about sixteen inches of milk mixed with water. "The object of adding milk to the water," said Mr. Worthington, "was to make the liquid light up better, and experiment showed that the character of the splash was not materially altered by the addition. The drop of water was electrically released from a cup, and then as it fell it became elongated. Striking the water, it threw up a little surrounding crater of liquid, from whose edge at pretty regular intervals little jets shot up. This crater increased gradually in breadth and height, reaching its greatest elevation in an eighth or ninth thousandth of a second. The original liquid of the drop was swept up the sides of the crater, this being evidenced by the little streaks of black, which are particles of lampblack brought down from the cup. For nearly a hundredth of a second the crater remained with little change of form; then it sank and widened when the rebound began. The bottom of the crater now began to rise in a column which gradually increased in height. This is the 'little crystal fountain' noticed in a shower of rain. Curiously enough, almost the whole of the original drop is collected at the top of this column. After reaching its full height the column then begins to subside, finally causing a well-defined outward-flowing ripple."

A great difference is seen in the splashes made by rough and smooth spheres and between those made by solid and hollow spheres. Well-polished marbles were dropped into a deep glass bowl full of water, and the audience could see that they slipped in noiselessly with hardly any visible splash. The same spheres if wet, or roughened with sandpaper, or even if dusty, made a great noisy bubbly splash accompanied by the projection into the air of a tall jet of water whose summit rose even higher than the place from which the marble fell. With the rough sphere the crater thrown up was curiously like that accompanying the splash of a liquid drop, and can be described as a "basket splash." The sphere in this case enters the liquid without really breaking the skin, which is drawn into a surprisingly deep cylindrical pocket containing air. This ultimately divides into two parts, the lower part constituting the bubble. With a smooth sphere, on the other hand, the splash is totally different from the very first instant of contact, for the liquid, instead of being driven laterally away, is retained by the force of adhesion and guided over the solid surface so as to envelop it in a liquid sheath of exquisite thinness.



(13) APEX OF PILLAR DISAPPEARING



(14) PILLAR VANISHES INTO THE MILK

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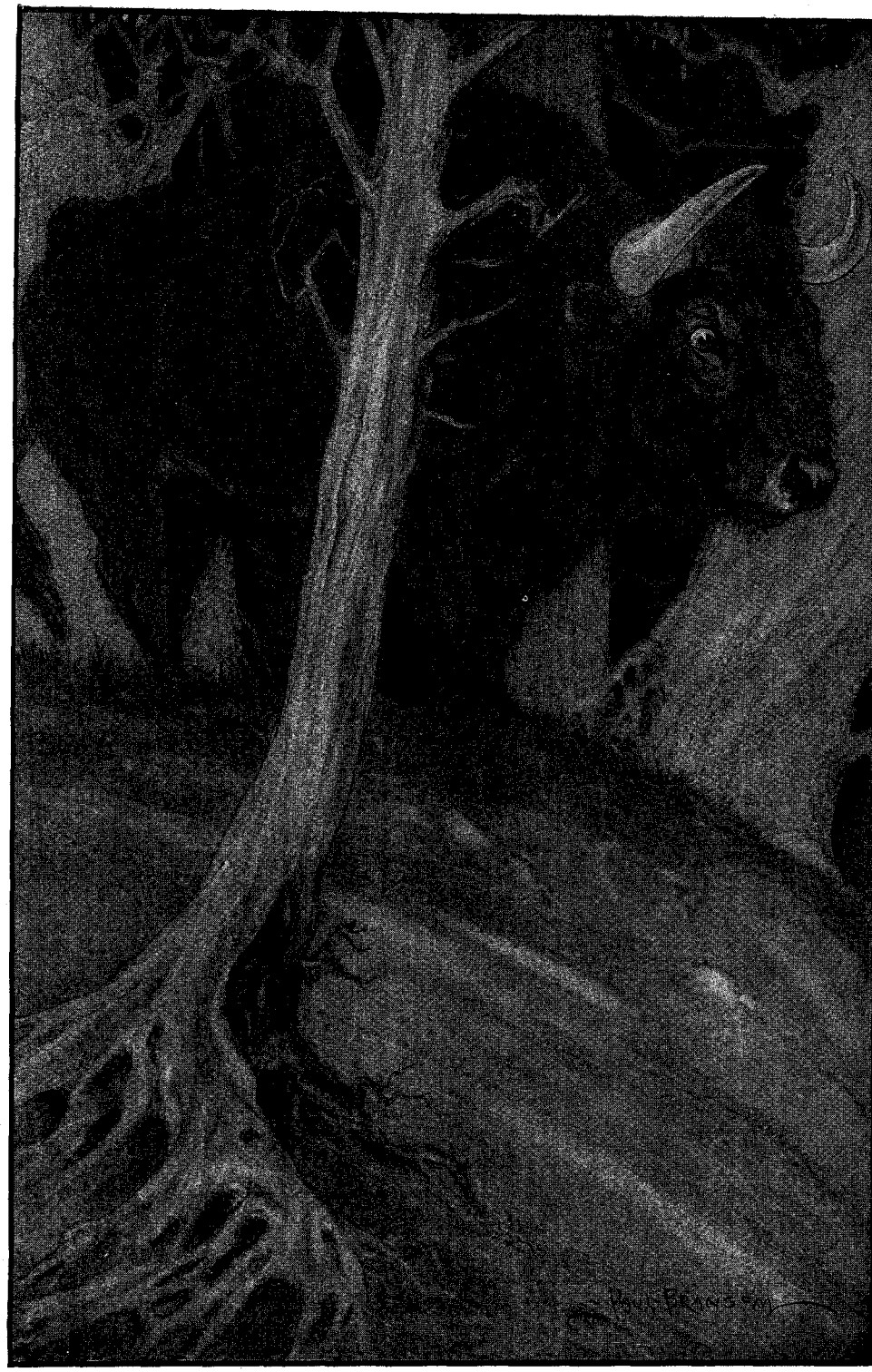

DRAWN BY PAUL BRANSOM

"A HUGE HORNED BEAST, THE AUROCH OF THE STONE AGE"

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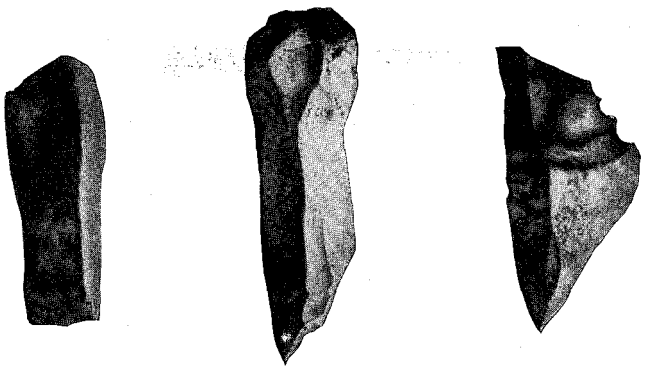

The Story the Peat-Bog Told

By Jacob A. Riis

I FOUND my friend the inspector in his office in the Copenhagen Museum of Natural History, sorting with patient care a handful of bones that lay in a pile on his table. They were of all kinds and sizes—pieces of deer horn, broken vertebræ, and chips of just plain bone—a pile of rubbish fit only for the scrap-heap; so I thought, and said so. He shot a sidelong glance at me out of a pair of smiling eyes.

"Do you think so? And yet they have strange stories to tell sometimes. Once a black mark on a broken tooth prevented the identification of a hod-carrier's skull as that of a king of the twelfth century whose grave was sought there. The microscope and the chemist's test showed the stain to have been made by tobacco in a clay pipe, which put it some centuries ahead and a long way down in the social scale. Another time it was the middle joint of a royal toe that played a part in solving the puzzle of a tomb that had stumped the antiquarians. Not that a royal toe differs materially from any other, but it had been a mystery, nevertheless. But these are not the real stories my scrap-heap, as you call it, tells. You are a hunter; would you like to hear one of an old hunt that I remember well?"

I nodded eagerly. The inspector pushed his spectacles up on his forehead and gazed dreamily past me into the long ago, as he began:

"I can see him now as he came out of his hut that autumn morning, clad in rough skins, with his strong bow in his hand and half a dozen clumsy arrows thrown over his shoulder. His hair and beard were tangled and long, the whole aspect of the man was savage and cruel. A savage indeed he was, merciless as the dark forest with its wild denizens that hemmed him in, ancestor of yours and mine though he may have been, likely was. I am telling you a story that happened three or maybe four thousand years ago. A romance? Not at all. Attend him on his hunt that day with me and you shall judge for yourself.

"As he stood there before his hut of rude boughs and stones, letting his eyes roam over the landscape, a sound broke upon its quiet solitude that made him alert at once, and rigid with attention. It was the distant roar of an angry bull, deep and menacing. As it boomed out once more, the hunter faced toward the direction whence it came, shifted his bow into the left hand, and, grasping one of the flint-pointed arrows, stepped noiselessly into the forest.

"Through the tangle of underbrush and over fallen trees he made his way stealthily, stopping at intervals to hearken to the sounds of the wilderness. Again the deep bellow, this time much louder and close at hand. The hunter laid an arrow on his bow and crept toward it, hidden by a slight rise in the ground. When he reached the crest, he peered cautiously

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over. There, in the edge of a copse which the first rays of the sun were touching, stood his quarry, a huge horned beast, the aurochs of the stone age. The man's eyes shone at the sight. Flat upon the ground, he took long and deliberate aim from his cover. The arrow sped from the bow with a sharp twang, instantly followed by a roar of pain and fury. The wounded beast leaped high in the air. Another arrow and still another sought their mark with unerring aim and were buried in the shaggy flank of the aurochs. In another moment the forest had swallowed it up. The brush in its wake was swept as if by a hurricane, and a mighty crashing that died slowly in the distance told of the direction the bull had taken.

"The hunter slung his bow across his shoulder and started after it. We will hasten ahead over the track of the wounded bull, whose course after thirty centuries lies before us like an open book, and as easy to read. At full speed it ran, goaded by pain and fear of the unseen but not unknown enemy—for, as we shall see, it had met him before. The shafts of the arrows were broken and twisted off as it ran, but the goads burrowed in its flesh and urged it on and on. Perhaps it lay down to nurse its wounds, weak from the loss of blood, until roused by the approach of stealthy feet, when it started up once more and ran while its strength held out. The sun was high when it came to a little lake in the depth of the woods, far from any enemy.

"The aurochs was thirsty, very thirsty. The cool shade by the water beckoned it. Far or near there was no sound to make it afraid. With a deep sigh of contentment it waded in and stood knee-deep in the brown water, cooling its heaving flanks and drinking deep, deep. It had never been so thirsty since—since it was a nursling calf and its mother had wandered away from it in the forest. It was good to be here, with the white pond-lilies floating upon their broad leaves, with the flaming yellow of the birch and the russet beech mirrored in the pool. If only that wicked sting in its side—

"What was that? A twig that snapped? The aurochs raised its head to listen with a weary effort. It had become all at once so heavy. A queer, weak feeling took it in the knees, and the huge beast trembled on its legs as hot pains shot through its chest. What had gone wrong with the sun that just now shone so brightly, and why was the water turning so red? The last drop of its life-blood was ebbing from the gaping wound. The knees of the great bull gave way, and with the image of the peaceful pond and the yellow birch bending over it on its failing sight, it sank slowly under. The last tell-tale ripple in the water had died away when a savage bearded face was pushed through the undergrowth and the hunter's cruel eyes scanned the clearing. But the deep kept its secret.

"The sunny October days passed, and were followed by harsh winter storms. The body of the aurochs, that had floated hither and thither in the pond while the sun warmed it, lay on the bottom, frozen solid in the ice. In the spring the pond-lilies grew over it; their long stalks twined themselves about the white bones. Season followed season, and the skeleton settled deeper in the mud. Birch and beech and poplar shed their leaves upon the pond in autumn. The trees lived their lives and died, and the storms laid them low. Their trunks and branches rotted slowly on the pond. Rushes and reeds grew among them, and by and by moss, layer after layer. As the centuries rolled by, the placid forest lake became a swamp. The hunter with his bow and arrows was gone, as was the aurochs. Others came and passed; some that carried weapons of bronze; lastly, men with iron swords and axes. The land resounded to the war-cries of the wild vikings. In their turn they too slept in their cairns and were forgotten.

"From the south came men and preached the peace of the White Christ, preached it with fire and sword. Wars ravaged the land. King fought with king, neighbor with neighbor. The land was laid waste, the forest vanished, the desolate moor moved in. When at last a better day dawned, the face of the country had changed. Where the still forest lake had been was a peat bog in which the plover piped its lonely lay. The bog belonged to Farmer Jens Peder Jensen. The vil-

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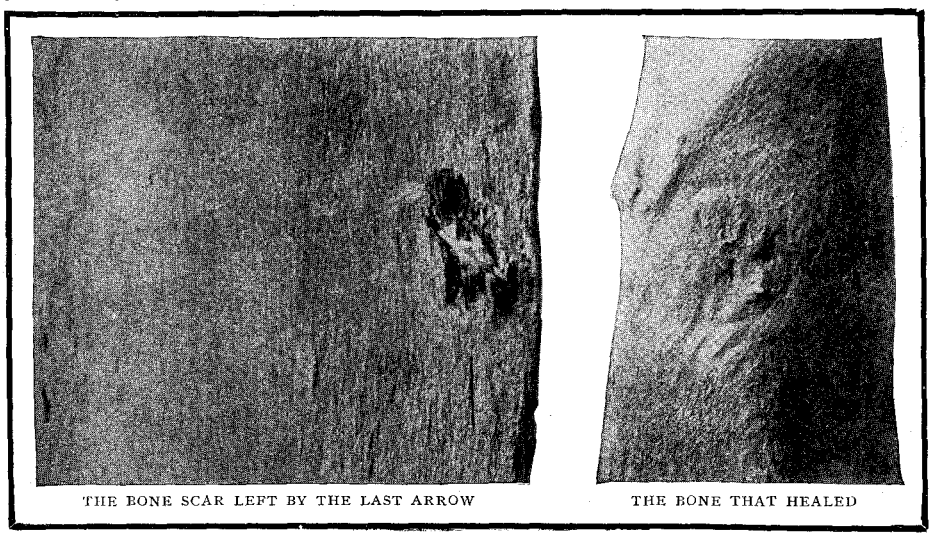
lage near by you will find on the map as Vig.

"One May day in the year 1905 Farmer Jensen went out with his men to dig peat in the bog. When they reached the sandy bottom of the old lake, they found there the skeleton of the aurochs. It was complete except for the under jaw, that had dropped off as the carcass floated about under the warm sun in the long ago. That was found a score of feet away. They sent word to the museum of the big bones they had dug up, and I went down to look at them. Beside the skeleton they had picked up three arrow-heads, two whole and one broken, the clumsy make of which referred them at once to the earliest stone age, before the men of that day had acquired much skill in fashioning their weapons of flint. In the layers that had formed above it I identified easily the remains of birch, beech, and poplar, the roots of the white pond-lily and of the buckbean. Directly over the bones the interwoven roots of the common reed of our ditches formed an impenetrable mat; that was when the pond grew over. In the layers above this were the traces of a cranberry bog, then pine cones, and hundreds of hazel-nuts gnawed by mice that had had their winter stores there. Farthest up trunks and leaves of a deciduous forest growth that had covered the land perhaps in the day of the Crusaders, and then the mold of the present day.

"Remembering the arrow-heads, we looked the skeleton over carefully in the museum. The hunter's aim had been good. Two wounds made by flint arrows were found, one that had long been healed; that was from its first encounter with him; from the other the aurochs had evidently died. This last was in the seventh rib, and had been made by an arrow shot broadside and at close quarters. It had gone through the rib; the point was broken off and stuck yet in the bone. It had evidently pierced the lung and killed the bull. The old wound was in the ninth rib, and here also pieces of the flint remained in the bone. But the arrow had not penetrated it; the wound had healed and the bone grown almost over the splinters. So it was years after when the aurochs met the hunter the second time. But though he killed it, his luck deserted him, after all, and he went home empty-handed once more."

The spectacles dropped back upon the inspector's nose and he looked at me with twinkling eyes. "Well," he said, "you have heard my hunting story. I grant you it is pretty old. But do you think the testimony many a jury has to listen to in cases that happened but yesterday is any clearer or more convincing than that which the peat-bog furnished in support of what you call my romance? Go over to the National Museum, if you want local color, and see the skeleton for yourself."



THE BONE SCAR LEFT BY THE LAST ARROW

THE BONE THAT HEALED

THE EVIDENCE OF THE BONE SCARS

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"IN TEN MINUTES MARY HAD TAUGHT ME ALL THAT WAS TO BE LEARNED IN THE SIMPLE ART OF SWEEPING LINT FROM THE FLOOR"

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Through the Mill

By Al Priddy

With Drawings by Wladyslaw T. Benda

CHAPTER IV

MY aunt had her wish. During the remainder of that school year, from March to June, no demand came from the school authorities for my attendance at the public school. "Aren't we lucky that you don't have to go?" smiled my aunt. "That will give you such a chance to help out." Following the closing of the schools for the summer vacation, my aunt breathed even more freely. "Well," she sighed, "here is a few more weeks when we don't have to worry about truant officers!"

Besides my coal-picking, I had also to carry my uncle's dinner to the mill. Acquaintance with a cotton-mill aroused in me a strong desire to don overalls and spend my time there. It was so warm in the mule-room! The clanking and shine of the polished machinery fascinated me. The mill-boys were so mannish; they went along with such a swagger, and they always had money—or seemed to have. Then, of course, when you work in the mill, your aunt sends you a little better dinner: a whole meat pie for yourself, or half a pound of steak with a lot of its gravy dripping over a heap of mashed potatoes with butter in them! Then there are apple dumplings—three for yourself, if you only ask for them—and a pint of tea with a lot of sugar in it! All this if you only work in the mill.

Think, too, of earning, say, two or three dollars every week and bringing it home in an envelope and throwing it down on the table, saying: "Here you are, aunt; just fork over my spending-money. I want to go to the theater this afternoon; they're playing 'Michael Strogoff,' and they've got specialties between the acts."

And, besides all this fun, just think, if you work in the mill, you don't have to chop wood, or go out in the mud after coal and get chilly; you don't have to run errands after ten cents' worth of bits of meat, or after jelly rolls at inconvenient hours. You come home at six at night, and your work's done. You come home at twelve on Saturday, and you're all through till Monday morning. You can lounge on the sofa with a library book, and your aunt won't slap your face and say: "Get up there, you good-for-nothing, and go down and get me up those clothes off the line before it rains!" Gee! it's fine to be in the mill, you bet! So I thought.

Consequently I was glad when Aunt Millie said to her husband, one night: "If you have any little things for Al to do when he brings your dinner, just make use of him till one o'clock. I should think that there would be cleaning, oiling, and such things, which you could leave till dinner, that he could do." With this concession I was delighted. I wanted to buy a pair of overalls right away to keep the cotton from getting on my clothes, but Aunt Millie said that what I had would do.

The watchman let me into the mill at half-past eleven, so I was able to work for my uncle one hour and a half a day, and in that time, week after week, to become very skillful in the performance of various mill chores. I learned to put bobbins in the frames, to piece broken threads from the spindles, to start and stop the mules, to clean rollers, to change rollers, to oil spindles, wheels, and pulleys. And I enjoyed every minute of it, too. My uncle would have me sit down with him and eat my share of his apple dumpling, which my aunt had made extra large purposely, and drink of the tea and eat a luscious wedge of his meat pie with lots of gravy in it. "You're ready for the mill, Al," said my uncle one day. "Can't I come in, then?" I asked. "No, you've simply got to have more schooling, you know. You're only a kid yet, just eleven, and it wouldn't do to put you in so young. You wait your time. You can't get too much learning."

Meanwhile, the beer-drinking custom, which my aunt had conservatively fol-

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lowed in company with many other respectable women in England, had developed into a stern habit in America. Very probably the habitual drunkenness of my uncle encouraged it, and I do know that the daily calls of a beer peddler, with his wagon-load of lager, bottled stout, whisky, and port wine, put a strong temptation in her way. Mrs. Terence O'Boyle, in the tenement downstairs; Mrs. O'Boyle's daughter, across the way; and Mrs. Wissard, and nearly every woman in the immediate vicinity, patronized the beer-wagon.

It was natural, also, for my uncle to say nothing about the money my aunt spent with the beer man, for it not only made it impossible for her to scold him, but it also gave him the opportunity of drinking in his own home at night when he was too tired to visit the saloons, and on Sunday when the saloons were (supposed to be) closed.

Thus there was little hope of ever realizing the splendid object for which we had come to America. Instead of "getting on our feet" and "beginning all over again," as my uncle had hoped, we were thrice burdened; both my foster parents were spending all they possibly could with the beer man, and we had patronized the installment houses with such frequency that the clothes I wore, that my uncle wore on Sundays, the clothes in which my aunt appeared on festive occasions, the parlor furniture, the kitchen stove, the rugs and carpets, were still unpaid for.

My uncle was earning fifteen and eighteen dollars a week, according to the fineness of the thread he was given to spin. My aunt was financier of the house; my uncle merely handed over his envelope and held out his hand for his spending money. In the disposal of this weekly amount my aunt indulged in an arithmetical division certainly original if not unique. In place of numerals, she dotted a paper with pencil points and did some mysterious ruminating in her head which I never could comprehend. Her reasoning always followed this course:

"Fifteen dollars with a day out, that leaves, let me see—say, in round numbers, thirteen dollars, perhaps a few cents less or more. Well, let me see; out of that comes, first of all, forty cents for union money; two and a half for rent, only we owe fifty cents from last week which we must pay to-day; there is fifteen cents for the insurance man—he says if we keep on letting it go he will lapse us. Let him do it, the old cheat! I don't believe we'd get a cent if any of us should die. Let me see, there's got to go a dollar to the furniture store (we skipped last week, and I had a letter from them this day saying that they would have to take the things back if we didn't keep up with the payments). Then there's two dollars for the Jew." (The Jew was the man from whom we had bought our clothes, including a set of furs and a gold-plated bracelet for Aunt Millie.) "There is five dollars and sixty-three cents owing to the store, the baker has owing him about a dollar, and the meat man let me have two ham bones and a piece of roast which I must pay him for or he'll be dunning me. There's some white shirts and collars at the Chinaman's, but I want to tell you both that you have got to pay for your laundry being done up out of your own money; we can't go on with such gentlemanly notions, I declare. That is all I think of. No, there is the beer man. He won't wait, and he must be paid, whatever comes or goes! There, that reckons up to— Why, how in creation are we to get along this way? There never is enough to make ends meet. Why did you stay off a day, you lazy dog?" (to my uncle).

"I was proper sick," protested my uncle.

"Sick, granny! You were wanting to loaf so that you could go to the show. Well, here is the situation in a nutshell; somebody's got to be missed. I'll let the grocer wait and put off the Jew and the baker. I am going to have the beer man leave a case of lager for over Sunday, no matter what comes or goes. We're not going to pinch and slave and not have *some* enjoyment."

Week after week this same computation, exasperation, condemnation, and resolution took place, with little variation. Time and time again our five-cent insurance policies would be lapsed and started again. Time and time again the Jew would threaten to sue us for his money. Time and time again the grocer refused us credit until we "paid up, straight." Yet, even as the poet's brook, the beer man came on and

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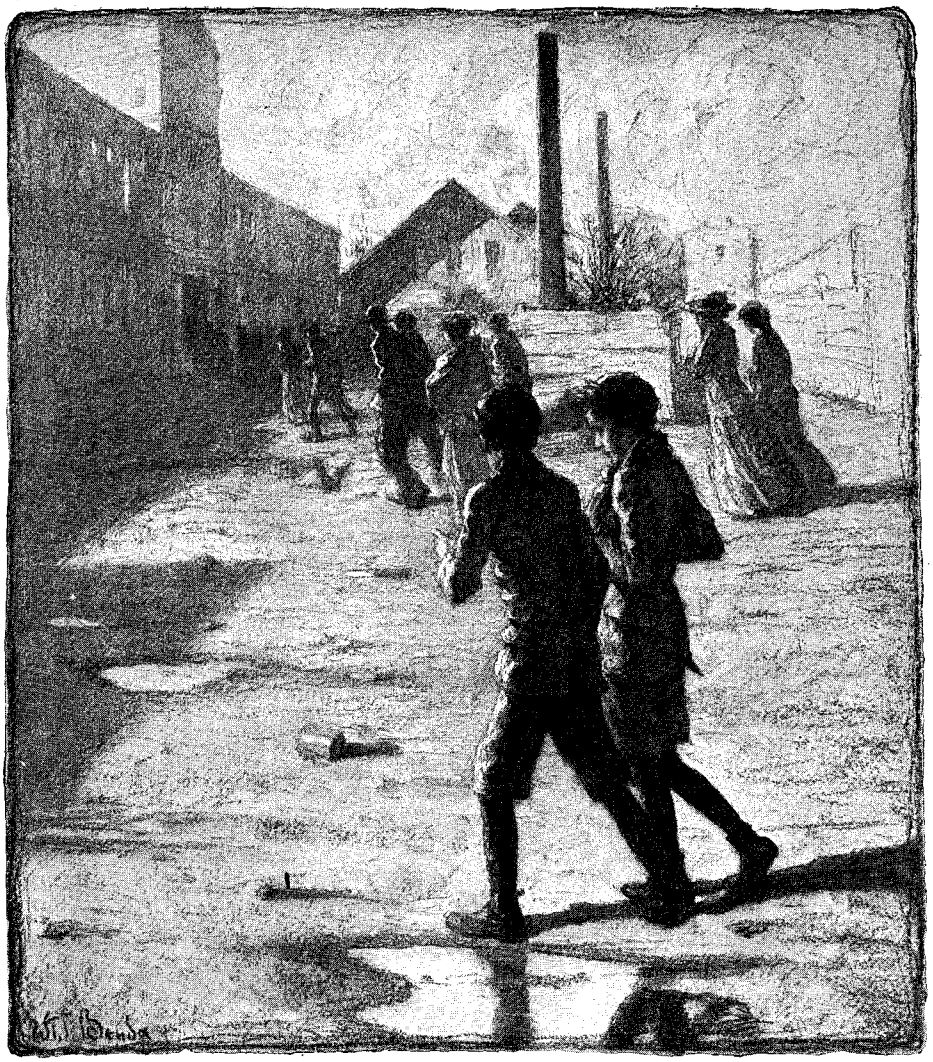

"BEFORE WE HAD REACHED THE MILL GATE HE HAD POURED FORTH A VOLUME OF SAGE ADVICE"

on and on—and was always sure of his money!

The reopening of the public schools in the fall found me eagerly begging to go with Pat, as I wanted to be an American with the rest. It also found my aunt more determined than ever on keeping me away from school just as long as the authorities would keep away. But my uncle came home one night with an argument which changed his wife's attitude.

"Look here, Millie," he said, "we're head and ears in debt. We need Al in the mill, but the law says that he can't go until thirty weeks after he is thirteen; until he has got his certificate from a school for attending."

"Well," said my aunt, "here he is eleven, and that means that we have to wait about three years [she said "yrs"] before he will be earning. I don't see that that is encouraging at all."

"But we don't have to wait *three* years, if we don't want," said my uncle.

"I'd like to know why?"

"Because we can put Al's age forward some—make him older than he really is—and nobody will be the wiser. Not having been to school in this country, we can put him any age we want, and it will be all

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right. Harry Henshaw tells me that the trick's common enough. If we do that, we can have Al in the mill in less than two years, if we want. What do you say, Millie?"

"You're sure they won't ask us for his birth certificate?"

"No, they won't bother about that. They will take our word, and Al is big enough to pass for a boy of twelve and more."

"Well," said my aunt, "I really don't see any other way out of it."

All the details of this conference have always been somewhat hazy to my mind. I recall very clearly, however, that I was told to say that my birthday came in winter instead of in late summer. I was also instructed to pass myself as "twelve, going on thirteen."

"Mind you," threatened my aunt, "if you ever by word of mouth let on that your birthday is at any other time, or that you're not twelve going on thirteen, we shall all be sent to prison for it. Now, mind!" By this arrangement one year at the public school would be enough to satisfy the law.

So, at last, I was allowed to pass into an American public school. Every incident was full of novelty, and for the first few days I led a very pugilistic career, for the school-yard cry during recess and after school was: "Hit him, he's English!"

My teacher in this first school was a white-haired woman of sweet spirit, who always inspired me to do my best even though my aunt insisted on keeping me at home on the most trivial occasions. When there was no wood in the shed, or when coal was needed, my aunt insisted that I should take my wagon, go on the out-of-the-way streets where the truant officer would not be, and get something for the fire. Then, when I went to school the next day, under my aunt's dictation, on a crumpled piece of paper bag or wrapping-paper, trimmed with the scissors, I would write:

Dear Miss A——: This is to say that Al had to stay at home yesterday on account of my not being well. Very truly yours,

MRS. BRINDIN.

These excuses became so frequent, however, that the teacher became suspicious and came home with me on several occasions and begged my aunt to allow me to be more constant with my studies. She urged the necessity of my getting all I could from the school on account of my intention to go into the mill within a year. My aunt always listened very humbly to such arguments until they were ended, and then interjected: "Yes, I know that that is so, but just look here! What can a woman do who hasn't money to do with? Which is more important, learning or coal? Coal and wood is more to the point in this house, I can tell you. All you hear in these days is 'school, school, school!' Now, *I* got along without schooling. Why, Missis, do you know, *I* had to go into the mill when I was only seven years old in England? Though a strip of a girl, I had to walk every morning five miles to the mill, and then stand up at the frames all through the day until I was faint. Then at night I had to carry my dinner-bucket back home for another five miles, and after tea clean up the table and do many other little things. No one had mercy on *me*, either. No one spoke to *me* about *schooling*. It was only the gentlemen's sons and daughters who got schooling. Anyhow, it's only people of quality who can use schooling. Al is going in the mill, and it won't help him. I got along without it in *my* day. Can't *others* do without it if *I* did?"

And with this argument my teacher had to be content. But my absences came to the attention of the truant officer, who came and warned my aunt that I must be more frequent in my school attendance.

After a few months of this sort of education my uncle removed to another part of the city, nearer to his work, and I was placed in what was called the "Mill School."

As I recall it, the Mill School was a department of the common school in which were placed during the final months all the boys and girls who planned to enter the mill thirty weeks after they were thirteen. I presume (all I know about it) that it was the last desperate effort on the part of desperate school authorities to put some sort of a polish on us, so that we should leave the common school with at least a veneer showing. I am not aware

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of any other reason for the existence of the Mill School.

It was a suggestive term, however. It brought the mill before us in a very dramatic way. This was the school that was fitting us for the mill. We always talked about that more than we talked about the history, the drawing, or the examples in fractions. Our matriculation in the Mill School also increased our self-importance by so much. The department was on the topmost floor, and our feelings in regard to all those boys and girls beneath us—boys and girls, many of them older than ourselves, who were running along through the whole educational opportunity—our feelings had a supercilious twang to them. "Don't you wish *you* could go into the mill, like *us?*" we would taunt. The Mill School also put me more and more out of spirit with study and increased my eagerness to be in the mill.

If the thumbscrew of the Inquisition were placed on me, I could not state definitely the curriculum we passed through in the school. The prospect of soon working in the mill occupied our minds more than did the seriousness of ten times ten, or why England lost in the War of the Revolution. Willie Possine and I—boon friends—spent our recesses planning the good times we would have when we should wear overalls and bring home a pay envelope.

The coming of June roses brought also the school cards which certified to the world that we were educationally prepared for the serious issues of life and labor.

As I attempt to visualize myself to myself at the time of my "graduation" from the public schools, I see a lad two months short of twelve years of age, able to sketch the outline of a pear and color it with crayon, able to give the "tables" up to "twelve times," just on the threshold of common fractions, able to chatter about 1492, the Revolution, the Civil War, to distinguish between a noun and a verb, and sufficiently skilled in reading to be able to read at home some of the most fearsome novels ever printed.

With this equipment I could "graduate" from the common school, and, if I cared, not touch a book any more forever.

The dozen of us, boys and girls, some of them, like myself, with perjured ages, were declared "fit" for the mill.

But my uncle had scruples about the matter, after all. "It's really too bad that we have to cut him off, and him so young!" he said, when I brought home my school certificate, a valuable paper in the eyes of my aunt.

"But this is no time for regrets and quibbles," said my aunt; "we need every cent we can get hold of!"

Financial aid was certainly imperative in our house. The installment men were on the verge of stripping us of all our furniture and clothes. The beer man was patronized oftener than ever. Aunt Millie's figuring grew more and more strenuous and unavailing.

Consequently, the day after I had completed my education my uncle took a day off from his work and accompanied me to the school superintendent's office for the purpose of getting for me a permit to work in the mill.

The school superintendent's office was situated on the first floor of a very dingy wooden building. A carpeted vestibule, vitiated by the breaths of a settee full of boys and girls and their parents, was our abiding-place until we were called for by the exit of those immediately ahead of us.

One by one they went in, those tall, manlike Portuguese lads, who, with their tropical, hot-house growth, resembled men of twenty-five instead of boys of fourteen and fifteen. In they went—little girls, with their childish faces, whose eyes were not past appreciating dolls, jackstones, and toy dinner sets.

One by one the children went out of the door, thenceforth to take rank with the world's workers.

My own examination was a highly nervous experience both for my Uncle Stanwood and myself. My uncle had come on his mission with a troubled conscience over the lie to which he was about to testify. My aunt had "poohed" at him for his weak will, and had bolstered him up with the thought, "They all do it, Stanwood. They say the office isn't over-inquisitive about such matters. Besides, why shouldn't we do what we want over our own affairs? We've simply *got* to get Al into the mill!" Solemnly, with

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right hand uplifted to God, my uncle swore to my false age. Some questions were asked me, and, remembering the suggestions of my aunt, I answered them in as deep a voice as I could, and stretched myself to my fullest height; all to impress one with my maturity. In about five minutes the examination was over. In that time there had been a hurried scratching of the pen, the pressure of a blotter, and it was all done. The last barrier between me and the mill was down. The law had sanctioned my fitness for the factory; henceforth no one could deny me the right to work—neither doctor, parent, preacher, nor teacher. There had been no moral plumb-line held against me, no question as to *why* I was going into the mill; no bringing up of the question as to whether all that my foster father said was *true*. Perfunctorily, the law had passed me, and that was enough!

So I passed out of the door, my uncle grimly clutching the piece of paper for which he had perjured himself—the paper that was my warrant, consigning me to years of battling beyond my strength, to years of depression, morbidity, and overtired strain, years to be passed in the center of depravity and desocializing doctrine.

CHAPTER V

"The first question that we have to settle," commented my aunt on our return from the school superintendent's office with the certificate, "is, what is Al going to do in the mill?"

"It would be well to have him go in the weave-room and learn to weave; there's lots of money in it," counseled my uncle.

"No, sir," sniffed my aunt, "he ain't going to spend valuable weeks working for nothing!"

"But think of the good pay he'll get after he has learned," objected Uncle Stanwood. "Say that it takes him a few months at the most, and then he will have his trade all learned, and he'll be able to have some looms of his own. If we send him to something that doesn't have to be learned, sweeping, for instance, he'll get three dollars a week now, and won't be putting himself in line for a higher pay. Put him in the weave-room, I say."

"And meanwhile," snapped back my aunt, "how are we to pay *our* way? I'm tired to death of trying to make two ends meet that won't meet, and with three dollars more I should not be so hard put to. Let him go right to work earning, *I* say; it's time he was bringing in something to help pay for his keep."

Next neighbor to us, and very friendly, lived a family named Thomas. My aunt exchanged library books with Mrs. Thomas, my uncle went to the Workingmen's Club with Mr. Thomas, and I played marbles and tag with "Zippy" Thomas. When Zippy learned from me that night that I had my mill papers and that I was going to work immediately, he said: "Say, Al, why don't you come in the same room with me? I'm sweepin' in the ring spinnin'-room; the work's dead easy and the pay's three plunks a week. Won't it be bully if we can strike it together? You can get work dead easy. The boss wants a feller right away, I know. Ask yer unc' if he won't let you go in with me to-morrow mornin'."

I carried this news to my aunt, who ran across immediately to speak with Mrs. Thomas about the matter. Mrs. Thomas told my aunt to send Uncle Stanwood right away to the spinning-room's second-hand, Jim Coultier.

Jim Coultier was at home when my uncle and I called at the house. No sooner was the object of our visit made known than the Frenchman nodded his head and said, "Told him to coom wid Zippy 'morrer mornin'." My uncle was so delighted with this bit of good luck that he told me to run home while he strolled to Riley's saloon with Jim, and he forgot to come home till late that night.

"Now you are going to be a wage-earner, just like your uncle," laughed my aunt when I returned home with the news of our success. "Run down to the Jew's store and buy yourself a pair of blue overalls, and get two rough towels, two for a quarter kind. Come right home and get to bed then, because you'll have to be up early, you know."

The next morning I was awakened at half-past five. My aunt was busy with the breakfast. "How many eggs shall I

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fry, Al?" she demanded, with a twinkle in her eye. "Have as many as you want, now that you're to be in the mill." That breakfast represented to me my coming to honor in the family. There I could sit opposite my uncle, eating what he ate, waited on with as much solicitation by my aunt, swinging my heels against the chair rungs as I munched huge slices of golden toast. I sat at the table until the mill bell tolled for six o'clock. "Get up, now," commanded my aunt. "Zippy's coming for you at six, so that you'll be on time for a starter."

Whistling "Take Back Your Gold, for Gold Will Never Buy Me," Zippy entered our back door a quarter of an hour late. Five more minutes were consumed in listening to my aunt's and uncle's programme of moral conduct and hints on how to go about my work. Then Zippy and I hurried to the street and joined the procession of employees on its slow, sleepy way to work.

Zippy did all he could to make my way smooth. Before we had reached the mill gates he had poured forth a volume of sage advice. "Now, Al," he said, "if any guy tells you to go and grease the nails in the floor, just you point to your eye and say, 'See any green?' Don't go for the left-handed monkey-wrench, and don't go to the overseer after the carpet-sweeper; them's all guys, and you don't want to make a fool of yerself. If the boss puts you sweeping wid me, why, then I'll put yer up ter all the dodges, never you mind."

The factory which I entered was a long stone structure from the middle of which rose a tall bell and clock tower. When Zippy and I arrived inside the spinning-room on the fourth floor, not a wheel was in motion. The steam-pipes, the maze of belts, pulleys, and posts, the hundreds of spinning-frames arranged in regular divisions like companies of soldiers on parade —all this impressed me with a sense of littleness. I almost slipped on the oily hardwood floor. "You'll go barefoot," suggested Zippy, "and then you'll not be so hot on the feet, nor won't slip." The room was oppressively heated. "You'll have to doff yer duds and wear only undershirt, overalls, and yer skin!" said Zippy, conducting me to a small elevator-room, where he bade me undress and put on my blue jeans.

By the time Zippy and I were dressed for our labors the starting bell had tolled, so we went out into the room to meet the overseer and show him my papers. The network of belts were lapping and cracking together, the pulleys were buzzing like monstrous bees, the spinning girls and women were gossiping in shrill voices, and the doffers were riding down the long alleys on their rumbling trucks. Then, exactly at half-past six, the second-hand blew a shrill whistle, the frame-tenders ran to the starting levers, and with a terrific crescendo the frames were in motion for the day. "Zippy" was speaking to me—I knew it from the motion of his lips, but the din drowned his words. "What?" I shouted at the top of my voice. He grinned, put his lips to my ear, and said: "Don't shout so loud, you'll have the boss down this way. Come along with me and we'll start work."

He took me to the lower end of the room, where were waste-boxes, oil tanks, buckets of grease, doffing-boxes, and bundles of new brooms. Two girls about thirteen years of age—in fact, they afterwards told me that they were that age—were spreading new brooms. "Girls," announced Zippy, "this here's Al Priddy. Al, this is Mary, and t'other's Jane, who sweeps like us."

The second-hand found us talking. "Get to work!" he stormed, and then, seeing me, he asked me if I had brought my school papers. I hurried to the elevator-room and brought him the papers. Then he picked out a broom for me, spread it, and assigned me to work with Mary. In ten minutes Mary had taught me all that was to be learned in the simple art of sweeping lint from the floor. The only feature which broke up the monotony of sweeping was cleaning day, when, with handfuls of waste, we cleaned the motionless parts of the spinning-frames. This was a task also which required a minimum of skill.

Those first days in the mill were full of the spirit of adventure, and I went home every night somewhat proud over my ability to earn wages. The first thing of importance to be settled, from my standpoint, was the question of spending-

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money. I proposed the question to my aunt the first week.

"Well, Al," she said, "we'd better settle the matter once and for all. You are to get ten cents for every dollar you earn. That will give you thirty cents a week for a starter, which isn't bad, is it?" I agreed that it was not. "But mind, now," cautioned my aunt, "if you get out of work, or loaf, your spending-money will stop accordingly." This last clause in the arrangement became a powerful factor in keeping me at work throughout my mill career. With the dread of foreshortening my pocket-money, I often kept at work when suffering from ailments which demanded rest and a doctor's care. My aunt was keen enough to perceive the most effectual bribe for getting the most work out of me.

As for the work itself, it demanded little of my time. The day's apportionment could easily have been crowded into four hours. Zippy and I and the other sweepers, indeed, found time hanging heavily on our hands. What to do in our spare time became a problem. The heavy, lint-laden air of the spinning-room made us eager for the out-of-doors, and when I asked permission from the second-hand, he summarily disposed of the matter by saying:

"Go out of doors! Bah! What are you here for? This is no place for loafers. Keep right inside or else you'll go outside for good. No, sonny, the company don't let you outside, and that's the end of the matter."

So we found ourselves loafing daily in the elevator-room, where we could shut out the roar of the mill, and where the air was cooler. To this elevator-room came also the "doffers" when they had a minute to spare. The "doffers" were two French Canadians, men grown, named respectively Mallet and "Curly." Mallet was a lithe, sallow-faced, black-haired depreciator of morals who fed on doughnuts and spent most of his money in helping out his good looks with tailor-made clothes and patent-leather shoes. Curly was his antithesis in everything but his moral ignorance. Curly was half brute and half a silly child. He ran to muscle. He could outlift the strongest man in the mill without increasing the normal beat of his heart. Curly's chief diversions included the recital of filthy yarns and the hazing of those weaker than himself.

With these two men we sweepers were forced to associate, and, with the elevator door closed, away from the eyes of the "boss," a true school of defamation, lust, and the grossest abuse was in session daily. Mallet recited his amours before us, and drew lurid pictures of betrayed innocence. One afternoon Curly pinned my arms in his strong grip and made me bite off a piece of his chewing-tobacco. Then I had to turn it in my mouth until I was deathly sick. This accomplished, the big brute dragged me into the main room and held me up before the spinner-girls to be laughed at, gleefully explaining, "See dat, now! Dis baby, he try for to ack lak a man, for to chew 'bacco; now him seek. Oh! oh! oh!" Day by day Mallet unloaded the filth from his mind, taking delight in impressing us with his own share in the general perfidy of his associates. From Mallet's view-point, every girl and woman in the mill had a purchasable virtue. Even the presence of Mary and Jane was no bar to Mallet's and Curly's vicious suggestions.

Mary's father and mother were weavers; both worked in the room beneath. Mary was the oldest of three sisters and a brother. Mary's father owned his own home, was free from debt, and every Saturday brought home, on an average, sixteen dollars. This, added to the rent from the two upper floors of his tenement, gave him a comfortable income. Why, then, was his wife in the mill? There were duties enough to take up her time at home. There was a child of four years, a boy of seven, and twin girls who had reached their tenth birthday. Besides, Mary's mother was unfitted for the work of the mill. Her face was the color of the cloth she wove, a distressing cough indicated diseased lungs, and her fingers reminded one of a skeleton. Every night she dragged her way home with an expression of pathetic weariness on her face. Every indication pointed to an early death if she kept up with the work of the mill. Why was she there? No colored slave was ever worked harder. Besides her ten and a half hours in the

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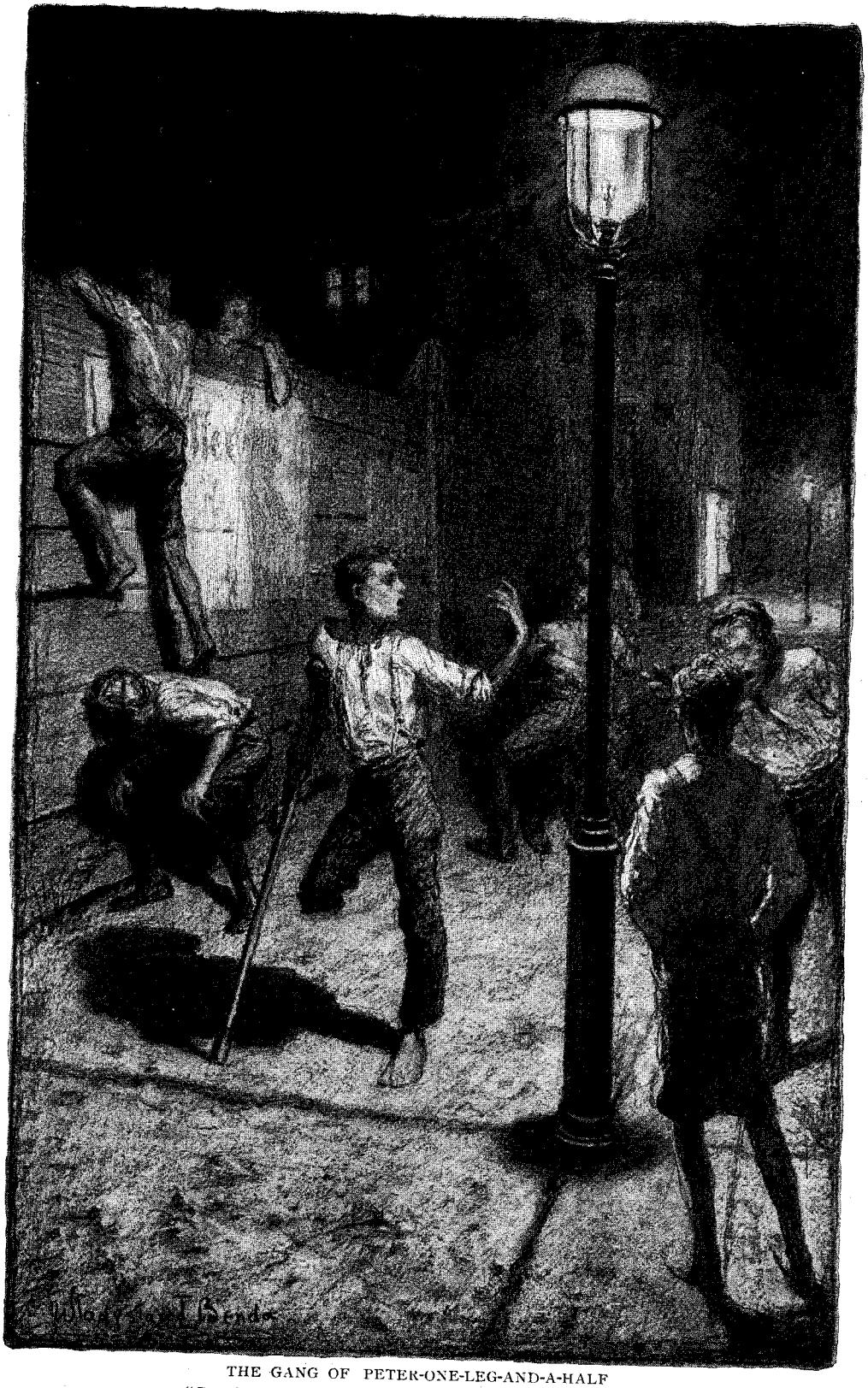

THE GANG OF PETER-ONE-LEG-AND-A-HALF

"Peter led us at night through back yards and over tall board fences, and generally aimed to have us throttle ourselves against clothes-lines."

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mill, she got the breakfast and the supper for the family, and left the dinner ready for the children who went to school. She washed on Sundays and cleaned on Saturday afternoons. Her husband was a rugged, jolly Englishman, who belonged to the Workingmen's Club, read his paper every night, went on bicycle tours on Sunday, and never thought of helping his wife in her duties at home. Mary told me that her father and mother were putting the mother's wages in the bank—for a rainy day! Some of that money soon after bought a coffin and a headstone on which was inscribed:

"Gone, but not forgotten."
Mother.

Behind that tragedy lay the Day Nursery, as it lies behind many other similar tragedies. When the philanthropic ladies of the churches founded these nurseries at different places in the city, they put in operation a benefaction that helps in *two* ways: it helps the poor woman who is forced to earn her living, and it helps the selfish woman who is not forced to work in the mill to put her children into safe hands while she earns the dollars that are to be stored away for luxuries. Mary's mother realized that for ten cents a day her baby would receive scientific care from careful, trained nurses, and, thus encouraged, she let her other children take care of themselves, while she joined the pitiful ranks of woman labor.

During those first days in the mill a fever broke out in the city, and the authorities resolved on a general vaccination of boys and girls both in the schools and the factories. Notices to that effect were posted throughout the city. This brought about one more step in the lesson of dissimulation I had been learning since my preparation for the mill. The overseer did not care to have Zippy and me vaccinated, for fear that during the healing of the sore we should not be able to work. Accordingly, when the doctors came into the room, the second-hand hurried us to a waste-box, told us to leap in, and closed the lid until the vaccinators had left the room. My aunt was delighted when, that night, I told her of the trick. Mary and Jane did not think they had been fairly treated when we told them of our experience. Jane, however, had her chance when the factory inspector, a woman, came around. Jane was very small for her age, and no doubt the overseer was afraid of having uncomfortable questions asked of the girl, so into the selfsame waste-box Jane was hurried, and the inspector could not ask any questions.

About two months after beginning work in the spinning-room I was plunged into that painful period in life which the psychologists call adolescence, but which my uncle gruffly termed "growin' pains." An intolerable weakness seized me and kept me in its grip for many weeks. Every bone ached, and bending or twisting was indulged only under severe pain. Sitting or standing, I could find no rest. After a night in bed I would awaken the next morning even more weary than before. Coupled with this physical distress was also a painful self-consciousness. I was afraid to meet even the best-known friends face to face. I was supersensitive. One day a doffer mimicked my shrill voice. I cried over that as if I had been struck a cowardly blow. The incident weighed on my nerves, and I became morose over it.

The effect of this abnormal growth on my work was memorable. Every motion I made with the broom brought shooting pains. When cleaning days arrived and I had to bend under the spinning-frames to clean the weights, I suffered the agonies of the rack. Yet all I needed was rest and fresh air. These were essential for my best development and for my future strength. But when I complained to my aunt, she only answered, "Go to bed early, so that you will be rested for to-morrow's work." From others I received laughs over my awkwardness. Nobody understood what I suffered. Nobody cared. For three dollars a week I was selling my strength. There was my friend Harry Rice, who went through a similar experience in the mill. His body became permanently deformed. He was put to work when he had just passed his eleventh birthday.

In the procession as it left the factory gates were pathetic commentaries of this early strain: Joe Harrow, bow-legged; Tim Sullivan, club-footed; Harry Winslow, with his knees rubbing; and Perley

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Astring, so distorted in legs and body that he walked with extreme difficulty.

CHAPTER VI

Mill life breeds a precocity in knee-trousered lads, a precocity for adult habits of life. The first months of my mill career aroused within me those latent ambitions for swagger and "mannishness" which swarm in the mind of every school-boy.

I first began to pay attention to my hair. The top of my head bristled with stiff brown wisps which no amount of combing or brushing could straighten. I contrasted myself with the French "doffers," and the contrast was discouraging, for their heads were crowned with rich black hair combed into artistic "comb-overs" and hanging over their collars in thick, curly masses. I confided in my aunt, and she made me several jars of perfumed marrow (I bought the bones at the butcher's with my own money). This greasy decoction, she urged, would make my hair grow and keep it wherever I cared to comb it. I shared a jar with Chaddy Ashworth. I did this simply to keep him from telling the ring-spinners that I used it. One of the doffers rubbed his palm over my head, sniffed, and thereafter tormented me with such phrases as, "How's the bear grease this morning, Al? Empty your mother's butter-dish?"

The ring spinning-room in the cotton-mill is the center of fashion. The ring-spinners are generally French Canadians, and they possess an inordinate thirst for adornment. Marie Poisson, who ran frames which I cleaned, resembled a sunflower on a dandelion stalk; she lived on doughnuts, fruit cake, and cold meats, in order that she might board cheaply and have the major part of her wages to spend on dress. She had a "lean and hungry look;" her face was sallow, but she wore the best hat and the highest heels. Marie set the style, and a majority of the spinners followed her. This affectation of the girls also influenced the dress of the men and boys. The "doffers" came to work in tailored clothes and patent-leather shoes. My aunt was unwilling to buy me more than one suit at a time, and discouraged every call I made for new items of dress. But out of my own spending-money I bought, first of all, a ten-cent celluloid rosette which carried in its heart a bit of perfumed sponge. From a fakir I also purchased a magic shirt bosom. This last invention permitted the wearer to change the pattern of his shirt bosom no less than twelve times without taking off his coat! Its construction was simple. A circular piece of pasteboard was covered on both sides with a dozen segments of enameled paper printed in stripes, dots, and backgrounds ranging from a pious white to a gambler's vivid red and blue. The day after I bought this wonderful makeshift I wore it to Sunday-school and astonished my classmates by six sudden transformations of my shirt bosom!

I was also eligible for membership in the North End Guild, a boys' club fostered by the corporation for which I worked, and maintained in one of their buildings on the main business street. I joined this club at a time when the mind of a boy is busy with ideals of living. The club limited itself to physical and mental handiwork. We had a gymnasium, game-rooms, work-benches, and a concert hall; but there was no moral appeal made, no challenge to a deliberate, determined, heroic withstanding of lies, cheatings, and vulgar jests. When the winter ended, we went out on the street again, just as eagerly bent upon those abnormal phases of life as ever. The only appeal that I recollect having been made in that club came from a man who told us to whistle when we felt discouraged. I took this advice with avidity, and daily deliberately practiced whistling at every provocation.

In my home life certain privileges were allowed me because I worked in the mill. Notable among these privileges was the opportunity of having my breakfast in bed on Sunday morning. Not that I was sleepy, either, but on Saturday nights I regularly went to the city and in "Cheap John's" cigar store bought a bundle of back-number five and ten cent novels and planned to read them on Sunday. My aunt never spoiled this pleasure. Uncle Stanwood haltingly tried to explain to me the advantages of better reading; but his authority was never exercised against me. On Sunday morning Aunt Millie usually called, "Well, his

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royal sir, will he have bacon and eggs and a cup of cocoa?" and in the midst of a Nick Carter detective romance my answer would be, "Yep!"

It was during my first year in the mill that "Chaddy" Ashworth came to me and announced what we considered to be the final initiation into manhood.

"Al," he said to me on the way from work one Saturday noon, "what yer say to a jolly smoke this afternoon, eh?" "Willin'," I said. We met at one o'clock and went to a small candy store on the main street.

"Six cheroots; the six-for-five kind," said Chaddy to the storekeeper. Six long, bulky projections were handed us. Chaddy gave me three and put the remainder in his pocket. "A cent's wuth o' matches, too," he demanded.

On the sidewalk Chaddy said, "Now, Al, I spent six cents, and you've got to spend that much. We'll go to the baker's and get some stale cookies, and you pay for them."

For five cents the baker heaped up a two-pound bag with broken bits of jelly-roll, frosted cake, and cookies. Chaddy and I hastened to a tracking behind one of the mills, opened the door of an empty freight car on a siding, and began our exciting adventure.

Chaddy said, "Both light our cigars at the same time and take whiffs together." I assented. A dozen puffs and the work was done. "Better eat somethink, I say," wailed Chaddy, with a deathly pallor on his face. I assented. It was not long before the cigars and cookies were neglected and we lay on the floor with a vague sense that life was a weight and a woe.

The cutting off of the day for play also naturally ushered me into the neighborhood "gang." This gang was presided over by a sturdy young Irish lad who, by virtue of his having lost a leg below his knee, was called "Peter-one-leg-and-a half." Peter led us at night through back yards and over tall board fences, and generally aimed to have us throttle ourselves against clothes-lines of whose existence only he himself was aware. He conjured up all manner of tricks to frighten us—such, for instance, as writing on a dark wall with a stick of phosphorus, swallowing flames of fire, and other ghostly displays.

When I had been at work a few months, Aunt Millie decided to open a store and barter in confectionery and sodas. For this purpose the landlord allowed her to use the parlor, with the bay-window for display purposes. Those were prohibition years in the politics of the city, and the neighborhood thirst was pronounced to be "simply awful!" I recall a visit made to a neighboring city by my uncle. He first filled himself and then filled his pockets with liquor, and came home. At the depot, however, he slipped, and in falling a large bottle fell from his pocket to the ground with a great crash. Before the policeman who was near had turned, uncle had slunk away, his nerves trembling over the narrow escape from arrest he had just made. Aunt Millie decided to furnish intoxicants for the tenements. A local soda-water firm supplied her with large amounts of stimulants, and business opened with a great flourish. To throw off suspicion she utilized me on Sunday to carry whisky to the various homes. The customers had a sign by which they made known just the sort of drink they wanted. "Well, it's a very hot day!" meant, being interpreted, "I should like a bottle of beer." The countersign admitted the customer into our kitchen and the customer had his wish fulfilled. On Sundays the kitchen was filled with men and women, and my Aunt Millie rubbed her hands with satisfaction.

But one Sunday afternoon three plain-clothes men came to the shop. The alarm was given, and Aunt Millie waited for the raid with no outward trace of fear. The inspectors investigated the cellar, the back yard, the kitchen, and the counter, but they found no indication of illegal wares. Then they left the store, and my Aunt Millie, with a sigh, looked fondly towards the row of black bottles marked "Ginger Ale" which stood like soldiers in the display window.

(To be continued in the Magazine Number for April)

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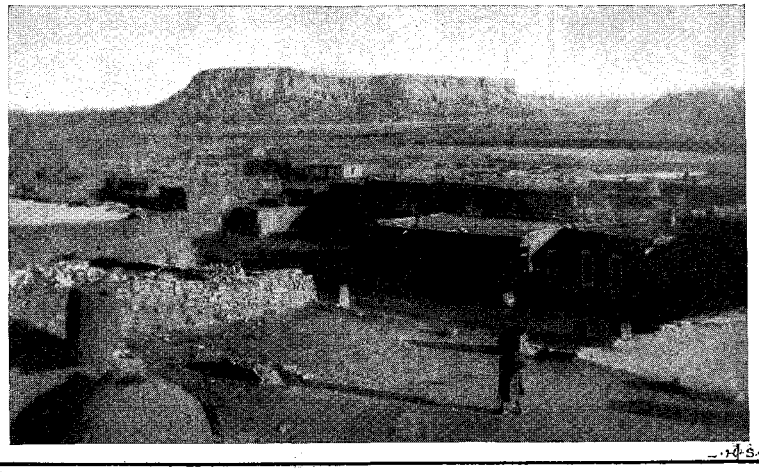

THE LITTLE WORLD OF ZUÑI

BY CHARLES FRANCIS SAUNDERS

WE Americans are a curious sort. It was on the California Limited that I met a cultivated fellow-countryman whose travels had been unusually extensive, and who knew how to talk about them without boring you. As it happened, we had both been over much of the same ground in the Old World, and whenever chance brought us together in the smoking-compartment or in the observation car, we at once fell to exchanging travelers' tales. Thus we traversed in retrospect the Eastern Hemisphere from the fiords of Norway to the cataracts of the Nile, from Paris boulevards to Bedouin camps, and from the holy cities of India to Japan and the temples of Nikko.

"*This* country looks to me as though it had some possibilities," my companion remarked one afternoon, as we sat on the rear platform and watched the track being swallowed up behind us in the wild austerities of the New Mexico plateau which our train was crossing.

"The color on those bare mountains yonder has the genuine Old World desert quality; there is the same mystery and pregnant silence over everything; and did you notice that little mud village we passed a while back? I could have sworn it was made in Syria. Do you know, I rather like it. Now those fellows"—and he pointed to some Navajos cantering across the plain on ponies gay with red saddle-blankets and silver bridles that flashed in the sun—"they might be Bedouins or Kabyles; and, what's unusual in our raw land, they fit the landscape in a way that no Anglo-Saxon ever does."

I glanced back into the observation car. Such of the men as were not dozing were talking stocks, and the ladies had the shades pulled down and were reading. The desert had to be lived through somehow. It was part of the price of getting to California.

"Ever been to Zuñi?" I asked.

"Zuñi?" he repeated, reflectively. "That's some sort of an Indian pueblo, isn't it? Oh, yes, I remember now—the Cushing place. Why, no. How do you get there?"

"We are on the way to it now." I consulted a time-table. "In an hour we shall be at Gallup. Get the conductor to give you a stop-over; hire a team and driver from the livery stable, travel a day's journey south through the piñon and cedar, and there is Zuñi, steeped in sunshine and traditions that go straight back to the days when the gods walked the earth. The school-teacher or the trader will take care of you for a day or two. Then back to Gallup and pick up the Limited again. You'll find it as good

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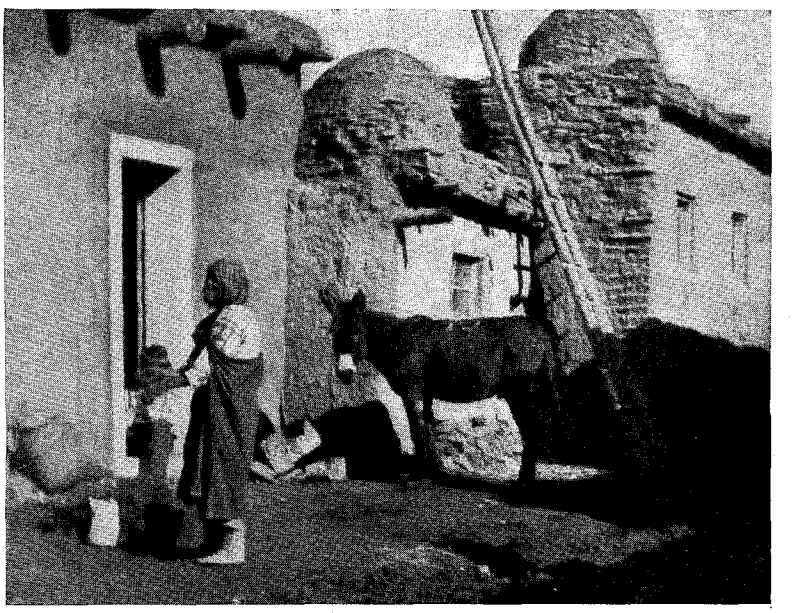

E·H·S

PLASTERING FOR SHALAKO

as a trip to Egypt, without the ocean passage and the flies."

My friend smiled tolerantly, and, carefully jarring the ash from his cigar end, watched it vanish into the New Mexico air. Then he remarked pleasantly:

"Well, I guess I'll leave that till another time. These out-of-the-way corners of our country are so out of the way; and besides—"

"Dinner is now being served in the dining-car," intoned the porter, appearing at the door.

. . . . . .

And now, since my fellow-traveler is but a type of most of us Americans—we *are* a curious sort—I would like to take you, who, like him, will jump at the chance to travel the beaten road to Egypt or Mandalay and take the attendant hardships as a matter of course—I would like to take you to Zuñi, within the limits of these United States. And if it be asking too much of you (merely to see some unregenerate Indians) to drive those forty miles over an eight-miles-an-hour road, beneath a turquoise sky, your lungs filled the while with the sweetest of airs blown to you across wide leagues of balsamic desert growths, then there is nothing for it but to go on paper.

Sole remaining representatives of that *ignis fatuus* of the Conquistadores, the Seven Cities of Cibola, Zuñi is to-day a little world in itself, with its 1,600 people, its own government (practically a republic), its own religion, its own flocks and herds and corn-fields, its own antiquities and shrines and holy places, and a past of romance that still lives in a thousand and one stories told by winter firesides. It is, moreover, in the Zuñi belief—and if Zuñi belief suits Zuñi, whose business is it to say it nay?—it is, moreover, the center of the earth, as is tokened by the stone altar of Hepatina which stands in the great plain at the edge of the pueblo and marks the spot where in ancient days the guardian god of Zuñi brought the people and left them, saying: "Abide here and build your pueblo. This is the exact center of the flat plain of earth. So long as you stay here you cannot fall over the edge of the world. And never forget to make thanksgiving to the Divine Ones who brought you hither."

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Arriving one day at Zuñi after a lifetime of indifference to Indian pueblos, I was quickly impressed with the fact of Zuñi's indifference to me and the world from which I had come. Zuñi, in fact, long since grew used to people of one odd sort or another appearing within its streets from that great white region beyond the mountains known in a general way to Zuñi as "Washington." Some, solicitous for Zuñi's pagan soul, had come preaching unintelligible religions; others, sent by Washington, brought books and writing to prove, for instance, that the earth is not flat but round; that the sun does not daily traverse the heavens, but stands still; that there are not six cardinal points, but four; and other heresies. Then there were white folk who came to make pictures in Zuñi—a diabolical art, at first deemed fraught with subtle danger, but, thanks to the guardianship of Those Above, now known to be impotent. And others again—of all the stranger whites the most comprehensible—came crossing their fingers, signifying trade.

I might be of any of these classes, or some new kind. Zuñi did not care, and went placidly on about its business while I looked about.

It was near sunset as I halted my tired horse before the trader's rambling barracks at Zuñi. Across the muddy little river the ancient pueblo lifted its huge bulk—a compact town of adobe houses built one against another like the nests of a barn-swallow's community. In places they rise in terrace fashion to the height of five stories, the upper stories reached from below by ladders reared against the outside walls. The housetops are as much a place of common resort as they were in ancient Israel, or as they are in Syria to-day, and here and there upon them stood figures of men wrapped in scarlet blankets, in motionless outline against the sky, watching the evening lights five miles away on Towa-yálleni—the Mountain of the Sacred Corn. From the narrow streets and covered passageways of the town came women and girls by twos and threes, bearing beautifully decorated water-jars. Filling these at the stream, they lifted them to their heads and climbed the hill to the town again, chatting in soft voices as they went. Toilers from the fields drew homeward across the plains, some on pony or donkey back and some on foot; some driving burros before them laden with firewood gathered on the mesa.

THE POTTERY BURNERS

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Into the stockaded corrals that line all the outskirts of the pueblo shepherds and goatherds were marshaling their bleating flocks. All this, in the pleasant sunset light, made a pastoral scene of unexpected charm, in which the joy of life was manifested now and again by cheerful laughter and strains of wonderful wild song. For Zuñi, I soon found, makes something of a joke of the business of life, and holds a light heart of more worth than a heavy purse.

Before Columbus ever set a sail the Zuñis were an agricultural people, following the paths of peace and raising their crops by irrigation and prayer. They were, moreover, craftsmen of ability—as the buildings, the pottery, the textile work, and the stone implements of the early days abundantly give evidence. And to-day, although the trader sells them many articles to serve in place of the ancient products of their hands, and many of their young men, caught by the lure of the Almighty Dollar, go out to intermittent day labor for the whites, the Zuñis are still a little world to themselves, and entirely self-supporting. All they get from Washington is a schooling in the white man's education, which they do not want, and the prospect of an irrigation dam which is not of their asking—both Greek gifts, likely to work, in the long run, to the downfall of the conferee.

With the coming of spring there is an exodus from Zuñi of a considerable part of its sixteen hundred, who scatter themselves about where the presence of springs or running water makes possible the growing of crops in that arid land. From Las Nutrias, twenty miles away in one direction, to Ojo Caliente, fifteen miles distant in another—where certain sacred springs serve as peepholes for the gods to keep an eye on Zuñi's welfare—the little farms are spread. Beans, melons of many sorts, wheat, and corn are the agricultural staples; and back in the foothills of the mesa country are ancient peach orchards a-sprawl in the sand, flourishing without human care, though human hands have planted them since the Spanish conquest. The corn of Zuñi would make Kansas smile, growing as it does often in drifting sands in tight clumps of eight or ten stalks two to three feet high, and earing out close to the ground. But to Zuñi it shares with water the distinction of being the greatest of the gifts of the gods, and no money will buy from an unspoiled Zuñi a perfect ear of it. It is grown in a dozen or more different shades of color, of which six are symbolical of Zuñi's six cardinal points—white of the east, blue of the west, yellow of the north, red of the south, variegated of the zenith, black of the nadir. Zuñi has learned a bit of horticulture, too, and close by the pueblo are quaint little gardens with adobe walls and wicket gates. Here the women of the town raise onions and chili peppers, watering them through all the rainless season with water brought up from the river in jars borne upon the bearer's head.

Pre-eminent among the handicrafts of Zuñi is the pottery-making, which is part of the women's work. It is in summer that most of it is fashioned and burned. Then the men are away in the fields, and the women, singly or in parties, with a varying contingent of children, lock up the houses and set out early in the day for Towa-yálleni—the flat-topped, perpendicular-sided mountain that dominates the great plain of Zuñi. On the top the best clay pits are. It is an hour's steady walk in the heat and sand to the foot of the mountain, and another along the dizzy trail which zigzags up the face of the cliff to the summit; but once there, there is shade under cedar trees and a breeze of Edenic refreshment. While the elders rest and lunch on blue sticks of *héwé*—wafer bread of corn-meal—the young Zuñis scamper off to the ruined village that tops the summit and hunt among the stones and cactus for arrow-points and stone axes of the ancients to sell to white visitors, like myself, with a taste for antiquities. Then the women leisurely fill their blankets from the clay pits, and, swinging their loads upon their strong backs, retrace their way down to the trail to Zuñi.

It was after such an excursion that Sawa-tsita, the potter, seated upon the earthen floor of her house, made the first Zuñi pottery that I ever saw fashioned. Without wheel or any mechanical assistance whatsoever, she modeled water-jars, bowls, canteens, and toy animals for the children, and, after they had been set

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THE BEAD MAKER

aside for a day to dry, she painted the decorations upon them, using a piece of yucca leaf for a brush, and for color some native minerals ground in a tiny mortar that looked as though it might have been old in Coronado's time. The designs were laid on with directness and decision—not meaningless haphazards or feeble copies of the white man's art, but the expression of Zuñi ideas in Zuñi's own way. For though these people have no written language, they have a wealth of historical and mythical tradition, and the purpose of the real artist's design is to symbolize an idea or tell a story. Usually it has to do with water—that most cherished of boons in a land of little rain. Clouds and descending showers, winds and the lightning's flash, frogs and tadpoles and water-skippers that haunt the springs and water-holes, ducks that swim the alkali lakes, and butterflies that flutter about the muddy margins of puddles—these, when you dwell in a semi-desert land like the plain of Zuñi, are full of pleasant suggestions to meditate upon and to depict.

Sawa-tsita, like many another woman of her pueblo, not only fashions pots but is an all-round artist. From the wool of Zuñi sheep she weaves blankets upon a home-made loom that hangs against the wall in her house—not as good blankets as her Navajo sisters' best, but serviceable and cheerful to look upon if you do not mind the garish aniline dyes, bought from the trader, which she uses to give brightness to the design. Furthermore, she is skillful in basketry, using for this purpose the slender stems of a fragrant-barked, frosty-brown shrub that grows on the mesa near the clay pits, and which in her soft Zuñi drawl she calls *ma-a-tsulti.* To render the stems more pliable, she soaks them in water, and, as she weaves, the fragrance of the bark, like a spirit, fills the room. As the Greek mind endowed trees with guardian spirits, so the poetic fancy of the American Indian has found a soul in the plants of his deserts and

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THE SHRINE OF HEPATINA

plains, and, as I breathe the subtle perfume of the *ma-a-tsulti* as it is bent, I do not wonder.

On the same street with Sawa-tsita live Zuñi Dick, maker of shell beads, and his boy Mow-we, the silver-worker. The making of silver ornaments from coin, melted and beaten into shape—such as bracelets, ear pendants, buttons, necklace beads, and buckles—is a comparatively recent art; but from time immemorial Zuñi men have been famous artisans in shell. In old times the shells were obtained by barter with the Californian Indians who dwelt by the Great Water beyond the sunset, but to-day they come mostly by the hands of whites. These shells—they are a small white cone-shaped sort, of medium hardness—the Zuñi breaks into pieces the size of one's little finger; each piece is patiently rubbed upon a moistened sandstone until it is a smooth, thin disc, and a hole is bored in the middle with a primitive drill. These disc-like beads are then strung on thread or sinew and made into necklaces, the beads carefully graded on the string, the smallest at the ends and the largest in the middle, and intermingled with ornaments fashioned of other shell, of turquoise, or of jet. Among the Southwestern Indians ropes of shell beads have somewhat the standing of the historic wampum of the Atlantic slope, and their possession is indicative of the wearer's wealth.

The most vital element in Zuñi's life is its native religion, which is not a matter of one day in seven, but constant. Zuñi may starve or feast on fat things, may mourn or frolic, may labor or idle in the sun, but it never loses sight of humanity's dependence upon the spiritual power that upholds the universe, or faith in the continuance of the ancient care of Zuñi's gods if appealed to.

There is a certain spot outside the pueblo where every morning at sunrise some representative of the people stands and offers an invocation to the Sun Father, and scatters sacred meal to the six mystical regions of the world. All through the busy year prayers are being breathed upon feathers selected according to ritual and bound to specially prepared

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sticks, and these prayer plumes are continually being offered at immemorial shrines on hill and plain and by certain sacred springs. As with other Indians, the dance is a religious ceremony—a rite of thanksgiving or invocation, not a pastime—and many and wonderful in the course of the year are the dances of Zuñi, in many of which the participants are masked and attired to represent personages of the people's elaborate mythology. Some are in the nature of sacred dramas—akin, one may say, to the mystery plays of the Middle Ages—and all are impressive beyond words, their effect heightened by the chanting of ancient songs and the accompaniment of a hollow-voiced *tombé*, or drum. On its practical side, the native religion makes for truth-telling, fair dealing, industry, faithfulness to promises, hospitality to strangers, respect for the aged, obedience to parents, tenderness to children, softness of speech, and a cheerful heart.

Fast Runs or Good Service

In The Outlook of December 10 occurs an editorial on "Examples of Railway Efficiency." In it efficiency in the United States is compared unfavorably with the attainment of French railways in passenger and freight matters. As to passenger matters, you speak of the French passenger locomotive making "the fastest regular runs in the world."

Any one who has made comparisons of the conditions and circumstances under which these fastest trains have been run knows that the result is so largely affected by the difference in the conditions under which the thing is done in different countries as to make comparisons of mere mileage covered in a given time not only unfair but far from being useful. There is so much difference in the number of stops made, in the presence or absence of curves, in the length of route to which the test applies, the topography of the territory involving gradients, the weight of train hauled and number of cars attached to engine, as well as climatic and other differences, as to make almost primitive that simplicity of faith which pins to a single figure on "the fastest regular run in the world" the character of a test of comparative international efficiency of passenger train performance.

Likewise with the question of "the most powerful type of freight locomotive in use to-day." Assuming that the standards of comparison are uniform by which this result was obtained, and that the circumstances and conditions are not diverse enough to invalidate the conclusion, there still remains the fact that the criticism of railways in the United States from these two view-points is a comparison of extremes, and may or may not mean anything whatever as throwing light on comparative general efficiency in freight and passenger service of French and American railway management. This appears to me to indicate the fallacy in your line of reasoning. I do not see for myself that there is anything "painful" in the fact that a French passenger locomotive makes the fastest regular run, because that may after all be a "freak" performance in the foolish ambition after primacy of records, to the sacrifice of general proficiency of service. Instead, therefore, of being a credit to all-round efficiency, "the fastest regular run in the world" may be in reality inefficiency of effort for which the general public pays the price in less effective service elsewhere.

This hankering after the superlative, and the use of it as a means of depreciative comparison which you make in your editorial, show, to my mind, a serious loss of balance in the capacity to estimate the relative weight of facts and events in their bearing upon a great problem, such as that of the comparative efficiency of service and the elements of service in the railways of different countries. For my part, I not only feel no pain but substantial pleasure in knowing that less attention is being paid by our great trunk lines to attain maximums, because that is putting emphasis on the wrong place; it creates temptation to take risks which border on the idiotic, and it must materially hinder the operation of every other part of that branch of service which has to take the siding for "the fastest run in the world." If there were a healthier attitude on the part of the editorial and reading public on these matters, one can hardly conceive that the railways would of their own accord so generally pervert their powers in order to proclaim superlative achievements which not only do not pay the railways but seriously inconvenience every other part of the service. The general public, in fact, has very little need for this abortive waste in straining after extremes of record, especially when net earnings are shrinking, as they are now.

JOHN FRANKLIN CROWELL,
President of the American Civic Alliance.

[We quite agree with our correspondent that what we ought to require of our railways is all-round service and not high speed. We referred to the speed on French railways simply to counteract a not uncommon American habit of mind to assume boastfully that this country is ahead "of all creation" in the matter of railways.—THE EDITORS.]

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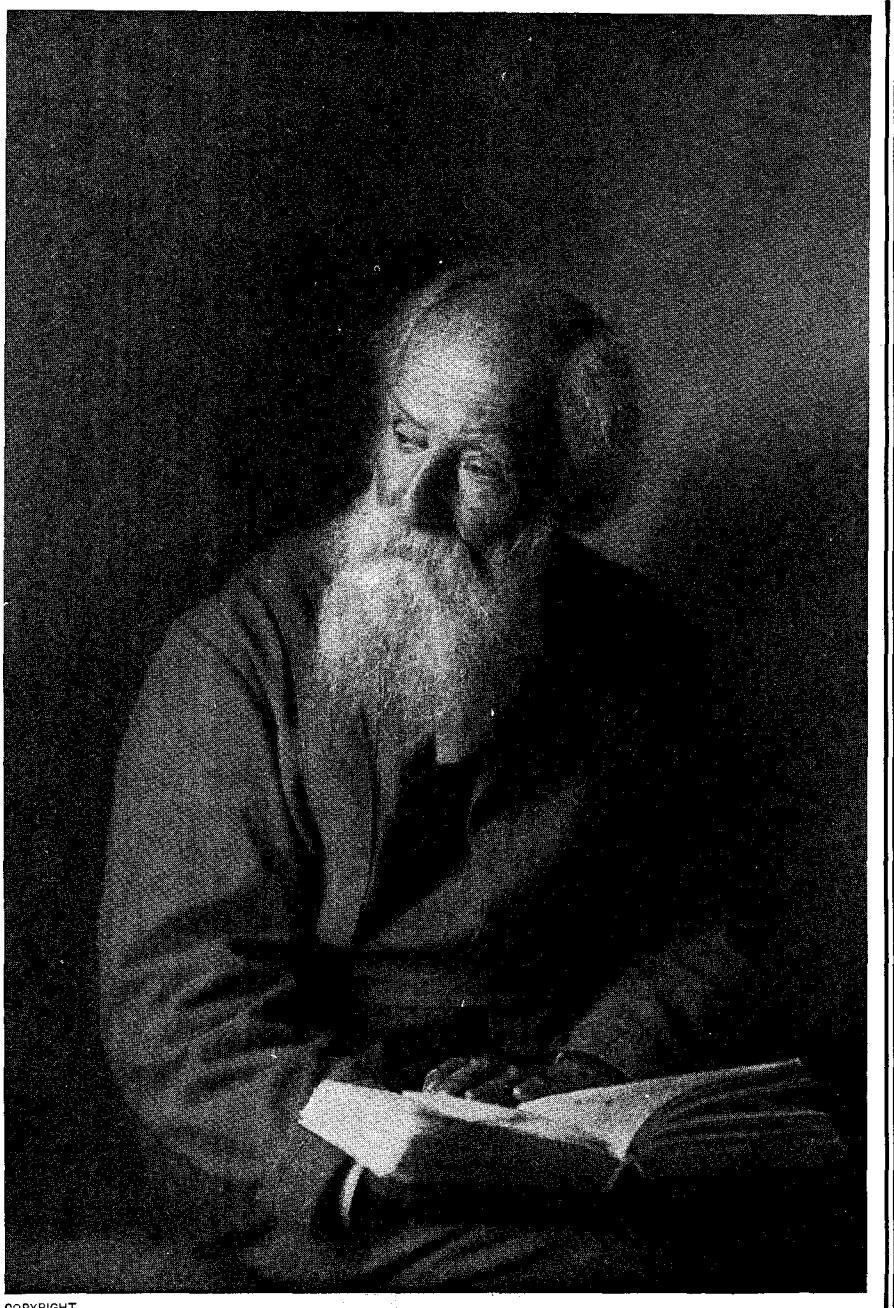

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JOHN BURROUGHS

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Scientific Faith[1]

By John Burroughs

I FIND myself accepting certain things on the authority of science which so far transcend my experience, and the experience of the race and all the knowledge of the world, in fact which come so near being unthinkable, that I call my acceptance of them an act of scientific faith. One's reason may be convinced and yet the heart refuse to believe. It is not so much a question of evidence as a question of capacity to receive evidence of an unusual kind. It is an infirmity of the understanding.

One of the conclusions of science which I feel forced to accept, and yet which I find very hard work in believing, is that of the animal origin of man. I suppose my logical faculties are convinced, but what is that in me that is baffled, and that hesitates and demurs?

Look at your friend, your child, your wife, or at the great man—poet, musician, philosopher—and try to bring home to your mind the fact that back in the abyss of geologic time the ancestor of each of these persons was an animal lower than those we spurn daily with our feet. Yet if we accept the authority of science, we are forced to this conclusion. There is no escape; we have to believe it, whether we want to or not.

Should we not find equal difficulty in believing the life history of each one of us—the start in the germ, then the vague suggestion of fish, and frog, and reptile, in our fetal life—were it not a matter of daily experience? Let it be granted that the race of man was born as literally out of the animal forms below him as the child is born out of these vague, prenatal animal forms in its mother's womb. Yet the former fact so far transcends our experience, and even our power of imagination, that we can receive it only by an act of scientific faith, as our fathers received the dogmas of the Church by an act of religious faith.

I confess that I receive evolution only at arm's length, as it were. I cannot get on intimate terms with it, familiarize my mind with it, and make it thinkable. The gulf that separates man from the orders below him is so impassable, his intelligence is so radically different from theirs, and his progress so enormous, while they have stood still, that believing it is like believing a miracle.

That the apparently blind groping and experimentation which mark the course of evolution as revealed by palæontology—the waste, the delay, the vicissitudes, the hit-and-miss method—should have finally resulted in this supreme animal, man, is certainly a hard proposition.

We recoil from the horrible vista which evolution opens up in the past; that long line of low, groveling, almost brainless forms, leading down and down from one bestial creature to another still lower, from mammal to reptile, from reptile to amphibian, from amphibian to fish, from fish to worm or mollusk, and the like, makes one shudder. We smell the slime and the carnage. How the halo with which we have surrounded our origin vanishes!

Man has from the earliest period believed himself of divine origin, and by the divine he has meant something far removed from this earth and all its laws and processes, something quite transcending the mundane forces. He has invented or dreamed myths and legends to throw the halo of the exceptional, the far removed, the mystical, or the divine around his origin. He has spurned the clod with his foot; he has denied all kinship with bird and beast around him, and looked to the heavens above for the sources of his life. And then unpitying science comes along and tells him that he is under the same law as the life he treads under foot, and that that law is adequate to transform the worm into the man; that he, too, has groveled in the dust, or wallowed in the slime, or fought and reveled, a reptile among reptiles; that the heavens above him, to which he turns with such awe and reverence, or such dread and foreboding, are the source of his life and hope in no other sense than they are the source of

[1] An editorial referring to this article appears elsewhere in this issue.—THE EDITORS.

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the life and hope of all other creatures. But this is the way of science; it enhances the value or significance of anything about us that we are wont to treat as cheap or vulgar, and it discounts the value of the things far off upon which we have laid such stress. It ties us to the earth, it calls in the messengers we send forth into the unknown; it makes the astonishing revelation—revolutionary revelation, I may say—that the earth is itself a star, and embosomed in the infinite heavens the same as any, that the creative energy is working now and here underfoot, the same as in the ages of myth and miracle; in other words, that God is really immanent in his universe, and inseparable from it; that we have been in heaven and under the celestial laws all our lives, and knew it not. Science thus kills religion, poetry, and romance only so far as it dispels our illusions and brings us back from the imaginary to the common and the near at hand. It discounts heaven in favor of earth. It should make us more at home in the world, and more conscious of the daily beauty and wonders that surround us, and, if it does not, the trouble is probably in the ages of myth and fable that lie behind us and that have left their intoxicating influence in our blood.

We are willing to be made out of the dust of the earth when God makes us, the God we have made ourselves out of our dreams and fears and aspirations, but we are not willing to be made out of the dust of the earth when the god called Evolution makes us. An impersonal law or process we cannot revere or fear or worship or exalt; we can only study it and put it to the test. We can only love or worship personality. This is why science puts such a damper upon us; it banishes personality, as we have heretofore conceived it, from the universe. The thunder is no longer the voice of God, the earth is no longer his footstool. Personality appears only in man; the universe is not inhuman, but unhuman. It is this discovery that we recoil from, and blame science for; and until, in the process of time, we shall have adjusted our minds, and especially our emotions, to it, mankind will still recoil from it.

We love our dreams, our imaginings, as we love a prospect before our houses. We love an outlook into the ideal, the unknown in our lives. But we love also to feel the solid ground beneath our feet.

Whether life loses in charm as we lose our illusions, and whether it gains in power and satisfaction as we more and more reach solid ground in our beliefs, is a question that will be answered differently by different persons.

We have vastly more solid knowledge about the universe amid which we live than had our fathers, but are we happier, better, stronger? May it not be said that our lives consist, not in the amount of our knowledge, any more than in the amount of our possessions, but in the things we love, in the depth and sincerity of our emotions, and in the elevation of our aspirations? Has not science also enlarged the sphere of our love, and given us new grounds for wonder and admiration? It certainly has, but it as certainly has put a damper on our awe, our reverence, our veneration. However valuable these emotions are, and whatever part they may have played in the development of character in the past, they seem doomed to play less and less part in the future. Poetry and religion, so called, are doomed to play less and less part in the life of the race in the future. We shall still dream and aspire, but we shall not tremble and worship as in the past.

We see about us daily transformations as stupendous as that of the evolution of man from the lower animals, and we marvel not. We see the inorganic pass into the organic, we see iron and lime and potash and silex blush in the flowers, sweeten in the fruit, ripen in the grain, crimson in the blood, and we marvel not. We see the spotless pond-lily rising and unfolding its snowy petals, and its trembling heart of gold, from the black slime of the pond. We contemplate our own life history from the fluids and viscera of our mothers' bodies to our stature as men and women, and we are not disturbed. But when we stretch this process out through the geologic ages and try to see ourselves a germ, a fish, a reptile, in the womb of time, we are balked. We do not see the great mother, or the great father, or feel the lift of the great biologic laws. We are beyond our depth. It is easy to believe that the baby is born of

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woman, because it is a matter of daily experience, but it is not easy to believe that man is born of the animal world below him, and that that is born of inorganic nature, because the fact is too big and tremendous.

What we call nature works in no other way; one law is over big and little alike. What nature does in a day typifies what she does in an eternity. It is when we reach the things done on such an enormous scale of time and power and size that we are helpless. The almost infinitely slow transformations that the theory of evolution demands balk us as do the size and distance of the fixed stars.

No observation or study of evolution on a small scale and near at hand in the familiar facts of the life about us can prepare us for it, just as no observation of springs and rills can prepare us for the ocean; no modeling of miniature valleys and mountains by the rain in the clay bank can open our minds to receive the tremendous facts of the carving of the face of the continent by the same agents.

We do not see evolution working in one day, or in a century, or in many centuries. Neither do we catch the gods of Erosion at their Herculean tasks. They always seem to be having a holiday, or else to be merely toying with their work.

When we see a mound of earth or a bank of clay worn into miniature mountain chains and cañons and gulches by the rains of a season, we do not doubt our eyes; we know the rains did it. But when we see the same thing copied in a broad landscape, or on the face of a State or a continent, we find it hard to believe the evidence of our own senses. The scale upon which it is done, and the time involved, put it so far beyond the sphere of our experience that something in us, probably the practical, every-day man, refuses to be convinced.

The lay mind can hardly have any adequate conception of the part erosion, the simple weathering of the rocks, has played in shaping our landscapes. The changes in the surface of the land in one's lifetime, or even in the historic period, are so slight that the tales the geologists tell us are incredible.

When, during a recent trip through the great Southwest, I saw the earth laid open by erosion as I had never before dreamed of, especially when I visited those halls of the gods, the Grand Cañon and Yosemite Valley, I found my capacity to believe in the erosive power of water and the weather quite overtaxed. It must be true, I said, what the geologists tell us, that water and air did all this; but while you look and wait, and while generations before you had looked and waited, all is as quiet and passive as if the slumber of ages wrapped hill and vale. Invisible giants have wrought and delved here of whom we never catch a glimpse, nor will we, wait and watch we never so long. No sound of their hammers or picks or shovels or of the dynamite ever breaks the stillness of the air.

I have to believe that the valleys and mountains of my native Catskills were carved out of a great elevated plain or plateau; there is no other explanation of them. Here lie the level strata, without any bending or folding, or sign of convulsion and upheavals, horizontal as the surface of the sea or lake in which their sediments were originally laid down; and here are these deep, wide valleys cut down through these many sheets of stratified rock; and here are these long, high, broad-backed mountains, made up of the rock that the forces of air and water have left, and with no forces of erosion at work that would appreciably alter a line of the landscape in ten thousand years; and yet we know, if we know anything about the physical history of the earth, that erosion has done this work, carved out these mountains and valleys, from the Devonian strata, as literally as the sculptor carves his statue from the block of marble. We cannot believe it as we believe our every-day experiences, because it so far transcends those experiences that it is unthinkable.

These physical forces have worked as slowly and silently in sculpturing the landscapes as the biological laws have worked in evolving man from the lower animals, or the vertebrates from the invertebrates. The rains, the dews, the snows, the winds —how could these soft, gently careering agents have demolished these rocks and dug these valleys? One would almost as soon expect the wings and feet of the birds to wear away the forests they flit through. The wings of time are feathered

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also, and as they brush against the granite or the flinty sandstone no visible particle is removed while you watch and wait. Come back in a thousand years, and you note no change, save in the covering of trees and verdure. Return in ten thousand, and you would probably find the hills carrying their heads as high and as proudly as ever. Here and there the face of the cliff may have given way, or a talus slid into the valley, or a stream or river changed its course, or sawed deeper into the rock, and a lake been turned into a marsh, or the delta of a river broadened —minor changes, such as a shingle from your roof or a brick from your chimney, while your house stands as before. In one hundred thousand years what changes would we probably find? Here in the Catskills, where I write, the weathering of the hills and mountains would probably have been but slight. It cannot be far from that time since the great ice sheet left us. Where protected by a thin coat of soil, its scratches and grooves upon the surface rock are about as fresh and distinct as we saw them just made in Alaska. Where the rock is exposed, they have weathered out, one-eighth of an inch probably having been worn away. The drifting of the withered leaves of autumn, or of the snows of winter over them, it really seems, has done as much in that stretch of time. Then try to fancy the eternity it has taken the subaerial elements to cut thousands of feet through this hard blue Hamilton sandstone! No, the evolution of the landscape, the evolution of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the evolution of the suns and planets, involve a process so slow, and on such a scale, that it is quite unthinkable. How long it took evolution to bridge the chasm between the vertebrate and the invertebrate, between the fish and the frog, between the frog and the reptile, between the reptile and the mammal, or between the lowest mammal and the highest, who can guess?

But the gulf has been passed, and here we are in this teeming world of life and beauty, with a terrible past behind us, but a brighter and brighter future before us.

WAVE AND TIDE

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

On the far reef the breakers
  Recoil in shattered foam,
Yet still the sea behind them
  Urges its forces home;
Its chant of triumph surges
  Through all the thunderous din—
The wave may break in failure,
  But the tide is sure to win!

The reef is strong and cruel;
  Upon its jagged wall
One wave—a score—a hundred,
  Broken and beaten fall;
Yet in defeat they conquer,
  The sea comes flooding in—
Wave upon wave is routed,
  But the tide is sure to win!

O mighty sea! thy message
  In clanging spray is cast;
Within God's plan of progress
  It matters not at last
How wide the shores of evil,
  How strong the reefs of sin—
The wave may be defeated,
  But the tide is sure to win!

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The Case Against the Labor Union

By Washington Gladden

The First of Five Articles by Dr. Gladden dealing with problems of Labor and Capital

NO sweeping statements can be justly made about existing relations between employers and employed. In many cases they are all that they ought to be. Among employers of labor there are tens of thousands of just-minded, honorable men and women who govern themselves in all their dealings with those who work for them by the Golden Rule; and among wage-workers there are hundreds of thousands of honest and faithful men and women who render cheerful and efficient service to those who employ them. We hear much complaint of exasperating conditions in domestic service, but if the story were told of all the tender and beautiful friendships between families and their household helpers it would be a cheering relation. And it is still true, I believe, that where the number of employees is such that the employer is brought into personal contact with all of them the relations are, in the great majority of cases, amicable and just. The old sweet humanities have not lost their force, and where they have a chance they assert themselves with power. And there are not a few large industrial establishments in which the rights of the people who work with their hands are thoroughly respected.

But the typical employer of to-day (the only employer known to most workingmen) is not a human being, but a great corporation; and the typical employee (the only employee known to most employers) is a unit of labor force, which may be numbered rather than named; and the only relation between the two is that of the "cash nexus," which is represented by the current wage. I am aware that there are cases in which some effort is made to clothe this economic skeleton with flesh and blood—to restore some semblance of a personal quality to this relation between employer and employee—and such attempts are highly commendable; but they do not count for much against the depersonalizing tendencies of the large system of industry. All the important industries except agriculture are carried on in great establishments, employing hundreds, or thousands, or tens of thousands of laborers; capital is massed in great corporations, and the ownership of it is widely distributed among investors who have no knowledge whatever of the people whom their money is employing. These stockholders are the real employers. The directors and superintendents and general managers are simply their agents; and the real employers, as a rule, know nothing and care little about the welfare of the people who do the work. They have just one interest in the business, which is that the dividends on the stock shall be maintained without reduction; increased, if possible, and paid on the

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appointed day. We all know how it is. I am a stockholder, in a small way, in one or two industries, and it scarcely occurs to me to look after the welfare of the hired laborers who are doing the work of these industries. I do not know at all what wages they are getting, and I do not know much about the conditions under which they are doing their work. Perhaps I ought to know, but I do not. And I suppose that a large majority of all the holders of industrial securities are no more conscientious or watchful of the interests of the people of whom they are the responsible employers than I am. When such is the foundation of our industrial system, it is hardly a matter of wonder that the element of human interest and personal friendship should gradually disappear from the relation between employer and employee.

Another fact has some significance. Twenty-five years ago there was much inquiry among employers about industrial partnership, or profit-sharing, as it was rather unhappily named. I had written something about it, and I used to get letters from employers very frequently asking about the working of such plans. These methods are not much talked about in these days. The impulse to associate the men with the masters seems to have spent its force. The lessening importance of this feature in the industries of the present day is an indication of the growing alienation of the two classes.

This condition of estrangement—this growing hostility between the wage-workers and their employers—is the serious fact with which the country is confronted. The fact may be questioned, but those who have been familiar for thirty years with the drift of public feeling can have no doubt about it. The relations between the men who work for wages and the men who pay wages are distinctly less friendly than they were twenty years ago.

Who is to blame for this? Each class blames the other; probably they are both to blame. There are not many quarrels in which the fault is all on one side Let me see if I can state the case as it lies in the mind of the average employer. There are many employers below the average, intellectually and morally, whom I do not hope to convince; there are some quite above the average who do not need to be convinced; I am not trying to represent either of these classes, but rather that large majority whose opinions and practices tend to prevail in the employing class.

In the judgment of these gentlemen, the trouble in our industries is largely due to trade unions. It is the misconduct of the trade unions that is the cause of all this alienation and hostility which now prevails in the industrial world. Many of these gentlemen say that they are not opposed to trade unions; that they believe in them when properly constituted and managed. What they mean by this we shall see in another article. Others frankly declare that trade-unionism in all its moods and tenses is an unmitigated evil; that the only hope for the country is in its extermination. I have lately heard employers who, on all other subjects, are as kind-hearted and fair-minded as any men I know, saying that, rather than permit any kind of trade union to get a footing in their works, they would close their factories and go out of business. What all these gentlemen chiefly lay emphasis upon is the misconduct of the unions, many instances of which are specified.

The indictment is easily sustained. It cannot be denied that in the attempt to protect themselves against oppression the unions have made many rules and restrictions which are often extremely vexatious to all who deal with them. All our neighbors are ready with tales of the annoyances and injuries which they have suffered by the enforcement of these petty rules by trade unions. A woman of fine intelligence living in a country village not long ago rehearsed to me her own experience with a gang of men who were working on a drain that ran from her house across her lawn. The ditch had been dug and the pipe nearly laid when their quitting time came, at half-past four in the afternoon. A violent storm was approaching, and the ditch would be flooded with water and great inconvenience and expense would be caused if the ditch were not filled in; and the good woman begged these men to throw back the dirt; but they sat down on the bank and would

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not lift a finger. She took up the shovel herself and filled in a considerable part of it, but they refused to come to her relief. Conduct of this sort is not rare on the part of trade-unionists, and it has done much, not only to exasperate employers, but to alienate the good will of the community at large. The kind of rules which are often insisted upon, regulating the co-operation of the trades, forbidding a plasterer to drive a nail or a plumber to do the simplest task which belongs to a bricklayer, rigidly fixing the hours of labor and making it a misdemeanor for a workman to finish a job if fifteen minutes of work remain at the closing hour—all such petty restrictions are a just cause of complaint. They require men to act in outrageously disobliging and unneighborly ways; they are a training in ill nature and unfriendliness. Cases frequently come to my knowledge of the behavior of union men acting under the rules of their trade, by which intolerable inconvenience is inflicted, not only upon their employers, but upon customers for whom the work is done. When I hear such stories, I am able to understand why it is that many employers and many persons who do not belong to the employing class are so bitterly hostile to trade unions. I do not believe that these petty restrictions are necessary to the success of organized labor. On the contrary, I believe that they are a serious hindrance in the way of its progress. The small advantages which are secured by means of them are more than neutralized by the ill will which they engender in the breasts of those whose good will the unions greatly need.

The opposition of the unions to prison labor is another count in the indictment. This rests upon a narrow view of advantage which helps to discredit the unions. Here, again, a small gain to a class is suffered to outweigh a heavy loss to society. The injury which prison labor could inflict upon organized labor is inconsiderable; the damage which would be done to the prisoners by keeping them in idleness is enormous. The unions greatly injure their own cause when they adopt a policy which sacrifices the general welfare to their own interest in a manner so flagrant. The truth is not so clear to all minds as it ought to be that the selfishness of classes or organizations is not less unsocial than the selfishness of individuals. We can hardly censure the unions very harshly for not having learned this lesson, since the churches have not as yet learned it. Churches often act toward other churches in a manner quite as heartless as do trade unions toward unorganized labor; churches often wantonly sacrifice the interests of the Kingdom of God to their own sectarian advantage. Nevertheless, such conduct is reprehensible, whether done under the lead of the walking delegate or the denominational promoter, and those who practice it deservedly suffer the loss of public favor.

It is often charged against the unions that they cripple production by restricting the output of industry through deliberately reducing the speed of their labor and conspiring to make the job last as long as possible. There are those who believe that it is the conscious policy of all unionists to get the largest possible wage and do the least possible work in return for it. I think it quite possible that there are some workingmen who would regard this as a legitimate policy, just as there are not a few employers who mean to give the laborer no more than they must and to get out of him as much work as they can. Undoubtedly the notion has prevailed among workingmen that there exists a definite amount of work to be done, and that it is good policy for those who are working by the hour to use up as many hours as possible in the performance of the work. That policy, however, does not control all unionists. The more intelligent among them are fully aware of its foolishness. "To do too much work," says John Mitchell, "is supposed, sometimes, to be 'hogging it,' to be taking the bread out of another man's mouth. This may occasionally be more or less true, although even in such cases the employer has rights which should be respected and a man should do—as he ordinarily does do—a fair day's work for a fair day's wage. For the whole of society, however, the theory is not true. Within certain limits, the more work done, the more remains to be done. . . . The man who earns large wages in a blacksmith's shop creates a demand for labor when he spends his wages in shoes, clothes, furni-

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ture, or books; and a large production tends to make these products cheaper. To render work more expensive merely for the sake of restricting output is to lessen the amount of work that will be done, and it is only by doing a fair day's work that a fair day's wage can be permanently maintained. The wages of workingmen, sooner or later, fall with any unreasonable restriction on the output; and, what is of still more importance, the habit of slowing up work permanently incapacitates the workman for continued and intense effort." This extract shows that one labor leader, at least, recognizes the fatuity of do-lessness, and a fact so patent is not likely to be long concealed from the rank and file of unionists.

In one respect the policy of restriction is justifiable. In piece-work the tendency is always toward an unjust and oppressive reduction of wages. The most rapid and skillful workers set the pace, and the employer is inclined to fix the price so that they can make only a reasonable day's wages. This brings the average workman's earnings down to a very low figure. In such cases the protest of the unions against speeding and price-cutting is not unreasonable. Some adjustments need to be made by which men of exceptional skill may get the advantage of their superior ability without unfairly lowering the compensation of those who are equally faithful but somewhat less expert.

It is, however, in connection with the enforcement of their demands for improved conditions by means of strikes that the gravest charges are brought against the unions. There are those who deny the right of the unions to use the weapon of the strike; who assert that the resort to this method of industrial warfare is wholly unjustifiable. The discussion of this question must be deferred until the following article; I must ask my readers to let me assume that this right belongs to organized labor. Perhaps they may be willing to allow, for the sake of the argument, that if one man may decline to work for less than a certain wage or more than a certain number of hours, several men may unite in this refusal; and that it is only by uniting with others that any workingman can secure consideration of his claims. I do not, therefore, admit that their assertion of the right to strike is any part of the case against the unions. At present I am concerned with those concomitants of strikes which are rightly held up to reprobation—the violence and brutality, the coercion and vandalism, which frequently attend industrial conflicts.

The existence of such conditions is undeniable and deplorable, and the greater part of the odium from which unionism is suffering in the public mind is due to these conditions. Workingmen who take the places which the strikers have left are insulted, beaten, sometimes killed; the property of the employer is destroyed; his buildings are burned or blown up by dynamite; his business is assailed by criminal depredation.

For all such deeds of lawlessness there is neither justification nor excuse. They are utterly and brutally wrong; they simply mark a reversion to barbarism. Men have a right to unite in a demand for better industrial conditions and to unite in a refusal to work unless those conditions are supplied; they have a right to dissuade other men from taking the places which they have vacated, and to use all the moral influence at their command to this end; but when they resort to coercion and violence in enforcing this demand they pass beyond the limits of toleration, and become enemies of society. There is no room in American civilization for practices of this nature; and the unions have no business on their hands more urgent than that of putting an end to coercion and violence in connection with strikes, no matter at what cost to themselves. They can never win by these methods. They succeed only in arraying against themselves the bitter and determined opposition of those classes in society without whose support they cannot hope to establish their claim.

An intelligent observer called my attention the other day to what he believed to be a fact—that women of the educated classes are almost universally hostile to unionism. It would not be true of college women; of women in the upper social circles it may be true. There may be other explanations, but one reason for the fact, if fact it be, may be the natural revulsion of the ethical feeling of women against these methods of brutality. The unions can

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never hope to win by methods which array against them such elements of society.

It is not the enemies of unionism who say this. The men who have the best right to speak for unionism are as clear and positive in their denunciation of violence as could be desired. Only a few days ago I heard a conspicuous public teacher say that the prominent labor leaders had never discountenanced violence. It is to be feared that many of our public teachers are not in the way of finding out what is really said by labor leaders. Take these words of John Mitchell:

"Above all and beyond all, the leader intrusted with the conduct of a strike must be alert and vigilant in the prevention of violence. The strikers must be made constantly aware of the imperative necessity of remaining peaceable. . . . Under no circumstances should a strike be allowed to degenerate into violence. . . . A single act of violence, while it may deter a strike-breaker or a score of them, inflicts much greater and more irreparable damage upon the party giving than upon the party receiving the blow. . . . It is sometimes claimed that no strike can be won without the use of physical force. I do not believe that this is true, but if it is, it is better that the strike be lost than that it succeed through violence and the commission of outrages. The cause of unionism is not lost through any strike or through any number of strikes, and if it were true that all strikes would fail if physical force could not be resorted to, it would be better to demonstrate that fact and to seek remedy in other directions than to permit strikes to degenerate into conflicts between armed men. . . . The employers are perfectly justified in condemning as harshly as they desire the acts of any striker or strikers who are guilty of violence. I welcome the most sweeping denunciation of such acts, and the widest publicity that may be given to them by the press."

It would be easy to fill pages with such testimony by men who have a right to speak for unionism. That the conduct of strikers sometimes falls below this standard is undeniable. The trade union is one of many organizations whose members often fail to live up to their ideals. It is true that members of trade unions frequently resort to coercion and violence, and more often connive at it. When they do, they violate the principles on which unionism rests, and deserve the reprobation of their neighbors.

Some of the acts which are committed in connection with strikes are dastardly. The dynamiting of a street car filled with passengers, or the ditching of a train-load of human beings, is the act of a savage. As Mr. Mitchell urges, it is no palliation of such an enormity to say that a strike is war, since in all civilized warfare the attack upon non-combatants is considered infamous.

I hope I have made it clear that the resort to violence is not an essential element in trade-unionism; that its leading representatives discountenance and denounce it. Some of the greatest and most successful strikes have been attended by little violence. This was true of the anthracite strike and of the recent strike of the cloakmakers in New York. In connection with many strikes much violence has occurred, and it is the common habit of the newspapers and of a class of social moralists to charge all this upon the strikers. In the great majority of cases, however, the strikers have little or nothing to do with it. Much of this lawlessness is the work of disorderly and turbulent persons who have no interest in the contest, but who seize upon this opportunity for indulging their destructive propensities. During the recent street railway strike in Columbus, Ohio, nearly one thousand arrests were made for disorderly conduct, but of these not more than five or six were of striking railway employees. All but one of these five or six were arrested for loitering, and were discharged when it was shown that they were engaged in peaceful picketing. One man was under suspicion of having dynamited a car in which were no passengers. He is awaiting trial. Yet I suppose that the vast majority of those who read in the newspapers the highly colored reports of the street car atrocities in Columbus were under the impression that all this mischief was done by the striking railway men. That would be assumed by nine out of ten editors or preachers who commented on the news. This is one of the

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ways in which the case against unionism is made up. Public teachers who mean to be just will exercise some care in getting at the facts before they hold unionists responsible for all the mischief that is done in connection with strikes.

It is true, however, that strikes are frequently attended by a highly inflamed state of public opinion, especially among the working classes. This was true of the late strike in Columbus. The sections of our city inhabited by the working people were swept by gusts of bitter and angry feeling. It was not alone the hoodlums or the criminals who were thus excited; the entire body of respectable, industrious working mechanics—men who lived in their own houses—shared in this indignation. Pastors of Protestant churches located in these sections told me that their congregations were practically unanimous in this expression of resentment. Undoubtedly much of the disorderly conduct was the product of this superheated feeling.

"Very true," says the social moralist; "therefore the strikers, after all, are to blame for the violence, for it is they who stirred up all this angry sentiment." Just there I beg to demur. It is a very superficial judgment that sees no deeper than this. Such an outbreak of public indignation is due to no mere local irritation; it is due in large part to resentments that have become more or less chronic; it is the expression of a discontent that is deep-seated; it is the product of causes which the social moralist would better try to understand. The classes among whom this discontent prevails are not, as a rule, "undesirable citizens," nor are they the dupes of agitators or the tools of "muckrakers." Very many of them are men to whom the methods of modern financiering are well known, and to whom the devious ways of public service promoters are not altogether obscure. They are not unaware of the burdens they are bearing, and they know who have bound them on their shoulders. And they are sometimes able to see in these labor struggles the working of forces which tend to their further oppression. Certain it is that the burdens which special privilege entails are mainly borne by these very classes. We underrate their intelligence when we assume that they are not aware of this, and we presume on their forbearance when we ask them to ignore it. The whole country is up in arms against these abuses of special privilege, and we can hardly wonder if those who suffer most from them sometimes manifest their resentment in ungentle ways.

I agree with John Mitchell that all this is no justification of violence; that force is no remedy; that every act of brutality damages the doer more than the victim; that there are better weapons for such contests than brickbats or bludgeons. I urged the striking carmen in our late strike to go out and patrol the lines and prevent the stone-throwing. I believe that if they had done it they might have won their strike. But I was aware that in calling on them for conduct so altruistic and magnanimous I was setting before them an ideal which few groups even of the classes supposed to be superior could be induced to consider.

All that I now wish to insist upon, however, is that the strikers in any given labor conflict are not to be held wholly responsible for the superheated social atmosphere which surrounds them, and which produces the acts of violence by which strikes are often disfigured. For that dangerous social condition the people who are so eager to put down the violence with an iron hand might often find themselves pretty largely to blame. And in such a disturbance the bystander is sometimes reminded of the story of the wolf who was going to devour the lamb because the lamb had roiled the water. I do not doubt that the hot words of the strikers in such cases often add fuel to the flame of social discontent, and that the strike is made the occasion of outbreaks of disorder; my only contention is that the deeper causes of this angry feeling must not be ignored. No strike in these days is an isolated phenomenon with a purely local cause; and no one can rationally deal with it who does not comprehend its relation to the prevailing social unrest.

Two other counts in the indictment against unionism must be treated very briefly. The first is the sympathetic strike. I am unable to join in the unqualified condemnation of this method of industrial warfare. The act of a trade union in sup-

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porting an affiliated union in its struggle for better conditions, when no advantage to itself can be hoped for as the result of its sacrifice, is certainly generous and heroic. The motive is not unworthy. It may be doubted, however, whether it is wise as a general rule for the workers in one union to take up the quarrel of another union. They may be supposed to know the conditions of their own trade; it is nearly impossible for them to know equally well the conditions of other trades, and they may be supporting demands which are unjust and impracticable. Sometimes such a strike involves the violation of a contract, expressed or implied, with their own employers; in such a case they are putting generosity before justice, which is bad morality. The bituminous coal miners were right when they refused to violate their trade agreement with the operators by a sympathetic strike in support of the anthracite miners. And Mr. Mitchell is teaching good doctrine when he says: "There can be no doubt that, upon the whole and in the long run, the policy of striking in sympathy should be discouraged."

The other case referred to is that of the secondary boycott. It is quite true, as the unionists point out, that the boycott, in one form or another, is in almost universal use. The withdrawal of patronage from those whose conduct, for one reason or another, we disapprove, is not a thing unheard of. It is by no means uncommon for groups, professional or commercial, to express their dislikes after this manner. And there are few among us who are in a position to throw stones at a trade union which refuses to patronize an employer with whom it is in controversy. The primary boycott is a weapon which may be greatly abused and which a severe morality would be slow to commend, but in existing industrial conditions the unions cannot be severely censured for using it.

The secondary boycott is quite another story. The union may boycott the employer with whom it is at war, but when it proceeds to boycott all who will not boycott him, it is carrying its warfare beyond the limits of toleration. "To boycott a street railway which overworks its employees and pays starvation wages is one thing," says Mr. Mitchell; "to boycott merchants who ride in the cars is quite another thing, and to boycott people who patronize the stores of the merchants who ride in boycotted cars is still another and a very different thing." The dealer who can be coerced by such a threat is a man whose friendship is not worth much to the union, and the enormous accumulation of ill will in the community which such a practice always engenders is a heavy price to pay for such advantages as it may secure. There is no gainsaying that the frequent resort to the secondary boycott is costing the unions much in the loss of friends whom they greatly need.

I have not mentioned all the charges which are made against unionism, but I have dealt, as I believe, with the most serious of them. It has been made to appear that unionism is subject to some serious abuses. I hope that it has also appeared that these abuses are not essential parts of the system, and that they are not incurable. Neither the petty restrictions upon work, nor the ban on prison labor, nor the lessening of the output, nor the violence attendant upon labor struggles, nor the sympathetic strike, nor the secondary boycott can be counted as a necessary feature of unionism. All are perversions of its true functions, excrescences which may be purged away. No fair-minded man will condemn unionism because of them any more than he will denounce, because of their abuses, the Christian Church or the democratic state. "It would be a mistake," says that careful philosopher Professor Charles Horton Cooley, "to regard these or any other kinds of injustice as a part of the essential policy of unions. They are feeling their way in a human, fallible manner, and their eventual policy will be determined by what in the way of class advancement they find by experience to be practicable. In so far as they attempt things that are unjust we may expect them, in the long run, to fail, through the resistance of others and through the awakening of their own consciences. It is the part of other people to check their excesses and to cherish their benefits." [1]

[1] "Social Organization," pp. 288–289.

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THE NEW BOOKS

A new writer of romance for whom the English critics are predicting a future is Mr. Jeffery Farnol. He has given his first tale a fascinating title, "The Broad Highway," and the promise of adventure and out-of-doors flavor contained in the title is amply fulfilled by the story itself. Its freshness and vigor remind one at times of George Borrow. There are no gypsies, it is true, but the tinker, the blacksmith, the prize-fighter, the Scotch piper, the postilion, the Ancient, all are people after Borrow's heart, and even Lady Sophia reminds one in a far-away fashion of Isopel Berners. Not that Mr. Farnol is imitative; he writes with boldness; sometimes he stretches one's sense of the probable a little, but always he carries one along with his vivid pictures of early nineteenth-century people and manners, and always he keeps plot and characters moving and doing. To quote a London writer about Mr. Farnol, "passionate love, fierce hate, wild adventure, rural charm, and all the elements of merry life are here in turn." When we read at the outset that Peter, the hero, has won the high jump at Oxford and also translated Quintilian; that he refuses to compete with his cousin Maurice for the hand of Lady Sophia when he is told that his uncle's will gives £500,000 to either cousin if he succeeds in marrying Lady Sophia; and that he takes to the road with a few pounds in his pocket, intent on earning his living and studying mankind in the rough—we know that things will happen worth reading. And they emphatically do happen, even to the last page. The story has life, action, odd characters with quaint talk, and the romantic spirit, all in an unusual degree. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.)

The neglected element in the present state of the social sciences is the subject of Professor Albion W. Small's volume of lectures on "The Meaning of Social Science." Given to a company of graduate students from all the social science departments of the University of Chicago, they address "all thinkers who are mature enough, both mentally and morally, to recognize the complexity of social problems." Lucid, forcible, keen-edged, and pointed, their readers will not forget them. The social sciences are at present, as viewed by this veteran teacher, like the parts of a machine that it is time to assemble. They need to be correlated and unified into a social science which recognizes its task "to interpret in all their relations the visible career of men as expressions of their various mental reactions." Psychic forces being the true causes of all social phenomena, social science must concern itself with men rather than with abstract concepts, such as "property," which is merely "a mode of men's actions." "As a general proposition," says Professor Small, "social scientists are not interested in the fundamental logic of the relations which they profess to interpret." They have now to organize a report upon "the human reality," and the formula for their problem is this: "Men's experience is the evolution of human values." Civilization never faced a more vital question than now confronts thinkers throughout the world: "Are we consuming more human values in making our wealth than are given back in the making and the using?" In our day, says Professor Small, there is a change of venue from the theological court to the sociological. Not, however, as if social science could ever be substituted for religion, but because, when carried into its creative stage, it is "the only conceivable body in which religion can be made vital." Not only this, but it can become the parent of "a moral philosophy quite as distinct and a thousand times more capacious than any of the great historical schools of morals." The volume is a needed and a masterly corrective of a respectably entertained opinion that sociology is "a science of left-overs." (University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $1.62.)

The Berlin Zoölogical Garden is perhaps the most popularly known institution of its kind. Last year it had an interesting addition to its collection from the results of a two years' expedition in Africa led by Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Mecklenburg. As in Colonel Roosevelt's case, the Duke's purpose in his African hunting was purely scientific. The ground to be covered was the German East African Protectorate, the Central East African Rift-Valley, and the Northwestern confines of the Congo State. The Duke crossed Africa from coast to coast. He had already visited that continent some years previous, hence the second visit was planned with intelligent comprehension of what was necessary. In the just published "In The Heart of Africa" the Duke's description of his trip is hardly remarkable for any literary merit, rather for the absence of it. But this does not mean that the book is not worth reading. The author's simple style adds impressiveness to an account of meeting with strange men and beasts and beating the jungles for specimens. The resultant collection included over eight hundred mammals and eight hundred birds, over seven hundred fish, etc. The book is chiefly important as a work of zoölogical reference. Cassell & Co., New York. $5.)

During the past six years the power of Congress to regulate commerce has been invoked as never before. This is true not only in one but in several domains—the equality of the authority of Congress over inter-State and foreign trade, for example, the power of Congress to lay duties on imports so as to protect domestic industries, its power to erect corporations as agencies to carry on various branches of

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commerce, its power to authorize the construction of highways of inter-State commerce, and its power to restrict various branches of commerce in the interest of great National purposes. The basis of all this power is found, of course, in the Commerce Clause of the Constitution. What were the opinions and purposes of its framers in this respect, and what was their idea as to the scope of the Government's powers? These questions are illuminatively answered by David Walter Brown in his "The Commercial Power of Congress." Beginning with the New Jersey proposals of 1778, the book comprises a study of the events preceding and attendant upon the framing of the Constitution and the first operation of the new Government under it. Evidently the author's present effort is to give us a proper historical perspective, and, in especial, to show that, while in the Annapolis Convention of 1786 the efforts of certain leaders to define the nature and extent of the desired commercial regulations may have been the occasion for calling the Philadelphia Constitutional Convention together the following year, the deeper motive was to provide a strong central authority, indispensable to the maintenance of order. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.)

The "Proceedings of the World Missionary Conference, 1910," held in Edinburgh last summer, transcend all preceding publications on Christian missions, as the Conference itself transcended all preceding assemblies of its kind. It was a conference for discussion. Its predecessors had been intent on inspiration for enterprise. This was intent on "the restudy and restatement of a world enterprise in terms of the modern world." For this the most thorough preparation had been made during the two years preceding. The subjects to be discussed having been distributed into eight groups, these were assigned to eight great Commissions of carefully selected experts of several nations for investigation and report. The concentrated product of each group in a printed report was placed in the hands of each of the twelve hundred delegates before the assembling of the Conference, as a basis for free discussion. These eight reports, each with the discussion given it, and with appendices of important documents, are now issued in as many volumes of convenient size, together with a ninth volume of the history and records of the Conference, with addresses given at the great evening meetings. Their several titles exhibit their comprehensive range: I, "Carrying the Gospel to all the Non-Christian World;" II, "The Church in the Mission Field;" III, "Education in Relation to the Christianization of National Life;" IV, "The Missionary Message in Relation to Non-Christian Religions;" V, "The Training of Teachers;" VI, "The Home Base of Missions;" VII, "Missions and Governments;" VIII, "Co-operation and the Promotion of Unity." The unprecedented conditions now existing throughout the non-Christian world are here reviewed in their demand upon the Church, by whose activity they have been in no small measure created. With a view to greater efficiency there is unsparing criticism of defects and mistakes. One of these defects—lack of co-operation and comity—much has already been done for. The Conference is believed to have done more to promote church unity than any other event in history. In themselves these volumes constitute the fullest existing treasury of authentic information on their subject. In their practical significance they are the memoranda of a council of strategists for the successful conduct of a campaign. To the thoughtful they are an impressive symbol not only of a great world enterprise, but of a great world power, though a power not of this world. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 75 cents per vol.; $5 complete set.)

A rare book, because the portrait of a rare man, is Professor William Adams Brown's volume "Morris Ketchum Jesup: A Character Sketch." The late Charles Cuthbert Hall, President of Union Theological Seminary, wrote that he thought of Mr. Jesup as "the ideal American layman," and that "an adequate biography of his splendidly complete life would accomplish in the world of affairs what the life of Phillips Brooks did in another sphere." Such a biography has Dr. Brown given us, portraying a large-minded, large-hearted man, with a noble ambition to make his life helpful to his fellow-men and his country, a man who retired from lucrative business affairs in middle life the better to realize that wish. He might not have done so had he not begun early to devote both time and money to altruistic effort. Among his prominent interests were the Young Men's Christian Association, with which he served from its founding to his death; clean streets, for which, as for many public objects, he did pioneer work; the extermination of obscene literature, for which he was a strong backer of Mr. Anthony Comstock and the Society for the Suppression of Vice; Negro education, foreign missions, the Christian College in Beirut, Syria, and Union Seminary in New York; the Chamber of Commerce, of which he was for many years President; the Museum of Natural History, of which he was virtually the creator, now his enduring monument; and Arctic exploration, of his share in which Commander Peary wrote: "To Morris K. Jesup, more than to any other one man, is due the fact that the North Pole is to-day a trophy of this country." Never seeking or holding public office, he became an ideal city father through the greatness of his public spirit, which he carried from his busy life in New York into the rural towns where he sought a summer home. Professor Brown does not eulogize him, but simply records the deeds that are his eulogy, revealing a character of blended

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strength and sweetness, unfailing in energy, courage, and courtesy, giving and receiving affection in rich measure. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.)

Japanese painting came from China, and came by way of Korea. It is supposed to have come thither about the fifth century after Christ. Japanese painting, like its parent art, Chinese painting, foregoes all means of producing an immediate illusion; that is to say, space is not indicated by receding degrees, men and objects are not rounded, water shows no reflection, even human features are immobile, and no shadows are cast. And yet, strange as it may seem, there is just now in Japanese art a harking back to the older forms from the slight approach towards European and American art. The late Mr. Fenollosa, who, more than any one else, introduced Americans to Japanese art, was a pioneer in this regard, and the appearance of a translation of W. von Seiditz's "A History of Japanese Color Prints" shows another advocate of the return to purer Japanese ideals. According to these men the masters of the eighteenth century in Japan were superior to those of the nineteenth. Both say that the later masters have been given an importance in excess of their deserts. The reason for this, we think, is evident. Americans and Europeans have hailed the later Japanese artists, and Hokusai in particular, because we are always affected by the affinities found to exist between us and the ideals of other men. In so far as the later Japanese artists were influenced by our own ideals—and they were—those later artists seem nearer to us. Moreover, the art of the later, and to us more popular, artists has had, in our estimation, a greater human variety than was evident in the preceding age. If we take the Japanese point of view, however, we must recognize that the real greatness of Japanese artists lies in the very elements of their art most alien to us. Hence, in its assertion of purely native strength, the Japanese ascribe the classic period of their painting to a time preceding the eighteenth century, which was the great era of wood-engraving. And out of wood-engraving grew Japanese color-printing. Herr von Seiditz's book offers a survey of the beginnings of wood-engraving and the development of color-printing. In this country we have a particularly good opportunity of studying these arts without going to Japan at all, for in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts are no less than four hundred Japanese screens, four thousand paintings, and ten thousand prints. Aside from one's interest in the development in Japan of a native art, one is apt to ask two questions. The first is, In what particular directions have Japanese artists affected American artists? They have affected our artists in two directions: first, in giving to them a more consciously decorative aim in their designs and *motifs*, and, secondly, in affording a more impressionistic point of view. Take the development of the modern artistic poster, for an example. What would it have been without Japanese influence? And, in its ultimate analysis, the poster is really a first step towards some transformation in our mural and monumental painting. The second question is, What is the future of Japanese art—that is to say, Will the nineteenth-century tendencies persist and the art approach more and more nearly to that of Europe and America? Here Herr von Seiditz is pessimistic. He even goes so far as to say that present-day art in Japan preserves only a thin thread of purely technical tradition. Japanese art, he declares, however, is perishing, not from petrifaction, as in China, but owing to the dissolution of the relationship binding the artist to the public. There is no lack of talent among Japanese artists, claims this critic, and they could advance their art. But the public is wanting. The present public is amused by indifferent illustrations. Hence the lack of connection. Finally, Japanese choice of modern civilization, as against an ancient, native culture, has compelled her to renounce her past more completely than have countries in which there was no such abrupt transition. The present work affords a wide and illuminative view of Japanese art, as represented especially in the development of color prints. The text is immensely reinforced by the many reproductions and artists' signatures in facsimile. Whether regarded as a historical manual or as a critical appreciation, the work will take its place in this country, as it has already done elsewhere, as a standard work on Japanese prints. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $6.50.)

M. Charles Wagner's latest volume is entitled "Par le Sourire." As the words indicate, the book is one to awaken a smile now and then. It is a book for children. It is "The Simple Life" reduced to its lowest terms. If Pastor Wagner had not already written "Jeunesse," the word would have been a good title for the present volume. When an anxious parent wishes ethical instruction combined with some entertainment for his wide-awake boy or girl, "Par le Sourire" may be recommended. It deserves early translation. (Librairie Hachette et Cie, Paris.)

Some years ago The Outlook published a very charming story of child life by Martha Young called "Somebody's Little Girl." This has now been put forth in book form with several illustrations, and will doubtless meet with appreciation by many who will find in it real pathos and a knowledge of child character. (Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York City. 50 cents.)

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LOUIS K. LIGGETT
WITH WHOM THE IDEA ORIGINATED

Purest Drugs

HOW THEY HAVE BEEN MADE POSSIBLE—HOW THEIR PURITY IS INSURED IN THE MAKING—HOW THEY HAVE BEEN PLACED WITHIN REACH OF EVERY ONE—AND HOW A CO-OPERATIVE IDEA WORKS TO PROTECT THE HEALTH OF THE PUBLIC

By George B. Spencer

YOU may not use much medicine. You may not wish to use any medicine.

But—when the time comes that you need medicine, it goes without saying, you prefer the best and purest to be had.

This is the story of how pure medicines have been made possible, how their purity is protected, and by what mark pure medicines may be recognized by any one giving to the selection of a drug-store a small part of the care given to choosing a physician.

Of course this story begins with an idea.

Equally of course, the idea began with a man.

This was long before our present Pure Food and Drug Laws had been passed—or the need for them had been agitated.

When the food and drug abuses, about which there was so much newspaper talk a short time ago, were known only to those "on the inside," not many days passed in which fresh adulterations of medicinal preparations were not discovered.

In chemical laboratories all over the country, knowledge of the wholesale

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adulteration of medicinal preparations was very common.

A great deal of this drug adulteration came to the attention of a young man who found in it much cause for worry.

This young man had an active imagination.

He saw, in his mind's eye, the sick and suffering cheated of health through the impurity and weakness of medicines bought in hope that they would be a help.

This young man thought of the weak growing weaker—the aged growing older—and the sick gaining strength less rapidly—because of dishonesty which caused some men to seek profit at the cost of deceiving their fellows.

How to change all this became a problem of such importance that it occupied the young man's mind to the exclusion of all other matters.

He thought of little else.

For—knowing the adulteration of medicinal preparations to be dishonest, dangerous, and a menace to all health, the young man believed the facts needed but to be generally known to be abhorred by all men.

However, he realized that knowledge of such evils could be of little value to any one, unless a remedy could be suggested. Therefore, the problem of righting the wrong was the first to which the young man set his mind.

This required much thought and puzzling of brain.

But Louis K. Liggett—"Father of the Pure Drugs Idea"—is a young man; with all a young man's energy, all a young man's enthusiasm, and all a young man's ambition for the success of service he has now proved to be of such great benefit to mankind.

Mr. Liggett has the determination, the strength of purpose, and the qualities of perseverance which make for success.

He knew that to accomplish his object of serving mankind he must first make sure of securing and being able to offer pure medicines to the public.

He must find a mark which would mean purity—easily recognizable and understood by any one.

After this, Mr. Liggett knew that means would need to be found through which pure medicines could be placed within reach of all who might need them.

With a good working knowledge of the drug business, Mr. Liggett himself knew the sources from which the best raw materials—the purest drugs in bulk—could be secured.

But—for their handling, help would be needed.

So he sought the counsel and co-operation of the ablest medical minds and the most expert chemists in this country.

Only these were fitted to grasp the bigness of his idea and what the carrying of it out would require.

At first, few of the right people could be interested.

But so good an idea could not long escape attention from serious brain-workers, and ere long Mr. Liggett was able to find the helpers he needed.

Then came the necessity for choosing an easy means of identification for pure medicines—a mark by which any one could recognize preparations put up by methods for which the brand should stand.

Therefore, believing his Purest Drugs Idea to be a King among ideas, Mr. Liggett decided it should be called by a name which would so imply—"The Rexall Idea." This has proved a wise choice. Rexall (King of All) is a meaningful word—well-sounding—easily remembered.

Rexall is the standard mark for purest drugs and medicinal preparations.

Mr. Liggett's next problem was finding those who would help put Rexall Medicinal Preparations in the hands of those who needed them.

This meant the finding of men of integrity—men seeking to serve the American public, you and I and the rest, faithfully and well.

Such men, at first, seemed hard to find. Only a few could be interested. Others "thought the theory good but doubted if it could be put in practice" and held off to watch the outcome. This did not dis-

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courage Mr. Liggett's energy and perseverance, however.

His enthusiasm was not long in drawing to the support of his idea the few druggists needed to start the ball rolling. These first Rexall druggists were progressive men. They saw in the Rexall Idea future possibilities for a great business. They realized the demand there would be for really pure drugs and medicines.

Thus Mr. Liggett kept on—and on—until the Rexall Idea was finally launched.

* * *

At first, part of a small four-story building, having only about twenty thousand square feet of floor space, was all that was needed for making Rexall Preparations.

The whole Rexall list included only fifteen medicinal preparations at the beginning.

Thirty people were all that were needed in the first Rexall laboratories.

Thirty-four druggists were all who handled Rexall Preparations from the start.

This was in 1902—nine short years ago.

To-day, what do we see?

Great laboratories occupying buildings of many stories—acres of floor space—nearly a thousand people employed in the laboratories at all times—over three hundred and fifty Rexall Medicinal Preparations (remedies for all the common ills of mankind), turned out in vast quantities the year round, and over four thousand druggists distributing the goods to the American public.

Such is the growth in response to demand for the best and purest in drugs and medicines.

Druggists who sell Rexall Preparations are all stockholders in the company which makes them.

Each Rexall Druggist is personally interested in the success of everything pertaining to the Rexall Idea. Each Rexall Druggist is personally responsible for maintaining the Rexall standard of purity. This being the case, let us find what manner and kind are the druggists who sell Rexall Preparations.

Do they own the biggest and showiest stores in a town? Do they make great display of lights and decorations? Are their shelves filled with cut price goods, cheap drugs, job lots, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera?

Not in the least. Many Rexall Stores are small stores.

The Rexall Idea does not require its stores to be the largest—the showiest—nor even the most prosperous in appearance (though all Rexall Stores are prosperous).

There is but one essential requirement.

Without it, no druggist can become a member of the great Rexall organization.

This requirement is—integrity.

Unless the druggist applying for membership in the Rexall organization has a reputation in his community for absolutely fair and square dealing, he cannot get in. He cannot secure Rexall Preparations.

Rexall druggists are, then, men of known character first of all—men who realize the standard of Rexall purity and wish to uphold it at all costs.

Thus is your health protected.

Thus are you made sure of securing purest drugs and medicines, together with always fair treatment, in all Rexall Stores.

Give to the selection of your druggist only a fraction of the care you give to choosing your physician, and you need have no fear that the medicines you buy will be other than exactly as represented.

Medicinal purity is assured to you through the Rexall Idea.

Rexall Preparations cannot be secured in any but Rexall Stores.

Only through Rexall Stores—those known to the organization as being capable of upholding the Rexall standard—are Rexall Preparations sold.

* * *

In trying Rexall Preparations, you are the jury and the judge.

If at any time you should have reason to doubt that you are getting the utmost for your money in Rexall Preparations,

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you have but to say so to get your money back.

There will be no questioning your decision.

If any Rexall Preparation fails in any way to satisfy you—if it does not do what you expected it to do—tell the druggist—or the clerk—from whom you bought it and he will promptly give you your money back.

No doubts will be expressed as to the motives of your complaint.

You will not be cross-examined for reasons.

This rule applies to *all* sales of Rexall Preparations. There are *no exceptions*. If you are not satisfied, you get your money back and that is all there is to it.

This is not merely a guarantee to give "money back if goods are not as represented." No concern would be foolish enough to make goods "not as represented." The Rexall guarantee is to give back your money if the Rexall Preparation does not do what *you* expect.

The matter is left entirely to you—the purchaser.

A guarantee reaching further than this could scarcely be offered.

* * *

To supply Rexall Druggists with remedial preparations which will stand such a guarantee as the above requires no small amount of care.

The work has not been taken up in any haphazard way.

At the beginning, thousands of formulas—prescriptions from the greatest doctors in the world—were secured.

The formulas of all these prescriptions were carefully tested and compared by expert chemists. What seemed to be the best were selected for practical tests. From them preparations were made up for experiment. These experimental preparations were sent to great physicians, big hospitals, and large city dispensaries in different parts of the world.

Thousands of tests were made. Each original preparation made in the Rexall laboratories is first used in case after case of the ailment expected to be relieved by the medicine. Average benefit is carefully kept track of, and the preparation securing best results in most cases of any disease is the one chosen to bear the Rexall name as a remedy for that disease.

* * *

Of the Rexall formulas and prescriptions no secret is made.

Any one may inquire, at any Rexall Store, what is in any Rexall Preparation and this will be told exactly—what each preparation contains.

The Rexall organization sees no reason why such knowledge as this should be kept from the public.

Rexall Preparations are absolutely pure; there is nothing about them which needs to be kept secret, therefore all information about them is to be had, by any one, at any time.

Rexall Preparations must not be confounded with so-called "patent medicines."

Rexall Preparations are made up from the best prescriptions of the greatest physicians. This means medicines such as your own doctor would—and does—prescribe for you.

Many doctors recommend and prescribe Rexall remedies regularly. Many of the very best doctors are stanch supporters of the Rexall Idea.

* * *

The expression "Purest Drugs" covers a great deal.

To some, the word "drugs" means anything from crudest barks to complicated preparations made up from many ingredients.

Such ingredients are of many kinds.

Many are vegetable—many are mineral—some are derived from animals.

Pure drug materials—that is, drugs in bulk—are not always easy to get. Great care must be exercised in the buying.

Nearly all crude drugs must be refined and purified before they are fit for use.

Getting the best crude drugs in bulk requires expert knowledge. Only trained

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men are trusted to select raw materials for the Rexall Preparations.

This is why Mr. Liggett gives so much attention to the purchasing departments of the Rexall organization. Its crude drugs are bought only by men whose knowledge is of the expert kind. They are "specialists" in every sense of the word.

The world is searched for the best and purest ingredients for Rexall Preparations.

Only materials which stand the most exacting tests are used.

All such materials must measure up to the standard when received at the Rexall laboratories or they will not be accepted.

* * *

From the receiving departments of the Rexall laboratories, bulk drugs pass into the hands of the best trained analytical chemists in this country.

Everything is refined, purified, and combined in just the right proportions. This work takes place in the most completely equipped laboratories in the world. Every obtainable appliance for insuring accuracy is used.

If any slightest mistake should be made, large quantities of a preparation might not measure up to the standard and would have to be thrown out. This is because Rexall inspection is most rigid.

It is next to impossible for any imperfectly combined preparation to pass final inspection in the Rexall laboratories.

Thus is the purity of Rexall Preparations protected.

Thus is the health of patrons of Rexall Stores insured.

* * *

A visit to the Rexall laboratories in Boston teaches much, and visitors are always welcomed at Rexall headquarters.

Guides are provided to take visitors over the whole plant, and all processes are fully explained to those interested.

You would be well repaid by a visit to the Rexall laboratories.

You would see there things you may never before have seen.

You would see a vast array of wonderful laboratories filled with busy, happy people.

You would see great pleasant, sunny, airy rooms humming with industry.

You would see whole floors of huge buildings given over entirely to making a single variety of medicines.

You would see greater quantities of bulk drugs than you might think could exist.

Think of tons of extracts—car-loads of medicinal barks—great vats of expensive liquid preparations—all absolutely pure—all Rexall high standard quality.

Everywhere cleanliness—sweetness—light—purity.

Here and there you would become conscious of clean, healthful odors, rising, perhaps, from some immense vat of liquid in process of mixture.

About you, everywhere, would be seen faces showing the highest intelligence—keen, alert minds intent upon the purpose and importance of their work.

To one who knows, all this is full of meaning—full of the inspiration of protection for the health of nations by supplying their citizens with the purest and best to be had in medicines, toilet preparations, candies, spring water, and so on.

For, starting with medicinal preparations, the Rexall Idea has extended to many other lines.

In Rexall Stores you may now buy extracts, perfumes, creams, lotions—all the same high standard of Rexall purity—all the best that can be made by expert hands from the purest materials known.

The making of reliable toilet preparations—those which will confer benefit and not endanger hands and complexion, hair, teeth, skin, and nails—is no light matter.

It requires expert knowledge of a particular kind. The expert must know branches of chemistry and hygiene which demand special study and observation.

Separate laboratory equipment is necessary.

A distinct class of specially prepared materials is requisite for making toilet preparations.

This work—in the Rexall laboratories—receives as careful and accurate attention as the preparation of most delicate remedies.

The Rexall Toilet Preparations are

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made by a separate corps of chemists and laboratory experts. The only responsibility of these men is for the purity and excellency of Rexall creams, lotions, perfumes, hair tonic, toilet waters, tooth washes—the complete line of such goods found in all Rexall Stores.

Whatever you may need of this kind you can find in a Rexall Store—the quality insured and back of it the Rexall Guarantee of your money back if you are not satisfied, and you the judge.

* * *

As the Rexall Idea grows, new lines are added under the Rexall standard.

With each such line the same basic care is exercised.

When the matter of securing spring water to be sold in Rexall Stores came up, it was investigated with utmost care.

Water from hundreds of springs was tested.

Purity and refreshing qualities were first requisites.

The waters of few springs measured up to the standard.

Nearly all were lacking somewhere.

Finally Ballardvale Water was discovered. Tests proved it purest. Its quality is finest. The spring was purchased. All its output is now sold through Rexall Stores. The purity of Ballardvale Water is guaranteed to you by the Rexall Idea.

* * *

The great United Candy Companies' factory also contributes its entire output to the Rexall Stores. Tons of Liggett Chocolates are sold every year.

Starting in the summer of 1903 with nothing, the Candy business now requires a factory nine stories high and occupying a whole city block.

This Candy factory is of concrete, fireproof throughout, the most sanitary candy factory in the world.

Liggett's Chocolates are known the country over—first, for their delicious flavor, then as the purest candies made.

See the making of Liggett Chocolates and you will think of them whenever your sweet tooth demands satisfaction.

The factory where Liggett Chocolates are made is as fascinating as fairyland.

Think of great kettles of creamy paste slowly stirred by machinery. Into little molds this creamy paste is poured automatically. Automatically the molded candies are taken from the molds. Automatically they pass to wire screens on which they are coated with chocolate. Automatically the chocolate-coated candies travel over machinery to waxed paper wrappers.

In the Liggett factory, hands do not touch any chocolates save those which are made by the "hand dipped" process.

Watch this "hand dipping," and the wholesome-looking girls who do the work, and you would probably prefer Liggett's "hand dipped" the balance of your life. Sweetness and cleanliness are everywhere.

Guides find it hard to get visitors to proceed, once they get inside the Liggett Candy factory.

And all this is part of the Rexall Idea.

* * *

Millions of people have now come to understand what the Rexall Idea means to them.

Millions of people are now protected in health—and pocket—through the Rexall co-operative plan of making and selling purest drugs and medicines.

Last year nearly 17,000,000 packages of Rexall medicinal preparations in dry form—that is, powders, pills, tablets, etc.—were sold.

Rexall liquid preparations are sold in even greater quantity.

The sale of Chocolates runs to millions of pounds.

Rexall Toilet Preparations are used in tremendous quantity.

Now—the Rexall Stores are beginning to offer stationery of the highest quality.

Thus the Rexall Idea of co-operation is being developed for your benefit and the benefit of every one living in towns and cities where there are Rexall Stores.

* * *

Mr. Liggett has seen the Rexall laboratories grow to many acres of floor space—his helpers to thousands—and the

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Rexall Idea is gaining the confidence of millions of those who need, appreciate, and patronize that for which the word Rexall stands—the best and purest in all things.

There is now a great branch laboratory at Toronto, Canada, from which the Canadian association of Rexall druggists is supplied. In Canada Rexall druggists are increasing in number almost in the same proportion as in the United States.

With all this the growth of the Rexall Idea is accomplished in a spirit of modesty.

Extravagant claims are never made for Rexall Preparations.

You are not told that Rexall Hair Tonic will positively make hair grow, because this might not be true in *all cases*.

What has helped another might not help you. Therefore you are told, in regard to Rexall Hair Tonic, only that, in the majority of cases, it has been found helpful. If you buy it and do not find it helpful, you have but to ask to get your money back from the man who sold the tonic to you.

Rexall Hair Tonic is made from materials eminent physicians have pronounced most beneficial to hair.

The use of Rexall Hair Tonic is helpful in most cases because it is made from materials the use of which has proved healthful for hair.

But—should you not find Rexall Hair Tonic of benefit to you, it would not cost you a penny.

Such is the guarantee for Rexall Hair Tonic and—*all other Rexall Preparations are equally guaranteed.*

* * *

From Rexall headquarters in Boston a great deal of reading matter about the Rexall Preparations is sent out.

There is a monthly magazine for druggists who sell Rexall Preparations, and this magazine is filled with ideas for the display and advertising of goods and the handling of stock.

Each Rexall Druggist has always a quantity of booklets ready to give his customers, that they may read about Rexall Preparations.

You can read any of this literature and be sure that every statement you read is absolutely true, because every bit of literature put out in regard to Rexall Preparations is first gone over by physicians of repute and expert chemists. Until these editors approve Rexall literature, it is not printed.

Thus every Rexall statement is proved correct before it is given to you to read.

In the Rexall Idea the theory of the Pure Food and Drugs Law of this country is made practical and useful to the public.

Actual practical results, secured by application of the correct principle of the Pure Food and Drugs Act now on our Federal statute books, are placed within reach of every American citizen through the Rexall Idea.

* * *

Mr. Liggett has successfully solved the problem of economical manufacture and distribution of purest drugs and medicines.

To you—as a user of any of the goods told about in this story—economical manufacture and distribution mean *greatest values for least money.*

Rexall Preparations are shipped from the laboratories where they are made straight to the druggist who sells them to you.

This means that what you buy from a Rexall Druggist is handled at least cost to you. There are no middlemen's expenses for you to help bear. Wholesale Druggists' profits do not enter into what you pay for Rexall goods. Rexall gives you the utmost for your money. Compare and see for yourself. Do not be convinced unless you wish. No expense is attached to a test of Rexall if the goods do not come up to a mark you set yourself. For—you get your money back if anything bearing the Rexall label is not what you expected and—*you are the one who decides.*

Some day the Rexall method of distribution will be adopted with more lines of merchandise.

This will benefit all concerned.

Rexall Druggists are unusually efficient.

They are more independent—more prosperous—than the average druggist.

Each Rexall Druggist has a distinct

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advantage in his part ownership of a great trade building idea which commands the confidence of the public. This idea builds business for Rexall Stores.

The Rexall Idea has an element of economy for all.

Because—its co-operation makes production in quantity possible, and this means the very best at very lowest cost.

This is just another reason why you get greatest value in Rexall Preparations.

* * *

There is still another view-point from which the Rexall Idea and its working should be looked at, however.

Think what impure drugs have meant to this country.

Think of the thousands of hopeless wretches who have become "dope fiends" —and worse—through "the patent medicine habit."

Think what the secret use of impure drugs, or the open use of drugs which have been adulterated, has done to debase humanity by inducing "drug habits."

The Rexall Idea *protects* our fellowmen by insuring the purity of medicinal preparations they must use.

Does such an idea deserve support?

Who of us has not a relative—or a friend—whose health demands the protection of "purest drugs"—the protection of the Rexall Idea?

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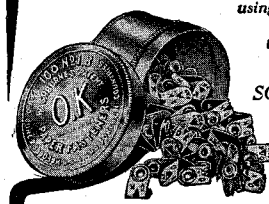

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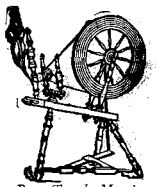

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